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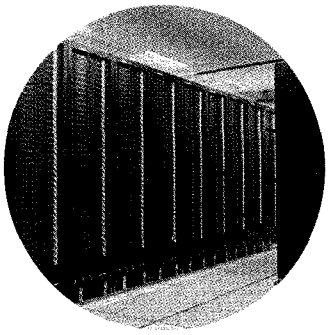

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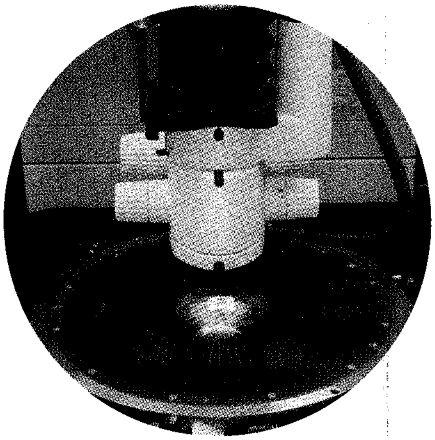

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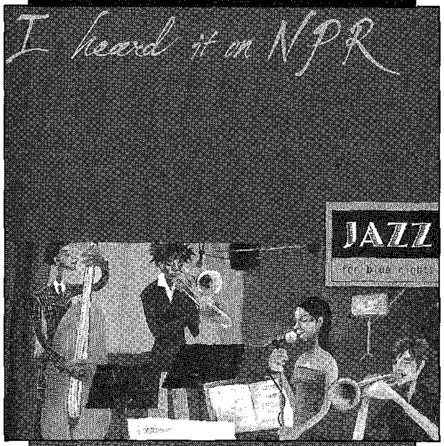

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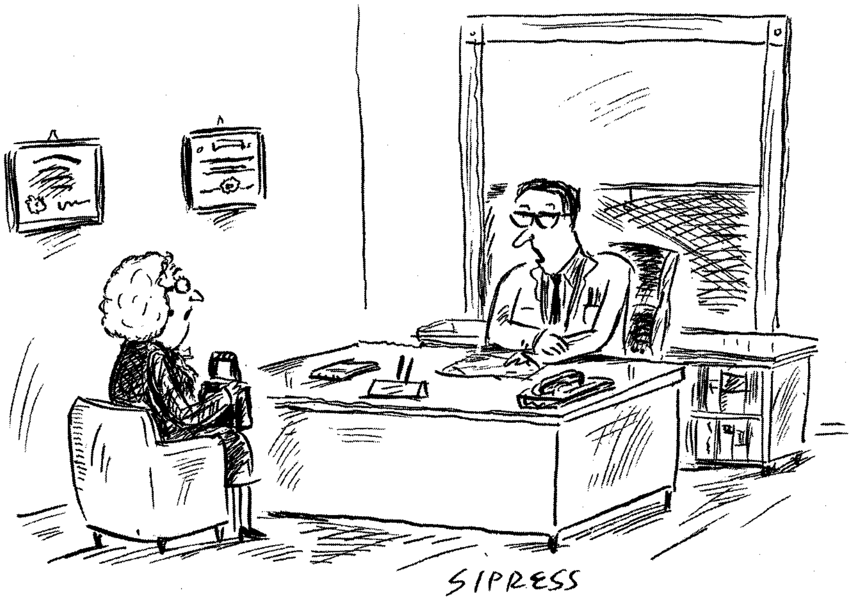

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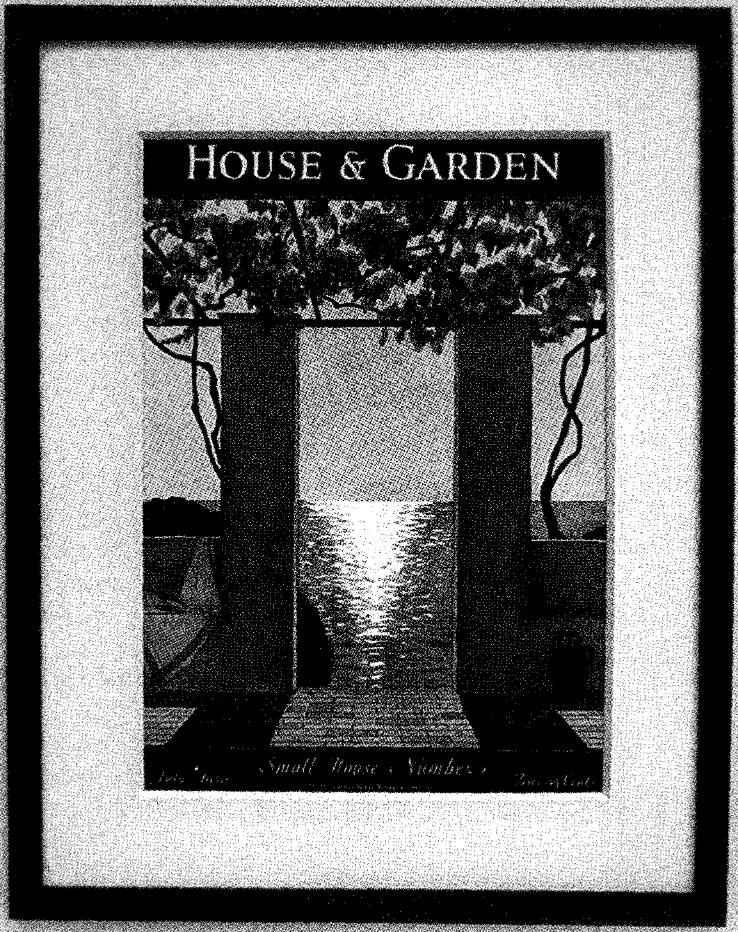

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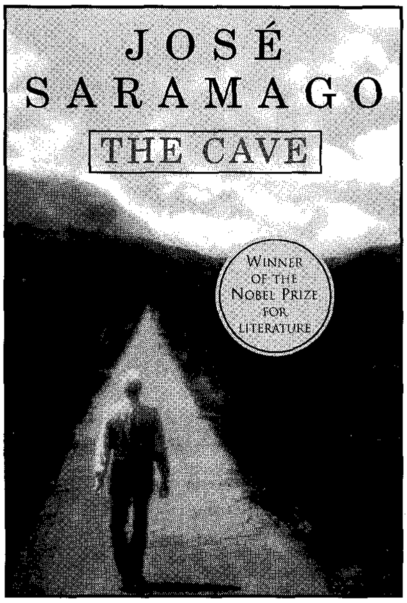
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JAMES BONDAGE

Anthony Lane writes that one of "the many oddities" in the roster of actors who have played James Bond on film is their various nationalities—Australian, Irish, Scottish, Welsh ("Mondo Bond," November 4th). Lane adds, "You may quibble with the idea of Bond as a Savile Row gent, but Roger Moore is the only actor who fits that description." The Bond of Ian Fleming's books, however, is quite unlike the film character who has come to symbolize "the staunchness of British conduct." This Bond had a Scottish father and a Swiss mother and was a skeptic of the British education system, having been kicked out of Eton. His cynicism and world-weariness were, ironically, best captured in the tired performances at the end of Sean Connery's tenure. Still, the films' producers, through their choice of actors, have unwittingly been true to Fleming's idea of a Bond who adopts England as his home out of necessity rather than out of a belief in the ideals of the British Empire.

Andrew Riely
St. Paul, Minn.

Lane may have left the impression that John Barry, "the Bond composer par excellence," wrote the signature guitar riff of the Bond theme. Although Barry was the arranger, Monty Norman, a composer of stage musicals, wrote that piece of music, first aired in "Dr. No." Strange to say, it had been composed for sitar for a never produced musical version of V. S. Naipaul's "A House for Mr. Biswas." Norman went with the crew to Jamaica for the "Dr. No" shoot and wrote most of the Caribbean numbers. However, he later fell out with one of the producers, making way for Barry's lush orchestration in "From Russia with Love."

Lee Johnson
New York City

HATE AND TERROR

Although Israel has faced enmity from its Arab neighbors for decades, Jeffrey Goldberg's article about the beliefs espoused by members of Hezbollah, the Lebanon-based terrorist network, was still stunning ("In the Party of God," Part 1, October 14th & 21st). The melding of older forms of anti-Semitism with modern Arab anti-Israel views might be, to some extent, unsurprising, but Goldberg's article reads like a revelation of something truly scary. The continuing conflict between Israelis and Palestinians, while not the cause of the hatred, undoubtedly plays a role in feeding the fire, something that should provide a further incentive for Israel to consider ways to achieve a just solution to the conflict, and soon.

Adam Gregerman
New York City

NATIONS OF BANKRUPTS

According to James Surowiecki, the International Monetary Fund is making the case for sovereign bankruptcy—"Chapter 11 for countries"—in part because of how well bankruptcy law has served America (The Talk of the Town, October 28th). But Chapter 11's credibility and success depend on elements that would be utterly impractical in an international context. For example, Chapter 11 gives creditors what they could expect on liquidation of the debtor. How could this be calculated for a country? Inflation, currency hoarding, the propping up of state industries, corruption: these are problems that governments pose and for which bankruptcy law, however cleverly translated, is inadequate. Chapter 11 reflects the American belief that saving a company is more important than saving the business or saving jobs (the objective of French laws, for example). It is not some benign miracle of mediation peculiar to the United States.

Elaine Sheppe Bracken
London, England

•

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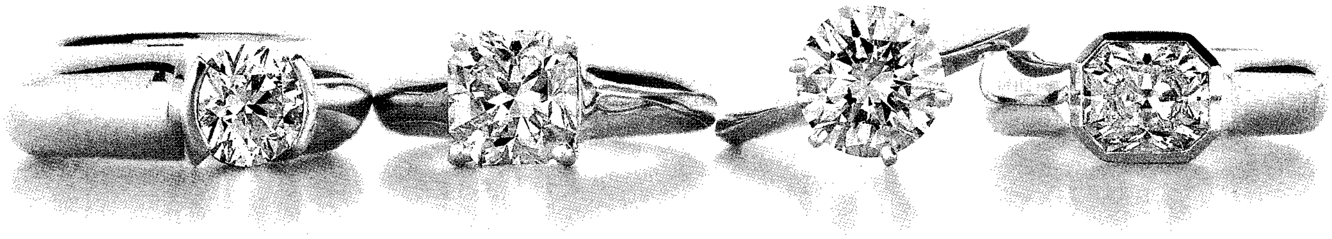

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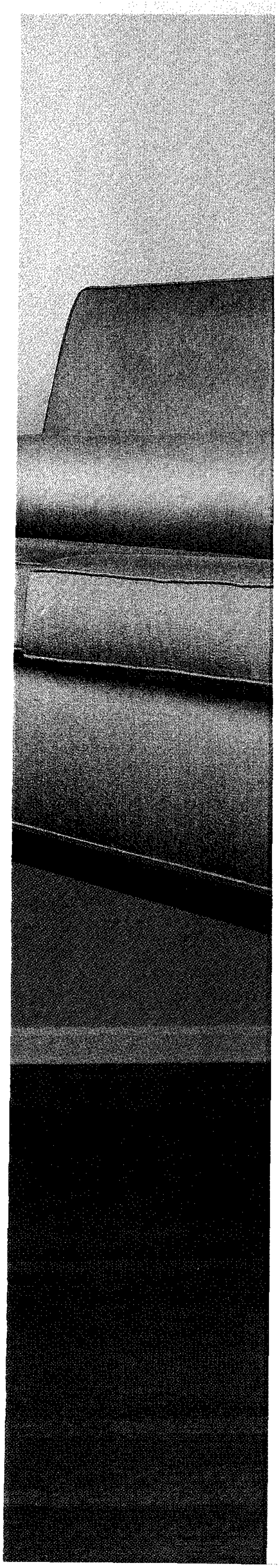

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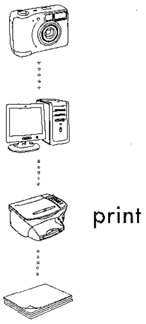

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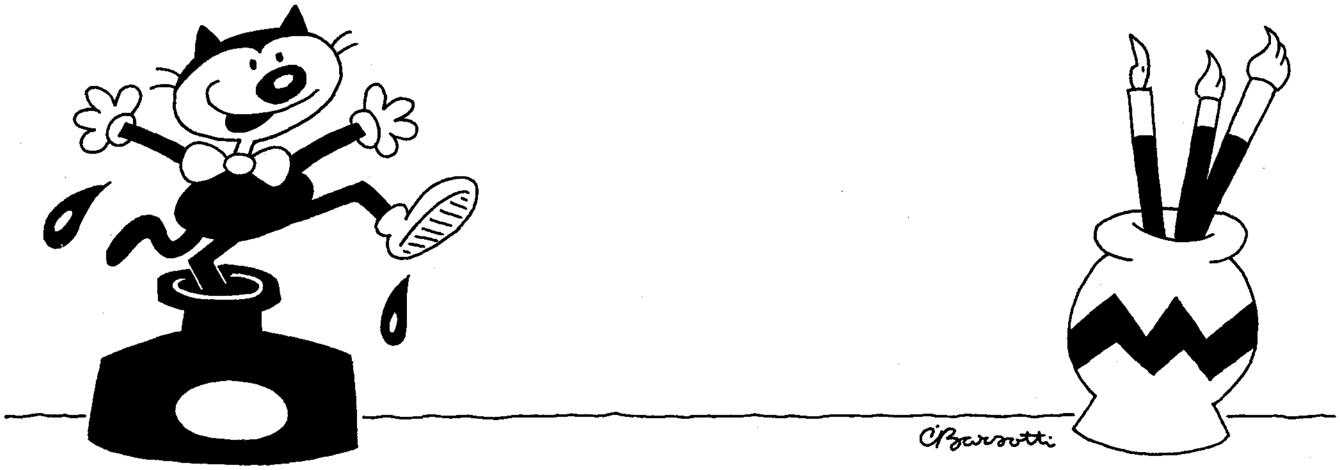

THE THEATRE
OPENINGS & PREVIEWS

Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.

BOSTON MARRIAGE
David Mamet's play about the charged friendship between two women in nineteenth-century New England stars Kate Burton and Martha Plimpton. Karen Kohlhaas directs. In previews. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 239-6200.)

THE FOURTH WALL
Sandy Duncan and Charles Kimbrough return to the stage in a new play by A. R. Gurney, about suburban entrapment. David Saint directs. Opens Nov. 13 at 7. (Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. 333-4052.)

THE GENERAL FROM AMERICA
Theatre for a New Audience presents Richard Nelson's play about Benedict Arnold, with Corin Redgrave in the lead role. Previews begin Nov. 16. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 239-6200.)

HARLEM DUET
In the Canadian playwright Djanet Sears's reimagining, Othello married a black woman, Billie, before he ever met Desdemona. The play travels in time, landing in 1860, 1928, and the present. In previews. Opens Nov. 13 at 8. (Blue Heron Arts Center, 123 E. 24th St. 206-1515.)

THE HERO OF THE SLOCUM
In a solo performance based on Eric Blau's novel, "The Hero of the Slocum," Patrick Tull plays Edward Knittel, the (notional) survivor of an actual steamship disaster that occurred on the East River on June 15, 1904, killing more than a thousand women and children, most of them German-Americans from the Lower East Side. Until 9/11, the sinking of the Slocum was New York's deadliest tragedy. Nov. 16 at 8 and Nov. 17 at 3. (Community Synagogue, 325 E. 6th St. 332-0045.)

THE PHOENICIAN WOMEN
Euripides' play about two brothers who wage war on each other for control of Thebes comes to the Ohio Theatre in a multimedia production adapted and directed by David Travis. Opens Nov. 13 at 8. (66 Wooster St. 206-1515.)

POOR BEAST IN THE RAIN
Terence Lamude directs the second play in Billy Roche's Wexford Trilogy. Opens Nov. 13 at 7. (Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. 206-1515.)

RUSSELL SIMMONS' DEF POETRY JAM ON BROADWAY
Nine poets and a d.j. create a hip-hop poetry experience, inspired by Mr. Simmons's HBO series. Opens Nov. 14 at 6:30. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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SIGNALS OF DISTRESS
SoHo Rep presents a Flying Machine theatrical production based on Jim Crace's 1995 novel about an American ship whose passengers get stranded in a village on England's northern coast. In previews. Opens Nov. 15 at 7:30. (46 Walker St. 206-1515.)

TEMPORARY HELP
Based on a 1990 news story about a Missouri couple who were found guilty of killing their hired hands, David Wiltse's psychosexual thriller is performed in a Revelation Theater production by Margaret Colin, Robert Cuccioli, and Chad Allen. In previews. Opens Nov. 17 at 6. (Women's Project Theatre, 424 W. 55th St. 239-6200.)

TUESDAYS WITH MORRIE
A new play directed by David Esbjornson, based on the best-selling book. In previews through Nov. 17. Opens Nov. 19 at 6:45. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 307-4100.)

WHAT DIDN'T HAPPEN
Playwrights Horizons presents a new play by Christopher Shinn, starring Chris Noth, Matt McGrath, Suzanne Cryer, and Robert Hogan. Previews begin Nov. 15. (The Duke, 229 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.)

OPENED RECENTLY

BACCHUS
A snappy new adaptation of Euripides' "The Bacchae" by Alex Roe, who also directs. When his mortal family doubts his godhood, Bacchus, the son of Zeus and a Theban princess, takes revenge by luring his townswomen to mountain revels that have a gory end. Matt Daniels is a creepily sensual Bacchus, whose invitation to excess attracts mortals even as his contempt for them shows through. The production grapples with serious questions about religious belief but has enough charm and humor to overcome the occasional longueurs. Closes Nov. 24. (Metropolitan Playhouse, 220A E. 4th St. 206-1515.)

BEACH RADIO
This sugary musical tells the story of six high-school graduates who let a radio sex guru guide their lives on a Jersey beach during the summer of 1989. The book recalls bygone Hollywood beach movies—if Sandra Dee, Frankie, and Annette had liked to curse and gossip about self-abuse, and if Moondoggie had gone for the Big Kahuna instead of Gidget. The subplot about a gay character who comes out to his parents belongs in its own show, as does the haunting ballad "Back Home," the evening's best song, sung by the boy's lover. "Beach Radio" won acclaim in England a few years back, but it's still very much a work in progress here. (CAP21 Theatre, 15 W. 28th St. 807-0202.)

BETTY RULES
A kinetic alterna-rock musical, directed by Michael Greif ("Rent"), chronicling the nearly two-decade-long career of a real-life girl band called Betty and its members' long battle to keep the group and their sanity intact on the road, at home, onstage, and even in therapy. The actual band performs: Elizabeth Ziff (an angry-funny redhead who looks like Laraine Newman), her sister Amy (zaftig, with blond dreads), and Alyson Palmer, an African-American singer, bassist, and all-around bombshell. (Zipper, 336 W. 37th St. 239-6200.)

BEWILDERNESS
Who could dislike a man who hates dolphins? In his ninety-minute routine, the genial, sleepy-eyed English comedian Bill Bailey gives this and forty-odd other reasons to relish his sardonic take on life. Like his fellow-comic (and countryman) Eddie Izzard, Bailey has a mild, chatty brand of humor that creeps up on the audience, convulsing them by afterthought. His riffs on male identity, the British national character, the Taliban, George Bush, and Tony Blair—spiked with digressions on foxhunting and candy-bar design—provide welcome succor in tense times. Go to the show with a question to toss him during the interactive part of the show. British comedians are used to being pestered by their audiences. Torment him; he expects it. (47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

BIG AL
A young screenwriter obsesses over his hero, Al Pacino, in a play by Bryan Goluboff. (Arclight, 152 W. 71st St. 239-6200.)

BOOK OF DAYS
The Signature Theatre Company's Lanford Wilson season continues with a new drama, directed by Marshall Mason. (Reviewed in this issue.) (555 W. 42nd St. 244-7529.)

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS
In the Aquila Theatre Company's excellent production of Shakespeare's intricately foolish story, the laughs are many and the delights deep. The seven cast members mix remarkable range with insane energy. Closes Nov. 17. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

DEBBIE DOES DALLAS
This saucy, tongue-in-cheek musical, choreographed with extreme limberness by Jennifer Cody and directed by Erica Schmidt (who adapted it from the

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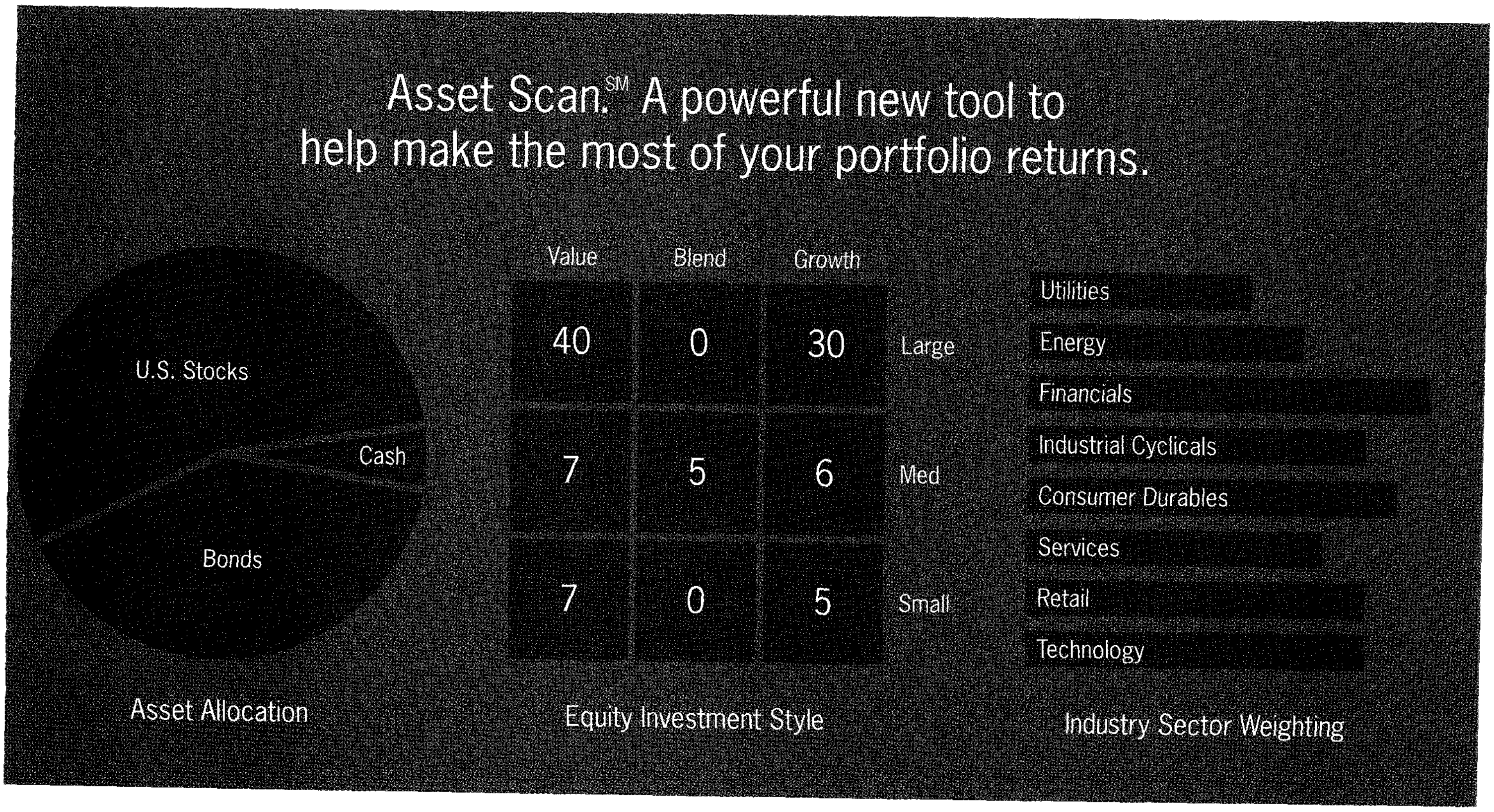
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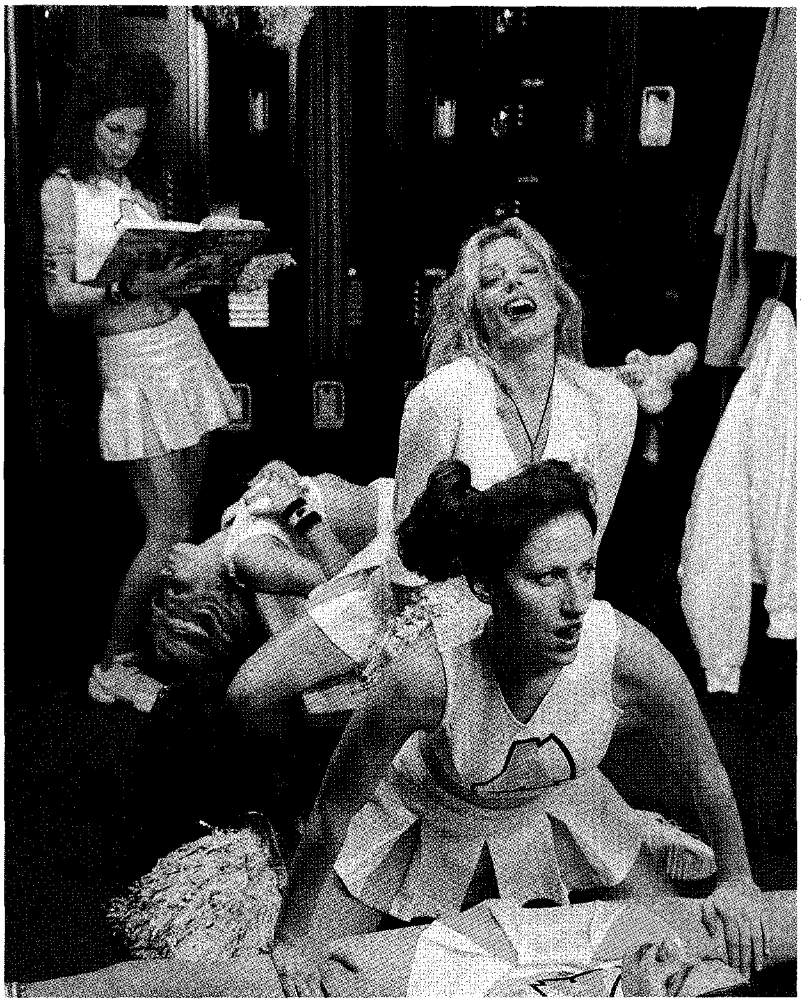
porn film), redefines "physical" comedy. When cheerleading captain Debbie (Sherie Rene Scott) is tapped to join the Texas Cowgirls, her squad takes on after-school jobs to help pay her airfare to Dallas. Their bosses offer to richly reward them for lubricious overtime duties, and the girls hesitate . . . for a moment. Played with po-mo brio by a gifted cast, including Scott, Mary Catherine Garrison as a jealous fellow-cheerleader, Jon Patrick Walker as Debbie's quarterback heartthrob, and Paul Fitzgerald as the mustachioed Señor Bradley. (Jane Street Theatre, 113 Jane St. 239-6200.)



"Debbie Does Dallas," at the Jane Street Theatre.

GAIL ALBERT HALABAN

DUDU FISHER: SOMETHING OLD, SOMETHING NEW
Dudu Fisher, the Israeli cantor and entertainer who starred as Jean Valjean in both the Hebrew production of "Les Misérables" (in Tel Aviv) and in the English production (on Broadway and in the West End), comes to the Lower East Side for a month of performances in the Mazer Theatre. Fisher creates an evening that is as much schmoozefest as songfest: he talks about his family and his career and sings everything from the Kaddish to "Some Enchanted Evening." (197 E. Broadway, at Jefferson St. 239-6200.)

THE EXONERATED
Jessica Blank and Erik Jensen's pared-down play, directed by Bob Balaban, offers extraordinary news: the harrowing stories of a handful of souls who have spent up to twenty-two years on death row before walking free. Put together from interviews and from the public record, the play is performed by ten actors whose lines bear witness both to the ineptness of the American judicial system and to the poetry of ordinary citizens. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/28/02.) (45 Bleecker Street Theatre, 45 Bleecker St. 307-4100.)

FAR AWAY
Frances McDormand stars in a new play by Caryl Churchill, directed by Stephen Daldry. (New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. 239-6200.)

FLOWER DRUM SONG
In this update of the 1958 Rodgers and Hammerstein show, set in San Francisco's Chinatown, the playwright David Henry Hwang puts a new chassis on an old engine, producing a vehicle that runs far better than its prototype. The story works now, and the snazzy direction and choreography of Robert Longbottom help make up for the weakness of the music. This version includes at least four floor-show numbers, the most outrageous being "Fan Tan Fannie," in which the leggy Sandra Allen bumps and grinds her Asian-American heart out as a bevy of disembodied red and black fans keep time behind her. The production is part fashion show, part night-club act, part hymn to Asian-American diversity. (11/4/02) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200.)

FRANKIE AND JOHNNY IN THE CLAIR DE LUNE
Edie Falco and Stanley Tucci star in Terrence McNally's sentimental two-character study about a man and a woman marginalized by life. Joe Mantello directs. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

GHOSTS
The Classic Stage Company presents Lanford Wilson's new translation of the Ibsen play, starring Amy Irving and directed by Daniel Fish. (136 E. 13th St. 677-4210, ext. 13.)

HAIRSPRAY
This musical-comedy version of the 1988 John Waters movie takes off from the opening number and never loses its momentum. In Baltimore in 1962, the rotund teen Tracy Turnblad (Marissa Jaret Winokur) wants to dance, make out with the best-looking boy in town, and integrate "The Corny Collins Show," a local teen-dance TV program. With the great Harvey Fierstein, plucked, shaved, and padded, as Tracy's mother, Edna Turnblad. (9/2/02) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 307-4100.)

HOLLYWOOD ARMS
Harold Prince directs Carol Burnett's memoir of her childhood, which stars Linda Lavin and was written by Ms. Burnett and the late Carrie Hamilton, her daughter. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

JOLSON & COMPANY
Stephen Mo Hanan and Jay Berkow pay tribute to the great vaudevillian Al Jolson. Through the device of a radio interview, Hanan retells Jolson's life with song, singing fourteen of his hits, including "My Mammy" and "Toot, Toot, Tootsie, Goodbye." (Century Center, 111 E. 15th St. 239-6200.)

JULIUS CAESAR
In this Axis Company production, George Demas plays the part of the imperial leader with echoes of contemporary chieftains, political and corporate, American and foreign. The cast is mixed, but Brian Barnhart's Antony and Jim Sterling's Brutus are very strong. (One Sheridan Sq. 807-9300. Closes Nov. 16.)

LITTLE HAM
A treacly cliché set in Harlem, based on a Langston Hughes story, this musical tells the tale of Hamlet Hitchcock Jones, a charming rascal who yearns for the respectable Miss Tiny Lee (Monica L. Patton) but can't win her unless he cleans up his act. Two white crooks who want to cut Little Ham in on their numbers racket make that extremely hard for him to do. While thin on book and too familiar by half, the show has some great performances, the best being Brenda Baxton's turn as the nightclub performer, Sugar Lou Bird, and the excellent Joe Wilson, Jr., as her gay consort, Jimmy. (10/7/02) (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.)

A MAN OF NO IMPORTANCE
In this musical based on the 1994 film about a repressed Irish bus conductor who joins an amateur dramatic society, the appealing Roger Rees, as Alfie Byrne, reads Oscar Wilde to his passengers by day and walks with him by night in his fantasy life. Alfie, who lives with his sister (Faith Prince), is a shy, strangulated soul and a prisoner of Catholic guilt. In telling his story, the show's creators, Terrence McNally (book) and Stephen Flaherty (music), have shown similar restraint, avoiding the vulgar but vital energy of the traditional show-biz musical. (10/28/02) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

MOSCOW
Three gay men who get trapped in a theatre with a copy of Chekhov's "Three Sisters" offer, in Nick Salamone and Maury R. McIntyre's musical adaptation, a wonderful new reading of the play. This version crystallizes the despair and fragile hope of the sisters, who are, as ever, stuck in the country, endlessly yearning for Moscow, and the men's stories bring fresh perspective to the universality of the sisters' emotions without becoming trite parallels. The cast members, Clay Storseth, Alan Mingo, Jr., and Nic Arnzen, are funny, sensual, and poignant—and great singers, too. Part of the Chekhov Now Festival, which ends Nov. 23. (Connelly, 220 E. 4th St. 414-7773.)

MOVIN' OUT
Twyla Tharp's show about small-town teen-agers coming of age during the Vietnam War era is set to twenty-seven songs by Billy Joel. The story is told through song and dance alone, which creates some confusion, and some banality, in the unfolding events. But the band is terrific, and the dancers—above all, John Selya as the hero, Eddie—are positively on fire. The show is not perfect, but it is bold and serious. (11/4/02) (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 307-4100.)

MUSICALS TONIGHT!
"Chee-Chee," a Rodgers and Hart fable of imperial China, will play in New York for the first time since 1928 in a staged reading by Musicals Tonight!—the second show in the company's fall series. Through Nov. 24. (14th Street Y, 344 E. 14th St. 362-5620.)

PAN ASIAN REPERTORY
The second show of the Rep's season, "Goy Vey! Adventures of a Dim Sun in Search of His Wanton Father," is a comic one-man show written and performed by Richard Chang. (West End Theatre, 263 W. 86th St. 279-4200. Closes Nov. 24.)

PEARL THEATRE COMPANY
Performances of Gotthold Lessing's eighteenth-century drama "Nathan the Wise," set in Jerusalem during the Crusades, run in repertory with Oliver Goldsmith's 1773 comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer." (80 St. Marks Pl. 598-9802.)

PRUNE DANISH
Jackie Mason is back on Broadway with a new one-man show. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

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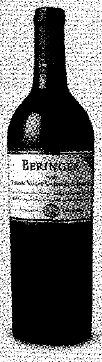

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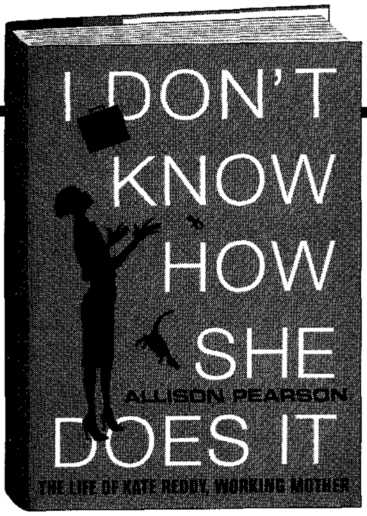
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ROOMTONE
Elevator Repair Service bases its tenth-anniversary production on Henry James's "Turn of the Screw," spiked with earnest texts by James's brother William, author of "The Varieties of Religious Experience." Directors Steve Bodow and John Collins tinker with the famous ghost story by incorporating found objects (such as a plastic lobster, a fake moustache, and a Magic Marker) and dances set to anachronistic songs. They also tweak theatre conventions, performing much of the play in the dark, with actors declaiming from the audience. It makes for a wonderfully off-kilter evening, with frequent moments of absurd humor—many of which come from Susie Sokol as Miles, a hyperactive boy who scribbles songs on a notepad. (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.)

SAY GOODNIGHT, GRACIE
Rupert Holmes's touching one-man tribute to the unsinkable George Burns and his more-than-a-sidekick wife, Gracie Allen, almost makes the audience feel more for the cigar-puffing comic in death than in life. As Burns, Frank Gorshin bonds with the audience through a steady string of jokes (some funny, others rueful) and the judicious use of a little soft-shoe. It is not just a showcase for one man; it's a showcase for an era. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

TAKE ME OUT
Richard Greenberg's exhilarating production, directed by Joe Mantello, is about a headstrong baseball colossus named Darren Lemming (superbly played by Daniel Sunjata, a young African-American actor), who is a center fielder for the champion New York Empires. One day, he announces at a press conference that he's gay. The news creates an almost seismic disturbance for everyone but Lemming himself, whose attitude is, sex aside, "I'd rather just play ball." (7/22/02) (425 Lafayette St. 239-6200.)

TEDDY TONIGHT!
In Laurence Luckinbill's solo play about Theodore Roosevelt, the great man's humor and zest for life are always on display. It is Mr. Luckinbill's third solo outing (after stints as Clarence Darrow and Lyndon Johnson), and he has nearly perfected the form. (Abingdon, 312 W. 36th St. 206-1515. Closes Nov. 24.)

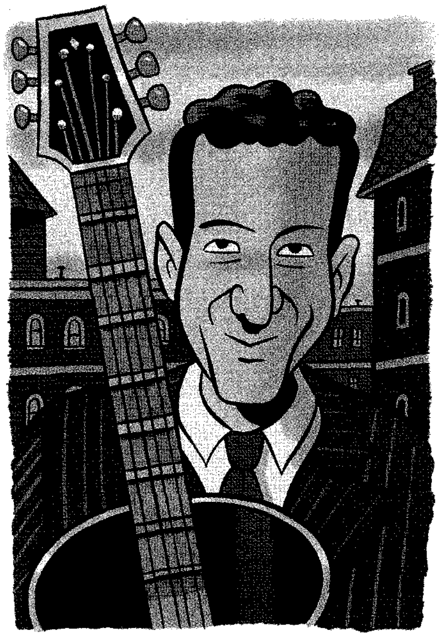
THE THREE BIRDS
The young British playwright Joanna Laurens has brought her celebrated adaptation of a tragic Sophocles fragment to Brooklyn. Tereus, a Thracian king, marries one Athenian princess, Procne, but desires her sister, Philomela. When he rapes Philomela, retribution rains down upon him. In the Nest production at Gale Gates, Laurens's play has been ingeniously staged by the director Sam Gold and the set designer Andrew Lieberman, who have suspended a broad rope net above the acting floor to hold the Greek chorus—ominous, sinuous creatures who clamber among the ropes above the players' heads or drop to the ground, panting menacingly. Laurens's script maddens and compels; she mixes contemporary and classical phrase with a garbled idiom, spoken by the sisters, that recalls the mannered speech of "The Crucible." But strong emotions are rooted in the lightest wordplay. When Procne, played with admirable naturalness by Kathryn Zamora-Benson, gabbles at Tereus, whom she blames for keeping her apart from her sister, he shouts at her, "When you two togetherspeak / the babble of it murders doves," and the audience sympathizes with him, even as it condemns him. As Philomela, Adrienne Campbell-Holt projects the innocence of a creature helpless to protect itself or to express its pain. (37 Main St., Dumbo, Brooklyn. 212-352-7085. Closes Nov. 23.)

THE WATER COOLERS
A musical revue about office life, with a cast of five, including Marya Grandy of the local a-cappella group Five Floor Monica. (Dillons, 245 W. 54th St. 239-6200.)

YELLOWMAN
Relentless and riveting, Dael Orlandersmith's two-person show puts a love story at the heart of a merciless study of self-hatred and suspicion among dark-skinned and light-skinned African-Americans. Both Orlandersmith and Howard W. Overshown, the "Yellowman" of the title, play a host of characters from two South Carolina families. As the light-skinned Eugene, Overshown conveys vulnerability and stubborn optimism, but his hopefulness is overpowered by the rage of darker characters, and by Orlandersmith's hectoring delivery, which often gives the play the taint of harangue. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

DANCE

"KÖRPER"
According to the German choreographer Sasha Waltz, "the topic of the body is endless." So is the first half of the dance she has dedicated to it. Accompanied by the sound of clanking, thunking machines, the thirteen-person production begins in a rambling, chattering mode on a stage dominated by a thirty-foot-high, soot-black building façade. Two women who are nearly nude (as is most of the company) auction off their organs, a man and a woman hunch together to form a chimerical creature, and so on, for about an hour, until the monumental façade crashes to the floor and the noise and fuss stop all at once. The dancers lie down, and, in one long wave of motion, they gently roll upstage with an air of quiet compliance, as if fate compelled them. In the grave silence the dancers become newly vulnerable; their nudity is now nakedness. (BAM Howard Gilman Opera House, 30 Lafayette Ave. 718-636-4100. Nov. 13 and Nov. 15-16 at 7:30 and Nov. 17 at 3.)



Matt Munisteri leads the quintet Brock Mumford, at Joe's Pub (see Night Life).

GARTH FAGAN DANCE
The upstate company has a two-week season at the Joyce Theatre, performing repertory and a new work, "Translation Transition," which explores links between jazz and Jamaican music. Nov. 12-16 and Nov. 19 at 8 and Nov. 17 at 2 and 7:30. Through Nov. 24. (175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

BHARATA NATYAM DANCE OF SOUTH INDIA: MALAVIKA SARUKKAI
The standard repertory of Bharata Natyam is rife with lovers: lustful lovers, spent lovers, complaining lovers, conniving lovers. But the forty-four-year-old Malavika Sarukkai, who has practiced the classical form for more than thirty years, draws her art from broader sources: untapped Hindu myth and song, temple sculpture, and popular contemporary Indian figures like Salumarada Thimmakka, a woman who planted hundreds of

SETH

trees once she learned she could not bear children. Actually, though, the subjects she takes on hardly matter. "I don't think of Bharata Natyam as a repertoire, but as a language," she says. "For me it is a question of how you sing the language." Joined by a small band of musicians and singers, Sarukkai dances with astonishing clarity, etching ragas' rhythms in the air. "Dance radiates from a still center," she says, and with her fine oscillations between motion and motionlessness, she shows what that means. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Nov. 15 at 8.)

"DESCENT"

The choreographer Noémie Lafrance specializes in site-specific work, but she had no particular designs on the Clocktower building in Tribeca until she went to visit a friend there in one of the artist studios on the thirteenth floor. "I entered the stairwell on the twelfth floor," Lafrance says, "and I happened to look down." Below her she saw an oblong slit through which a marble staircase spiralled down twelve stories. To make the dizzying and spectral "Descent," the audience enters at the twelfth floor. A lone dancer two landings below swoops and tilts over the wrought-iron banister and flings her arms upward, as if she were drowning. She is mirrored by a second woman two landings below, who is mirrored by a third, who is mirrored by a fourth—all the way down. As the audience descends the stairs, the dancers reappear (always noiselessly) above. Lafrance has entered the domain of "Vertigo" by way of Busby Berkeley. (108 Leonard St. 718-302-5024. Nov. 13-16 at 7, 8, and 9. Through Nov. 23.)

"STABAT MATER/MOTHER STOOD"

The German choreographer Guta Hedwig leads a trio of dancers in an interpretation of the choral music of the eighteenth-century composer Giovanni Battista Pergolesi, in a Danspace Project production. (St. Mark's Church in-the-Bouwerie, 131 E. 10th St. 674-8194. Nov. 14-17 at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE
CONCERTS

JACK JOHNSON

A triple threat out of Hawaii, Johnson surfs, makes movies, and sells out clubs around the country. The cute girls mob the front row looking up at their idol while the crowd grooves to his bluesy rock and roll. (Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. 307-7171. Nov. 13 at 7:30.)

"HIGHLIGHTS IN JAZZ"

Bucky Pizzarelli, the dean of mainstream jazz guitar, joins two members of his talented clan: **John**, the noted guitarist and singer, and his daughter-in-law **Jessica Molaskey**, a charming vocalist. **Sir Roland Hanna**, an open-armed stylist who can be as fastidious as he is funky, and other pianists join the family reunion. (Pace Downtown Theatre, Spruce St. between Nassau and Gold Sts. 346-1715. Nov. 14 at 8.)

FRANCESCA TANKSLEY

If you're at all familiar with the saxophonist Billy Harper's powerhouse quintet, you know what this compelling pianist can do. For this spotlight gig she brings along the bassist Clarence Seay and the drummer Newman Taylor Baker, both fellow-Harperites. (Jazz Performance Space, New School, 55 W. 13th Street. 229-5896, ext. 305. Nov. 14 at 8.)

KAIJU BIG BATTEL

The Boston-based troupe, which began some seven years ago at the School of the Museum of Fine Arts, stages high-concept spectacles—the soup fights the sandwich, for example (which will reign supreme at the lunch table?)—that are rooted in low-tech productions: the shows sport monsters, aliens, and giant crushable cityscapes. The result is an oddly entertaining hybrid of professional wrestling, Japanese monster movies, and art-school high jinks. (Roxy, 515 W. 18th St. 654-5156. Nov. 14 at 10.)

AMERICAN SONGBOOK

Nov. 15 at 8: **Rob Kapilow, Brian d'Arcy James,** and **Ana Maria Andricain** in a program titled "What Makes Leonard Bernstein Great?" Nov. 16

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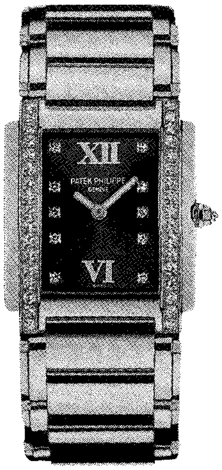

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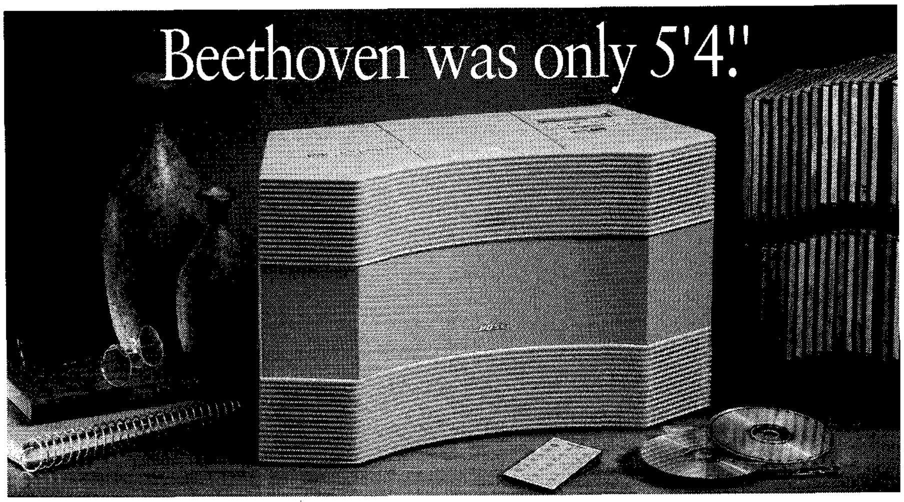

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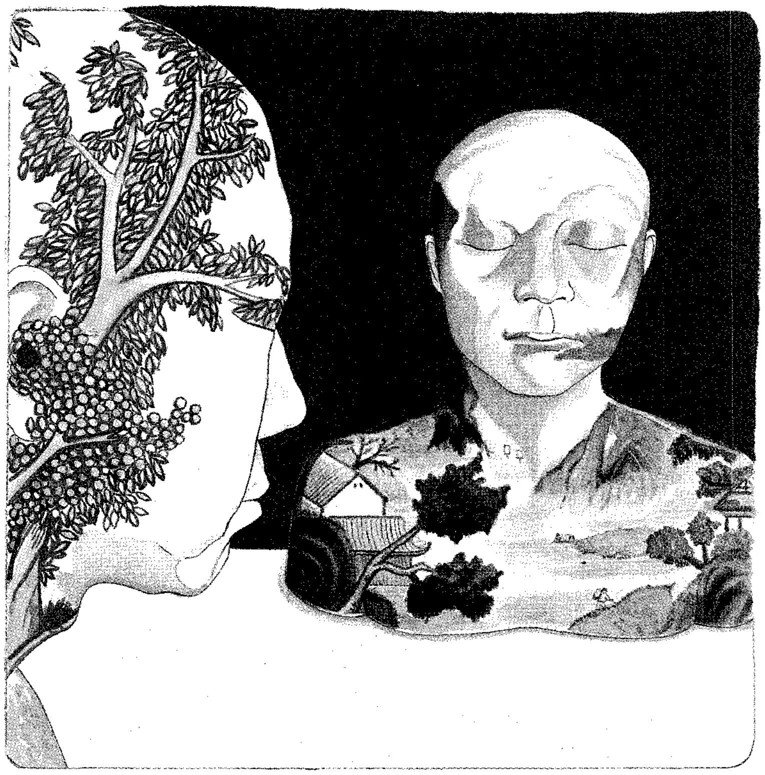
at 8: The Broadway singer **LaChanze** makes her solo concert début. (Kaplan Penthouse, Rose Building, Lincoln Center. 721-6500.)

GALACTIC
This hot and spicy New Orleans funk outfit is fronted by the charismatic vocalist Theryl (the Houseman) de Clouet. Their drummer, Stanton Moore, is a Crescent City legend in the making. With the **North Mississippi All Stars.** (Roseland. Nov. 15 at 7:15.)

JAZZ COMPOSER PORTRAITS
As a bassist **Ben Wolfe** is a known entity, having done yeoman's work for Wynton Marsalis, Diana Krall, and Harry Connick, Jr., among others, but as a composer Wolfe is more of a mystery. A program of his works for jazz ensemble is led by the pianist **Eric Reed.** (Miller Theater, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. Nov. 15 at 8.)

BRYAN FERRY
The glam-rocker turned dinner-jacketed Martini-sipping Roxy Music front man returns to the solo beat with songs from his new album, "Frantic." (Beacon Theatre. Nov. 15 at 8.)

TIGER LILLIES
The wonderful, sordid London trio of accordion, bass, and drums stops by for a one-night stand. Fronted by the accordionist and falsetto singer Martyn Jacques, the group plays decadent cabaret music; they're spiritual heirs to Brecht and Weill. Jacques sings like an eerie nineteenth-century castrato, and the songs reflect his many years of living above a strip joint, focussing on prostitutes, drug addicts, and other criminals. Known also for their theatrical prowess (a couple of years ago they impressed many New Yorkers with "Shockheaded Peter," a macabre musical-theatre piece), the Tiger Lillies are calling this Brooklyn show "Death and the Bible," and it promises more than just musical pleasures. (St. Ann's Warehouse, 38 Water St., Brooklyn. 718-858-2424. Nov. 16 at 8.)


Decorated porcelain busts by the sculptor Ah Xian, at the Asia Society.

WORLD MUSIC INSTITUTE
The Los Angeles-based Cuban drummer **Lázaro Galarraga** has gathered some of the top Cuban musicians in this country for two nights of music from his native island. On Nov. 16 at 8, they'll concentrate on the rumba, *congo arará,* and other folk forms. The following evening, starting at 7, they venture further afield, with a program of chants and songs from Santería rituals. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. For more information, call 545-7536.)

CLUBS

Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives; it's advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.

B. B. KING BLUES CLUB & GRILL
237 W. 42nd St. (997-4144)—Nov. 13: **Shemekia Copeland** may be the daughter of the guitar legend Johnny Copeland, but she's a powerful singer in her own right. Her latest release, "Talking to Strangers," was produced by Dr. John, who takes control of the piano and organ on the album. Copeland delivers everything from funky barn burners to down-tempo ballads with an earthy force that seems to be rooted in every cell of her body. Nov. 15-16: The veteran Southern rocker and hard-living guitarist **Dickey Betts** might have made his name with the Allman Brothers, but after being dismissed from their band, two years ago, he's become a lone gunslinger. Nursing his wounds on the road, the Ramblin' Man is out to exact revenge by beating his former brethren at their own game. Nov. 18: **The Blasters.** The Los Angeles-based early-eighties roots-rock pioneers return after a nearly two-decade absence.

BOTTOM LINE
15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Nov. 18: On **Josh Joplin's** new release, "The Future That Was," the Brooklyn-based singer declares, "I sound like Michael Stipe, and I dream like Carl Jung." There's some truth to the first assertion (though Joplin's contemporary rock has as much Elvis Costello and the Attractions in it as it does R.E.M.), and, to judge by the broad-reaching imagery in his songs, the second part of the lyric may be true as well. Sharing the bill is **Peter Stuart.** Formerly the mainstay behind the nineties one-hit wonder Dog's Eye View (who gave the world "Everything Falls Apart," in '95), Stuart has ditched the trappings of alternative rock to become a more conventional singer-songwriter.

BOWERY BALLROOM
6 Delancey St. (533-2111)—Nov. 14: **Rhett Miller,** who is perhaps best known for his work as the front man of the alt-country outfit Old 97's, swings by for a night of hard, hooky pop music. Nov. 16-17: The extra-large Latin-funk collective **Ozomatli.** Nov. 18-19: The sharp-witted rap of **Talib Kweli.**

FEZ
380 Lafayette St. (533-7000)—Nov. 13: The local singer-songwriter **Preston Clarke** stops by with his catalogue of shimmering pop tunes. Sharing the bill is **Maria Christensen,** the former lead singer for the late-nineties dance-music act 3rd Party. The **Mingus Big Band** still packs them in every Thursday. Dining.

IRVING PLAZA
17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (777-6800)—Nov. 12-13: The **Thievery Corporation.** This Washington, D.C., outfit run by Rob Garza and Eric Hilton lays down dreamlike reggae-influenced low-tempo electronica. Nov. 19: **Fischerspooner,** the local art-rock act at the vanguard of the eighties revival, combines drum-machine beats with simple bass lines and elaborate theatrical productions.

JOE'S PUB
425 Lafayette St. (539-8777)—Nov. 14-15: The gifted singer-songwriter **Ron Sexsmith.** Nov. 19: Thanks to the J. Geils Band's 1982 hit "Centerfold," **Peter Wolf's** voice may be the thing most often associated with foldout spreads (except for staples, of course), but in the years since he went solo he's become a successful curator of grownup bluesy pop. On his new album, "Sleepless," he runs with a noteworthy crowd, including Mick Jagger, Keith Richards, and the Uptown Horns. He'll be on his own here, but this promises to be more than just an evening of nostalgia.

KNITTING FACTORY
74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (219-3055)—Nov. 14: **Jim White** and **Catherine Irwin,** two musicians who draw their cues from different versions of the South, split a double bill. White pairs precise and strange narratives with musical styles as divergent as folk and hip-hop. Irwin, who also helms the alt-country group Freakwater, uses a broad, vintage-country voice to color originals that sound as familiar and welcome as standards. Nov. 19: The Japanese group **Melt-Banana** specializes in high-speed, hardcore noise.

RODEO BAR
375 Third Ave., at 27th St. (683-6500)—Nov. 13: The madcap slide-guitar antics of **Hugh Pool.** Nov. 15: **Two Dollar Pistols** is a honky-tonk band belonging to a former rock drummer named John Howie, Jr. With an acoustic guitar and a dependable penchant for heartache, pickup trucks, and drinking, the North Carolina-based Howie brings the nation country music from the country outside of Nashville. Nov. 16: A night of old-fashioned rockabilly with **Deke Dickerson and the Ecco-Fonics.**

VILLAGE UNDERGROUND
130 W. 3rd St. (777-7745)—Nov. 15-16: The noted Irish folksinger **Paul Brady.**

WARSAW
261 Driggs Ave., Brooklyn (718-387-0505)—Nov. 13-15: The San Francisco-based enigma known as the **Residents** drops by for three nights of multimedia fun. The band is made up of strange folks (reportedly hailing from northern Louisiana) whose identities often remain shrouded by trademark eyeball masks. With a taste for M. C. Escher, Captain Beefheart, and other iconoclasts, they use dancers, props, videos, and other effects to make performance art—they might be the only rock band whose work is part of the permanent collection at MOMA. The tenacious conceptualists are on a thirtieth-anniversary tour, and they have one hell of a new record, "Demons Dance Alone," that's full of disturbing, provocative lyrics, pop textures, eerie soundscapes, and some great marimba playing.

JAZZ AND STANDARDS

ALGONQUIN HOTEL
59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Through Nov. 16: A superbly swinging singer who could just as easily be knocking them dead at a jazz club, the San Francisco-based **Paula West** brings a gust of vitality and vocal artistry to the cabaret scene. The pianist **Eric Reed** and his trio provide the accompaniment. Dining.

BLUE NOTE
131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Through Nov. 17: An indomitable singer whose gifts are never so clear as on her own ingeniously crafted songs, **Abbey Lincoln** shows no signs of taking the easy road into legendhood. Her shows can be staggering in their intensity and invigorating in their affirmation of life and art.

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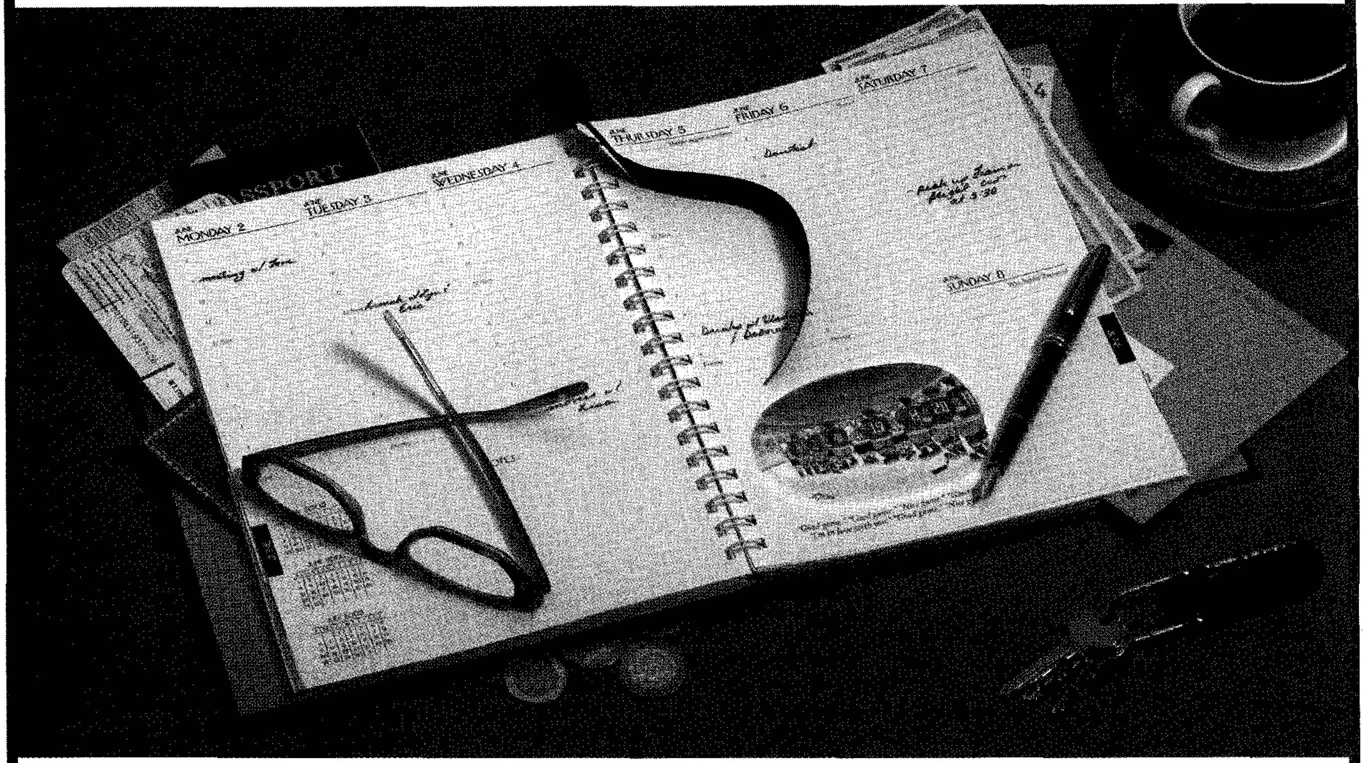

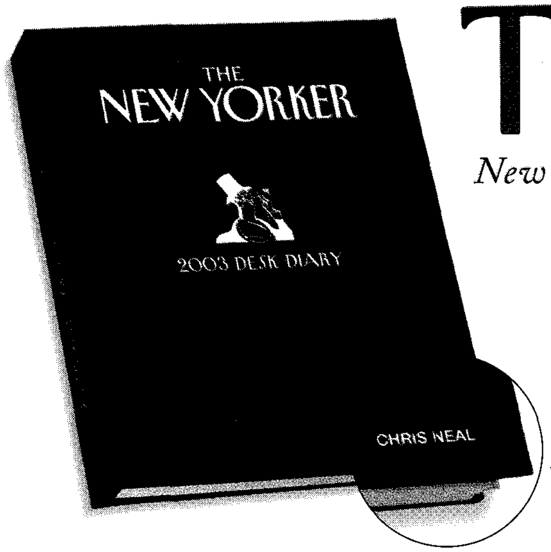

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district, features discreet waiters, wraparound murals, and the magisterially puckish **Bobby Short** and his eight-piece orchestra. ♦ Across the hall, in Bemelmans Bar, the **Loston Harris** trio is in attendance.

IRIDIUM

1650 Broadway, at 51st St. (582-2121)—Through Nov. 17: The **Hank Jones** trio. Some fifty years into an unassuming yet brilliant career, the pianist has become a contemporary version of his early model, Teddy Wilson: each silken phrase is guaranteed to be perfect in shape and diction. The saxophonist **Joe Lovano,** a dazzling maverick player with a deep respect for the jazz tradition, sits in here. Mondays belong to the electric-guitar innovator **Les Paul.**

JOE'S PUB

425 Lafayette St. (539-8777)—Nov. 15: A present-day ironist with a prewar (First World War, that is) heart, the guitarist, vocalist, and composer Matt Munisteri leads the delightful, lightly swinging chamber jazz quintet **Brock Mumford.** Munisteri's own time-warped tunes sit perfectly well alongside vintage work by Willard Robison, Hoagy Carmichael, and even, in the case of the band's nifty take on "Don't Think Twice, It's All Right," Bob Dylan.

JAZZ STANDARD

116 E. 27th St. (576-2232)—Through Nov. 17: The **Avishai Cohen International Vamp Band.** To judge from his work with Chick Corea's Origin band or his trio, Cohen may be the most exciting new bassist since Christian McBride. With his own ensembles, Cohen—an Israeli—goes multicultural, mixing international rhythms and textures with urban jazz. Dining.

VILLAGE VANGUARD

178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Through Nov. 17: **Clark Terry** may love to point out that "the golden years suck," but illness and the passing of time haven't stilled this octogenarian's musical passions. The incisive trumpeter and flugelhornist brings wit and heart onto a stage, taking us back to a time when art and entertainment freely mingled. The **Vanguard Jazz Orchestra** holds sway on Mondays.

ART

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM

Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (879-5500)—Théodore Chassériau (1819-56) was an unqualified success in his own lifetime. He was apprenticed to Ingres at age twelve, won his first medal in a Paris Salon at eighteen, and then, at twenty-seven, jilted the neoclassic ideal for a lusty Romanticism à la Delacroix, whom he followed to North Africa. Then he died young—his first bad career move. Soon after, the Paris Commune of 1871 destroyed his most famous public murals, and he slipped into obscurity. Unfortunately, he seems to have deserved the posthumous downgrade—his sultry harem girls, dashing chevaliers, and pouty-lipped society sitters are agreeable to look at and unchallenging to contemplate. No wonder he received so many government commissions. Through Jan. 5. ♦ **"The Prints of Vija Celmins."** Through Dec. 29. ♦ Richard Avedon, the only photographer to be played by Fred Astaire in a Hollywood musical ("Funny Face," from 1957), returns to the site of his 1978 retrospective. The hundred and eighty portraits, dating from the forties (an anonymous Sicilian boy in a state of barely suppressed mania) to last year (Harold Bloom with his eyes closed, radiating lassitude), make up a sort of idiosyncratic American *Who's Who.* Poets, painters, drifters, and politicos stand simply and stare into the lens. With Avedon's blank white background behind them, there's nowhere to hide, and the result is an intimacy that's both confrontational and preternaturally delicate. Backlight creeps around the edges of heads; by contrast, facial features darken, and niches and wrinkles seem triple-etched. Avedon's look is largely a matter of extreme values, but the secret of his superbright whites and velvety blacks is that they reinvent grays—as something rare, fugitive, and cherishable. Through Jan. 5. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:30, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 9.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART (MOMA QNS)

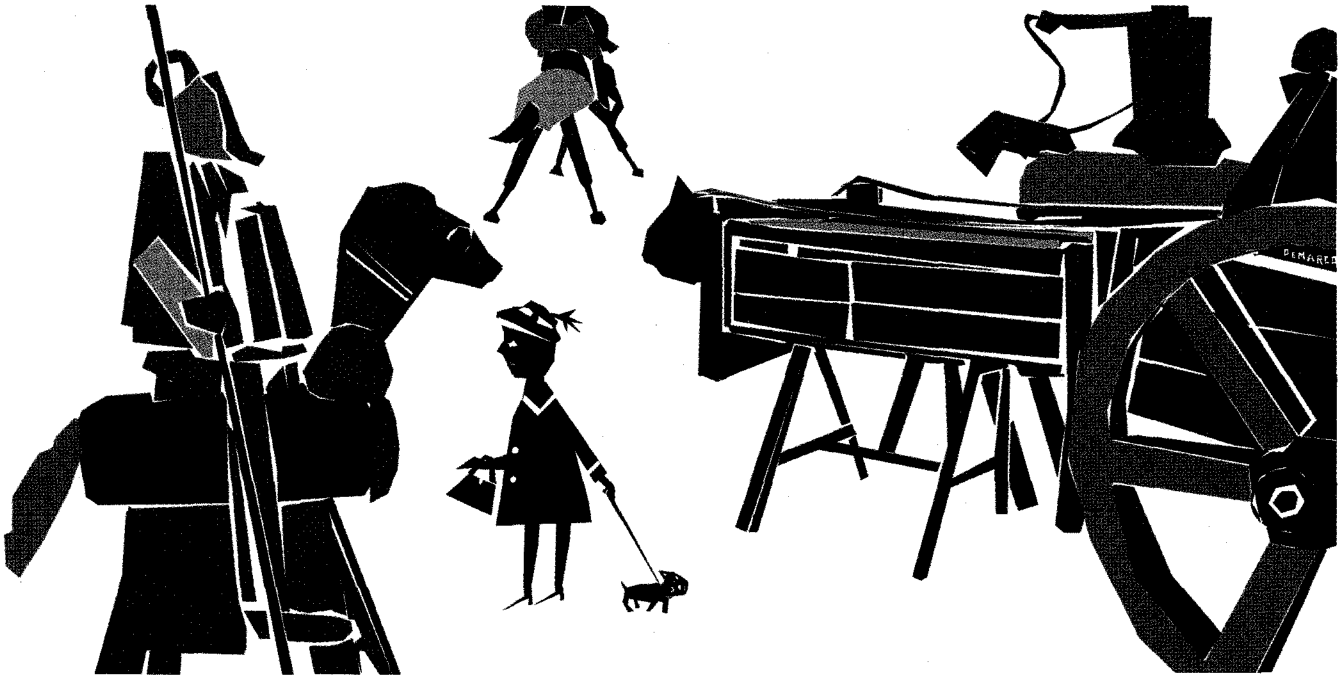
33rd St. at Queens Blvd., Long Island City (708-9480)—**"Drawing Now: Eight Propositions,"** a trailblazing show by curator Laura Hoptman, sets the MOMA seal of approval on twenty-six youngish international artists working in the medium that's been the bedrock of visual art since Lascaux. Hoptman's "propositions" identify current modes of drawing, including illustration, decoration, fashion, architectural and scientific drafting, and comics. The show suggests a forge of styles, in which artists hammer out new links between craft, discipline, and worldly import. Some—John Currin, Elizabeth Peyton, Neo Rauch, Ugo Rondinone—are farther along than others, but nearly all convey the exhilaration of being onto something. For the first time in quite a while at a museum group show, exacting comparison, argument, and judgment seem a matter of course. Don't miss this. Through Jan. 6. ♦ **"The Changing of the Avant-Garde: Visionary Architectural Drawings from the Howard Gilman Collection"** presents unrealized architecture projects conceived mostly in the sixties and seventies, as modernism's heroic programs for urban engineering were giving way to the skeptical pastiche of postmodernism. The Gilman collection focusses on designs by collaboratives for experimental architecture (the Metabolists in Japan, Archigram in Britain, and Superstudio in Italy) as well as designs by such mavericks as Arata Isozaki, Rem Koolhaas, and Aldo Rossi. The playful, hallucinatory sections, plans, and renderings offer blueprints for a "Blade Runner"-esque world sometimes chillingly like our own. Through Jan. 6. (Open Thursdays through Mondays, 10 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:45.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM

Fifth Ave. at 89th St. (423-3500)—Hollywood disaster flick meets Renaissance fresco (think "The Poseidon Adventure" with art direction by Fra Angelico) in **"Going Forth by Day,"** Bill Viola's visually striking five-channel video piece commissioned by a German bank for the Guggenheim Berlin. In one projection, an eclectic procession traipses through a light-dappled forest (the panoramic image evokes old-fashioned CinemaScope). In an adjacent scene, water gushes from the windows and doors of a pristine building façade. Death and resurrection figure elsewhere in the action, as Viola tackles Big Themes. The work was conceived before the events of September 11th, and the portent of disaster is uncanny, if you can handle the smugly pious tone. Through Jan. 12. (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, 9 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, 9 to 8.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART

Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-3676)—Two independent installations by Lorna Simpson continue her long-standing exploration of race. "Cameos and Appearances" (2002) presents irregular grids of photographs in which oval portraits of two hip-looking African-Americans—a man with stylish glasses and a woman with a delicate nose stud—are interspersed with text citing racial stereotypes from literature and popular culture. The sleek pair could be culled from a Gap ad, but with captions like "Femmes Arabes en Voyage" or "Blacula," their aspect changes subtly. Meanwhile, the video installation "31" tracks a young black woman across thirty-one screens, repre-



Anthony Caro turns items from a London junk shop into six figures on horseback and one in a chariot, at Mitchell-Innes & Nash.

KIM DEMARCO

Paleontologist Paul Sereno has encountered some of the weirdest creatures that ever walked the earth. Yet some of the scariest things he's discovered aren't likely to become extinct anytime soon. Sad to say, mutual fund management fees will probably outlast us all. That's why Dr. Sereno **was afraid of getting eaten alive.** So he turned to a company famous for keeping the costs down. That meant more money for him and less for the monsters.

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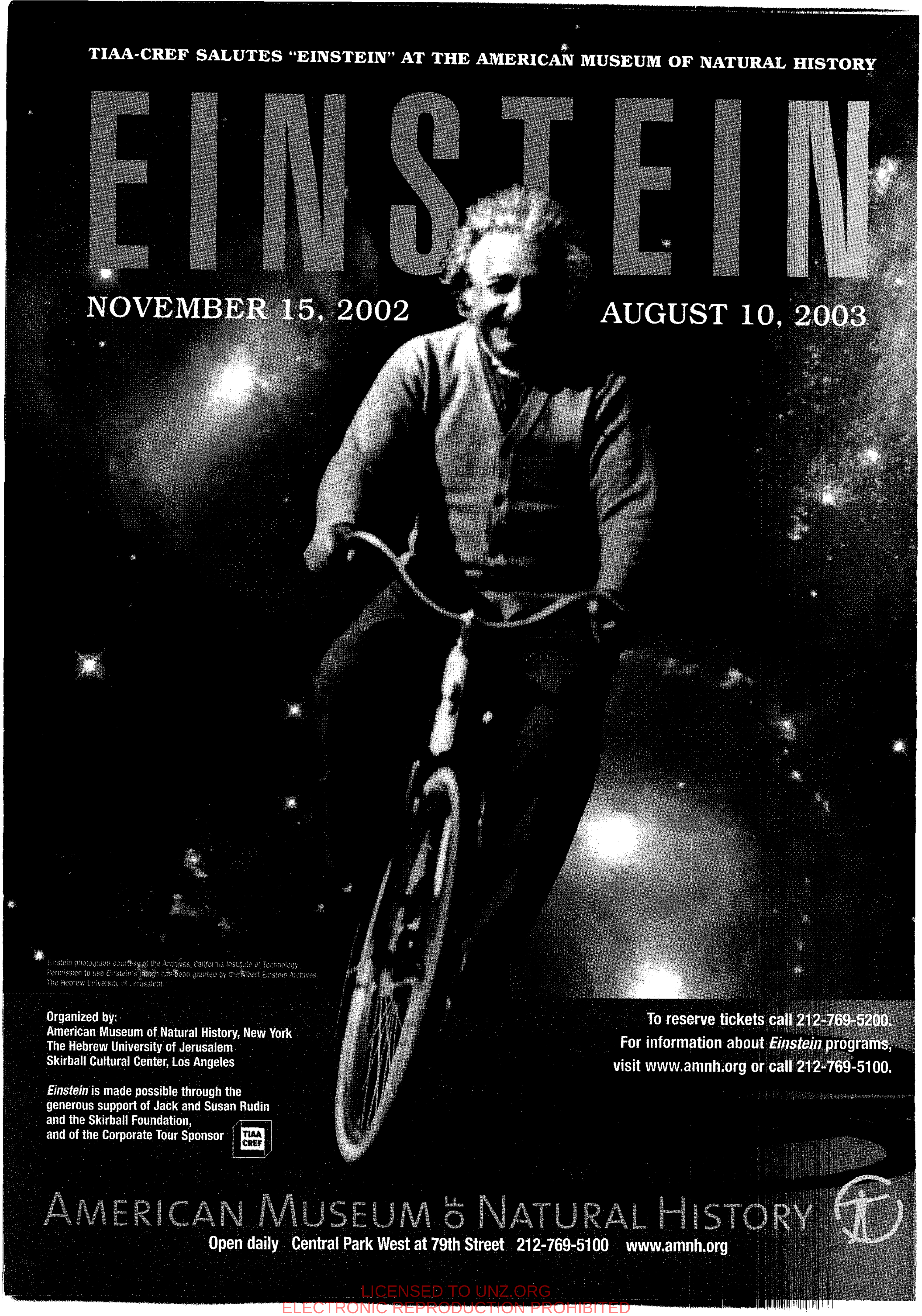

TIAA-CREF SALUTES "EINSTEIN" AT THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

EINSTEIN

NOVEMBER 15, 2002 AUGUST 10, 2003

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AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

Open daily Central Park West at 79th Street 212-769-5100 www.amnh.org senting years of her life, perhaps, or days of the month. She brushes her teeth, rides the subway, and goes to work or to the doctor in a visual narrative that owes something to Godard and something to MTV. Through Jan. 26. (Open Tuesdays through Thursdays, and weekends, 11 to 6; Fridays, 1 to 9.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM OF ART
Eastern Parkway (718-638-5000)—**"Exposed: The Victorian Nude,"** from Tate Britain, is a strong historical show about an era when jumpiness about sex had bizarre effects in art. Literary and classical themes provided the alibis for displaying naked females. Popular guises included Shakespearean fairies, virtuous heroines (Lady Godiva rides again, and again), Roman decadents, and the like. For male nakedness, the excuse was propaganda for robust healthiness. Lust lurked, and smut reigned. A turn toward frankness around the turn of the century—in the gloomy nudes of Walter Sickert and the too little known William Orpen—offers a fresh invention: actual people. Orpen's felicitously titled "The English Nude" (1900), a Rembrandtesque tour de force, presents a regular, interesting woman on a rumpled bed. Its mystery is that of really lived life. Through Jan. 5. ♦ Judy Chicago's monumental installation **"The Dinner Party"**—a delta-shaped banquet table for thirty-nine worthies from Primordial Goddess to Georgia O'Keeffe. Through Feb. 9. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

ASIA SOCIETY
725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (288-6400)—The Chinese-Australian artist Ah Xian overlays delicate, translucent porcelain busts—modelled from plaster casts of family and friends—with opulent adaptations of traditional imperial-era patterns (dragons, clouds, oceans). The blend of strategies—on one bust, the eyes and mouth are covered by a butterfly and flowers in saturated colors—not only recommends the body as a canvas but also fancifully insists on the mutability of human form. Nearby historical bowls and platters from the Rockefeller collection seem timid by comparison. Through Feb. 9. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6, and Friday evenings until 9.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY MUSEUM
Fifth Ave. at 89th St. (369-4880)—The sprawling, generous retrospective **"Color and Ecstasy: The Art of Hyman Bloom"** gives plenty of evidence of the Expressionist artist's obsessions with death, mysticism, and transcendental philosophy. The inclusive approach yields the occasional masterwork, such as "Female Corpse, Front View," a lurid cadaver whose wounds and sores gleam like jewels. But his fascination with the occult often ends in juvenilia: spooked faces cowering in darkness or tree branches so comically gnarly that you expect howling wolves and goblins. The exhibit's coda, however, reaffirms Bloom's talent for ambiguity: "The Facts of Life," an abstract work, naturally, is a feverish stew of color. Through Dec. 29. (Open Wednesdays and Thursdays, noon to 5, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.

OSCAR BLUEMNER
Bluemner (1867-1938) began his career as an architect, but when his practice faltered he continued drawing buildings and landscapes for pure pleasure. The current show brings together forty-five of his pocket-sized watercolors and pencil drawings, most of them preparatory sketches for larger works. In the teens and twenties, he got caught up in the Stieglitz circle, and he shares with his contemporaries Marsden Hartley, Arthur Dove, and John Marin a sensual yet detached appreciation for modest American scenery—tenements, barns, hills, trees. But what set him apart was his preference for hot contrasting colors and architectonic rigor, a style Stieglitz called virile. Through Dec. 7. (James Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. 535-5767.)

SHIRLEY JAFFE
The finest of Jaffe's sprightly new paintings is called "Bruit d'Été"; it suggests jazz on a breezy day in Île de France. The seventy-nine-year-old artist, an American in Paris since 1949, keeps fresh a Stuart Davis-like style of cubistic abstraction, with hard-edged, brightly colored lines, planes, and curlicues embedded in a fat white. She risks chaos, but it's glad chaos. And when Jaffe gets her rhythms and intervals just right, as in "Bruit," the result is a late-entry masterpiece of modernism. Through Nov. 16. (De Nagy, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 262-5050.)

"THE AGES OF MANKIND: TIME TO HOPE"
An exhibition of largely Spanish religious art, including sculptures, embroidered vestments, gold and silver reliquaries, illuminated manuscripts, and paintings by El Greco, Zamora, and Goya, among others. Through Nov. 24. (The Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 932-7347.)

Short List

ANTHONY CARO
Mitchell-Innes & Nash, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St. 744-7400. Through Dec. 20.

JOSEPH CORNELL
Stone, 113 E. 90th St. 987-4997.
Through Dec. 20.

DONALD JUDD
Pace Wildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. 421-3292.
Through Nov. 16.

JULES OLITSKI
Ameringer Yohe, 20 W. 57th St. 445-0051.
Through Nov. 16.

GALLERIES—CHELSEA

AMY ADLER
To make the work in "Unknown," Adler advertised around L.A. for a blond actress in her mid-thirties who could impersonate Adler in the artist's own home, sitting on her bed, playing with her cat, gazing into the camera that she wields. Adler turned the resulting photos into life-size pastel drawings, which she then rephotographed and destroyed, so that the only documentation from the impersonation sessions are photos of drawings of photos. Conceptually, this seamless series of removes and replacements makes an adroit comment on the ability of images to "know" their subjects. The fact remains, however, that the pictures—with their girl-next-door blandness and careful, uniform mark—aren't that compelling to look at. Through Nov. 23. (Casey Kaplan, 416 W. 14th St. 645-7335.)

TERESITA FERNANDEZ
Reducing tropical landscape to three essential elements—surf, sand, and sun—the artist transforms the gallery into a minimalist Club Med. A giant wave (or is it a waterfall?) made of blue and white plastic strips cascades from ceiling to floor like a seafaring Flavin (albeit an unilluminated one). Across the room a curved aluminum structure becomes a glinting sand dune with the addition of countless glass beads, while a pair of atomized sculptures—hundreds of amethyst cubes spread across two walls—suggest the drift of clouds at sunset. Through Nov. 30. (Lehmann Maupin, 540 W. 26th St. 255-2923.)

MONA HATOUM
Mona Hatoum chooses materials that are tactile opposites, such as cast metal and human hair, to illustrate anxieties and the fetishes they induce. Her current crop of Freudian sculptures includes a metal folding screen modelled on a cheese grater, a pair of battered suitcases linked by ropes of hair, and a circle of glass bottles ranged on the floor, cut off at angles as if bobbing in water. But the most provocative fetishes offer more than the sum of their parts—this work offers less. Through Nov. 27. (Alexander and Bonin, 132 Tenth Ave., at 18th St. 367-7474.)

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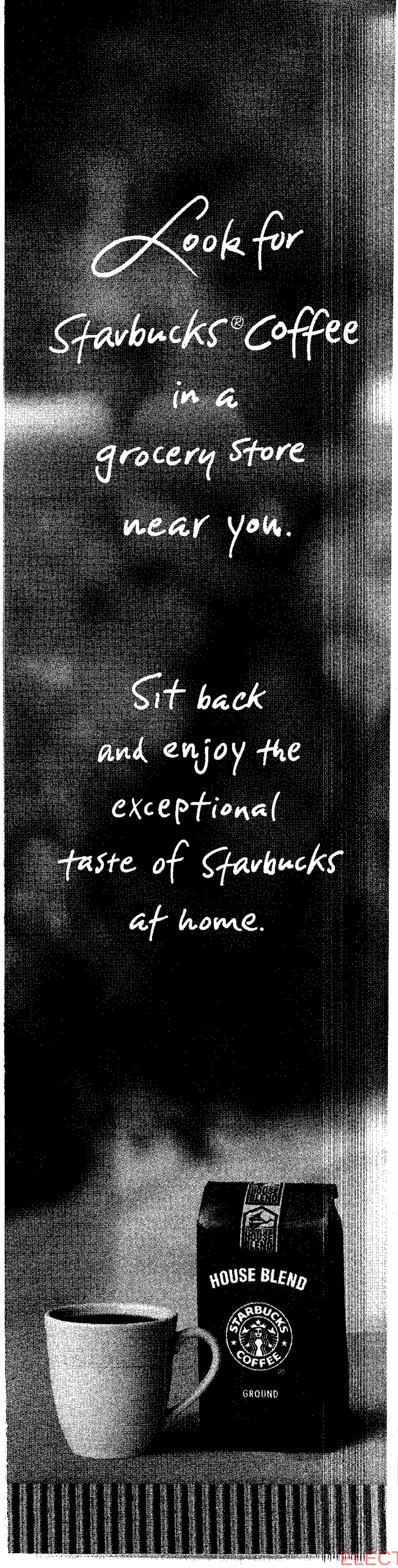
AND: A calendar of *New Yorker* events across the country



MARIA LASSNIG
Die Brücke meets ESPN in buoyant expressionist portraits of the artist—an octogenarian Austrian—as a soccer player. The figures are outlined in blue (shades of Alice Neel) as if the gaudy, gestural brushstrokes might explode across their blank white backgrounds if left uncontained. In one memorable canvas, Lassnig appears as an airborne nun in a jaunty black habit and red-and-white socks, a witty declaration that after decades of devotion to painting she's arrived at the top of her game. Through Nov. 30. (Petzel, 535 W. 22nd St. 680-9467.)

Short List

PETER CAIN / PAUL FEELEY
Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. 243-0200.
Through Nov. 23.
WALTON FORD
Kasmin, 293 Tenth Ave., at 26th St. 563-4474.
Through Nov. 16.
ALEXANDER ROSS
Feature, 530 W. 25th St. 675-7772.
Through Nov. 16.
KATIA SANTIBAÑEZ
P.P.O.W, 555 W. 25th St. 647-1044.
Through Nov. 16.

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

MARY HEILMANN
The artist's brightly colored, deceptively casual paintings have always had a wily edge, sending a gleeful Bronx cheer in the direction of sanctimonious abstraction. In an ongoing effort to take high art down a peg, Heilmann installs paintings alongside lamps, furniture, and ceramics, all of her own design. The contrast between the gallery's high-tech, steel-mesh walls and the homespun aesthetic of the oversized teacup, polka-dot lampshade, and striped slipcover strikes just the right note of irreverence. Through Nov. 24. (Schachter Contemporary, 14 Charles Lane. 807-6669.)

Short List

LIZA LOU
Deitch Projects Annex, 18 Wooster St.
343-7300. Through Nov. 30.
ROSIE LEE TOMPKINS
Blum, 99 Wooster St. 343-0441.
Through Dec. 14.

PHOTOGRAPHY

UTA BARTH
Barth presents a cycle of similar images displayed at eye level—of a tree in silhouette, tweaked over and over, occasionally punctuated by a plain field of color. A retinal memory for the last picture seems to linger while you take in the next, and image and afterimage hover on top of one another for a moment. The cycle peaks about halfway through with a beautiful white-on-white silhouette that is barely there. This work mixes the sheer pleasure of seeing beautiful images with the anxiety of taking a test at the eye doctor's office. Through Nov. 16. (Bonakdar, 521 W. 21st St. 414-4144.)

CHAN CHAO
An unexpectedly conversational, almost casual tone emanates from Chan Chao's lush color portraits of Burmese dissidents and freedom fighters. The young men look as though they've been interrupted, mid-day, or mid-life, by the photographer, and there's a lazy insouciance to their poses. Two boys—one in bluejeans, the other in a sarong, plucking a guitar—could be any teen-agers, anywhere; only their weary eyes suggest a more troubling reality. That weary watchfulness suffuses all the pictures, as does something more threatening: in one of the show's most enigmatic portraits, a handsome young man with a faint half-smile and a faded tattoo jauntily clutches the bamboo handle of what just might be a machete. Through Nov. 30. (Richardson, 535 W. 22nd St. 646-230-9610.)

LAUREN GREENFIELD / JUDITH JOY ROSS
Sex—its promise and threat—sticks like a second skin to the mostly affluent, mostly teen-age subjects of Greenfield's dizzying documentation of female rites of passage. In Greenfield's photos, printed in the supersaturated pinks and blues of a Britney Spears video, girls visit fat camps, endure breast-enhancement surgery, and lie in tanning beds; they're self-possessed and awkward in equal measure. Among the photos—which together could easily comprise a leaden (and rather predictable) commentary on the excesses of American girlhood—are some startling juxtapositions: in one, a group of smiling, glossy-haired students at a private girls' school hoist their candy-colored bridesmaids' dresses to reveal lacy garter belts. In another, an African-American teen-ager hikes her skirt to reveal her legs to a trio of white judges at a model search; the historical allusions are as sad as the expression of resignation on the girl's face. Unlike Greenfield's pampered beauties, Ross's working-class girls are wary in front of the camera, and there's a heartbreaking fragility to their stillness. Among Ross's pictures is one of a military woman, which recalls, in its gravitas, Matthew Brady's portraits of Civil War soldiers. Through Nov. 30. (Pace/MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. 759-7999.)

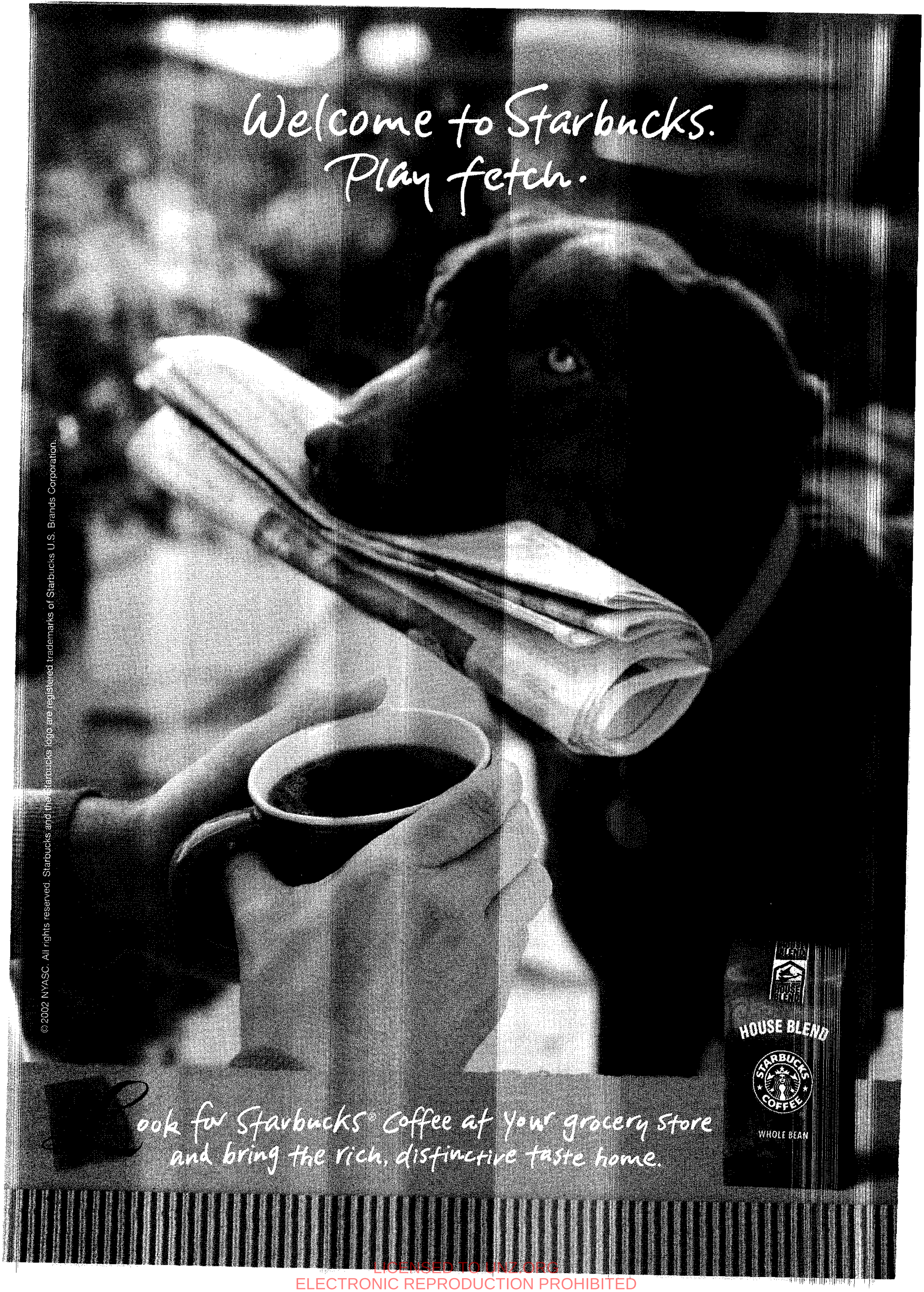
LÁSZLÓ MOHOLY-NAGY
It comes as no surprise that this exhibition of never-before-seen color images (all taken in the final decade of Moholy-Nagy's life) reveals some extraordinary truths about the nature of light. Moholy-Nagy (1895-1946) was one of twentieth-century photography's most skilled technicians and most profound theorists. The bold, scientific spirit of discovery that governs a shot of traffic lights transforms what might have remained a purely abstract study of red, pink, and white into a lush visual axiom about oscillation and energy. The sensibility at work in a picture of burning paper and embers brings an exquisite delicacy to this classic meditation on creation and destruction. Who ever thought fire could be so tender? Through Nov. 23. (Rosen, 525 W. 24th St. 627-6000.)

ABELARDO MORELL
The new work by this well-established photographer mixes quiet elegance with a sly wit. For years Morell has created site-specific camera obscuras, projecting, in this case, an upside-down London Tower Bridge onto his hotel room's wall and a view of the Thames into a stark, empty office. These pictures compress space and time and turn what's outside inward with a grand flourish, while Morell's other work is more intimate and less sweeping. A book that was waterlogged in a flooded library fills the frame and becomes a wildly contorted explosion of now useless paper. Images of a forest of pencils on end and of currency folded and paper-clipped in a neo-origami style prove that Morell is a masterful printer as well a world-class tinkerer. Through Dec. 7. (Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. 517-3766.)

PHILIP PERKIS
These black-and-white photographs simultaneously express the pathos and humor we learned to see through Robert Frank's "The Americans." Here, a fly-fishing line lies at a river's edge, or the outline of a barren hill on the West Bank recedes seamlessly into the clouds, or a bungee jumper dangles weightlessly above Coney Island's ruins. The images resonate with an incredible lightness, and at the same time convey a sense of solitude and the inevitability of life's end. Through Dec. 21. (Klotz/Sirmon, 511 W. 25th St. 741-4764.)

Short List

VALÉRIE BELIN
Sikkema, 530 W. 22nd St. 929-2262.
Through Nov. 16.
TOMER GANIHAR
Rodgers/9W, 529 W. 20th St. 414-9810.
Through Nov. 30.
DAVID HILL AND ROBERT ADAMSON
Kraus, 25 E. 77th St. 794-2064.
Through Nov. 15.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SYLVIA PLACHY
Bateman, 560 Broadway. 925-7951.
Through Nov. 30.

GARY WINOGRAND
International Center of Photography,
1133 Sixth Ave., at 43rd St. 857-0000.
Through Dec. 1.

"MÜTTER MUSEUM PHOTOGRAPHS"
Ricco/Maresca, 529 W. 20th St. 627-4819.
Through Nov. 16.

AUCTIONS AND ANTIQUES

SOTHEBY'S
Nov. 13 at 10:15 A.M.: The final day of a sale of contemporary art begins with a session devoted to works by such artists as Warhol, Hirst, Lichtenstein, Ruscha, and Sherman, including more than fifty works from the estate of the advertising executive Jay Chiat. ♦ Nov. 13 at 2: A concluding afternoon sale, featuring works by Rothenberg, Richter, Clemente, Koons, and many others. ♦ Nov. 14 at 10:15 A.M.: Miniature paintings from the Indian subcontinent, from the collection of Paul F. Walter. ♦ Nov. 15 at 2: African and Oceanic art. A rare Tshokwe figure of a male chief, carved in the Muzamba style from Angola (estimated to bring up to a quarter of a million dollars), is a highlight of the sale. ♦ Nov. 16 at 10:15 A.M.: Art works from the estate of the department-store legend Stanley Marcus grace a number of the house's international fall sales. This auction is a testament to Marcus's passion for collecting all sorts of items, including drawings by Saul Steinberg, glass works by Dale Chihuly, sculptures by Lipchitz and Picasso, African tribal art, and an assortment of decorative art works from around the world. ♦ Nov. 19 at 7 and Nov. 20 at 10:15 A.M.: An offering of twelve paintings and drawings from the Marcus collection begins a two-day sale of Latin-American art, which features works by such artists as Rivera, Carrington, Matta, and Bravo ("Paquete Marfil," a painting expected to bring approximately one million dollars). (York Ave. at 72nd St. 606-7000.)

CHRISTIE'S
Nov. 13 at 7: The first session of a two-day sale of postwar and contemporary art features works by Lichtenstein ("Happy Tears," estimated to bring up to seven million dollars), Johns, Newman, and Warhol. ♦ Nov. 14 at 10 A.M.: The second of the three sales focusses on the postwar period, including paintings by such artists as de Kooning, Pousette-Dart, and Joan Mitchell, along with sculptures by Calder and Chamberlain. ♦ Nov. 14 at 2: The final session, showcasing contemporary art, features works by three provocative young Americans, Currin, Yuskavage, and Barney (a triptych of cibachrome prints from the film "Cremaster 2"), along with paintings and sculptures by such figures as Nauman, Judd, and Basquiat. (20 Rockefeller Plaza, at 49th St. 636-2000.)

PHILLIPS
Nov. 19 at 2: "Radical" design from the postwar period to the present day, in a sale featuring works by Marc Newson (the entire Skoda clothing boutique from Berlin, designed in 1992, which will be reinstalled for exhibition in Phillips's Chelsea space), Tejo Remy, Frank Gehry, Charles and Ray Eames, and other innovators. (3 W. 57th St. 940-1200.)

SWANN
Nov. 14 at 10:30 A.M.: Autograph letters, books, and photographs signed by Washington, Pasteur, Borodin, Babe Ruth, and many other figures from politics, science, American history, and the arts. A letter sent from Paris to Paterson, New Jersey, by Charles Lindbergh just after his transatlantic flight—one of only three letters he carried with him—is the highlight of the sale. (104 E. 25th St. 254-4710.)

MODERNISM
The seventeenth annual sale of twentieth-century design, featuring exhibitions by seventy-five dealers. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. 777-5218. Nov. 14-17.)

TRIPLE PIER ANTIQUES SHOW
The annual antiques blockbuster enters its final weekend, with more than six hundred dealers offering a plethora of furniture, art works, and decorative items. (Piers 88, 90, and 92, Twelfth Ave. between 48th and 52nd Sts. 255-0020. Nov. 16-17.)

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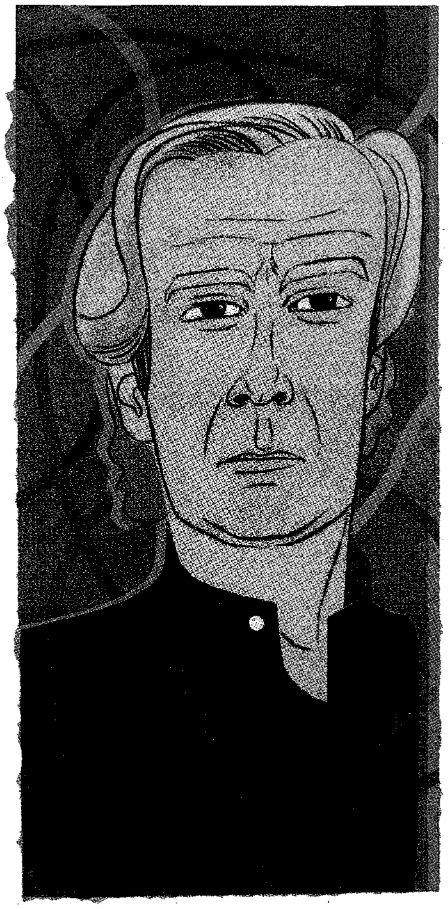
OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA
"Aida," with Michele Crider, Dolora Zajick, Richard Margison, Alexandru Agache, and Matti Salminen; Marco Armiliato conducts. (Nov. 13 at 8.) ♦ With Marianne Corretti replacing Zajick and Eduardo Villa replacing Margison. (Nov. 18 at 8.) ♦ Bellini's **"Il Pirata,"** with Renée Fleming, Marcello Giordani, and Richard Zeller; Bruno Campanella. (Nov. 14 at 8.) ♦ Ruth Ann Swenson and Marcelo Álvarez, an effective pair in last season's "Rigoletto," return with bel-canto repertory, heading the cast for Donizetti's **"Lucia di Lammermoor"**; Patrick Summers. (Nov. 15 at 8.) ♦ The Met's controversial production of **"Il Trovatore,"** originally created by Graham Vick in 2000 but no longer bearing his name, returns to the repertory with some changes in sets and staging. Zvetelina Vassileva, Larissa Diadkova, Franco Farina, Bruno Caproni, and Willard White lead the cast; Frédéric Chaslin. (Nov. 16 at 1:30.) ♦ The season première of the Met's new production of **"Fidelio,"** set in a modern-day totalitarian state, with Waltraud Meier, Hei-Kyung Hong, Johan Botha, and Matti Salminen; Peter Schneider. (Nov. 16 and Nov. 19 at 8.) (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)



Magnus Lindberg performs his music at Weill Recital Hall on November 19.

EDEL RODRIGUEZ

NEW YORK CITY OPERA
"The Barber of Seville," with Georgia Jarman, Kathryn Cowdrick, Leigh Melrose, and Bruce Sledge; David Agler conducts. (Nov. 13 at 7:30 and Nov. 15 at 8.) ♦ **"The Marriage of Figaro,"** with Haewon Moon, Nicolle Foland, Leah Summers, George Cordes, and Michael Chioldi; Gary Thor Wedow. (Nov. 14 at 7:30.) ♦ **"Rigoletto,"** with Luz del Alba Rubio, Kirstin Chávez, Raul Hernandez, Louis Otey, and Peter Volpe; Willie Anthony Waters. (Nov. 16 at 1:30.) ♦ Renata Scotto's production of **"La Traviata,"** with Elena Kolganova, Benjamin Warschawski, and Michael Corvino; Ted Taylor. (Nov. 16 at 8.) ♦ **"Hansel and Gretel,"** Humperdinck's gingerbread treat, returns to the house in a production by City Opera's fanciful minimalist, James Robinson, which finds Jennifer Rivera and Kelly Kaduce (in the title roles) as a pair of Gilded Age urchins from the Lower East Side who fall asleep in Central Park; George Manahan. (Nov. 17 at 1:30 and Nov. 19 at 6:30.) (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

TEATRO GRATTACIELO
Everyone knows the melting aria "Ebben? Ne andrò lontana" from its innumerable appearances in television commercials (and in the 1981 French film "Diva"). It's from **"La Wally,"** an 1892 opera by Alfredo Catalani, who prefigured Puccini in his expressive mixture of Wagnerian harmony and Italianate melodism. Toscanini liked the opera so much that he named two of his children after its characters; you can draw your own conclusions at this rare performance of the complete work, in concert form, by the Teatro, a once-a-year outfit that carries a torch for the masters of the verismo school. Manon Feubel and Frank Porretta take the leading roles; Guido Ajmone-Marsan conducts. (Alice Tully Hall. 721-6500. Nov. 18 at 8.)

HENRY STREET CHAMBER OPERA
This season finds the daring little company (which presents only one production a year) focussing on the prolific Czech composer Bohuslav Martinů, who, while lacking the raw genius of his predecessor Janáček, made up for it with an innocent, openhearted lyrical gift. Neal Goren conducts a double bill of **"Hlas lesa"** ("The Voice of the Forest"), a romantic 1935 rendering of a Czech fairy tale, and **"Les Larmes du Couteau"** ("The Tears of the Knife"), a Dada opera from 1927. A cast of promising young singers—including Jacqueline Venable, Kristine Winkler, Eric Fennell, Tiffany Regal, and Daniel Mobbs—fills the stage. In Czech and in French, respectively, with supertitles. (Harry de Jur Playhouse, 466 Grand St. 279-4200. Nov. 18 at 8. Through Nov. 25.)

JUILLIARD OPERA CENTER
Julius Rudel conducts a student cast in Tchaikovsky's **"Eugene Onegin,"** directed by Eve Shapiro. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. 721-6500. Nov. 13 and Nov. 15 at 8 and Nov. 17 at 2.)

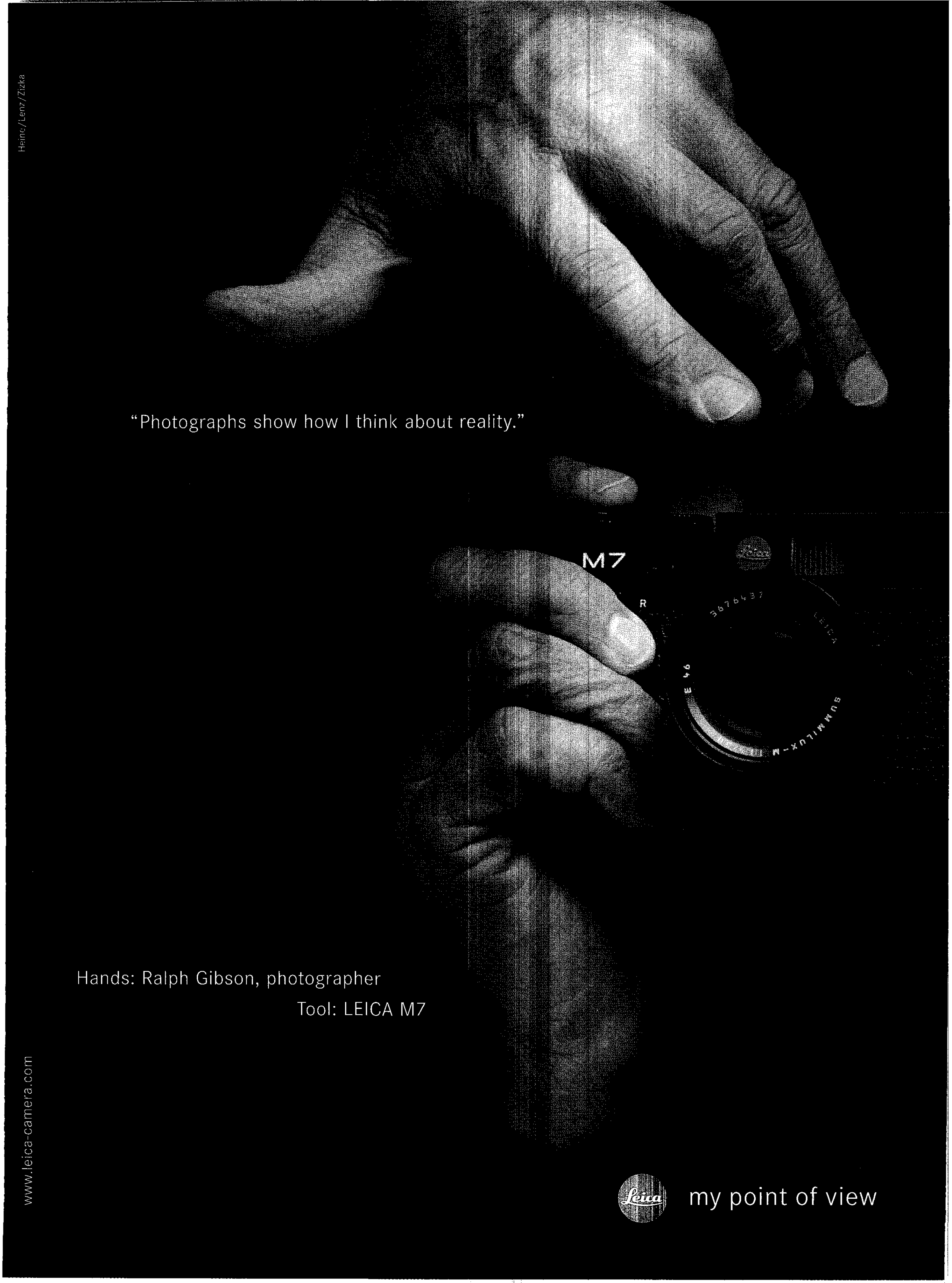
ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC
Colin Davis's second fall subscription week takes an expansive look at the English musical tradition, from Henry Purcell's "Funeral Music for Queen Mary" (in an inventive modern reworking by the respected American composer Steven Stucky) to Elgar's grandiloquent Symphony No. 1, with "Les Illuminations," Britten's glamorous French song cycle (with Ian Bostridge), in between. (Avery Fisher Hall. 875-5656. Nov. 14 at 7:30 and Nov. 15-16 at 8.)

CANTERBURY CHORAL SOCIETY
Charles Dodsley Walker, the founder of the group (and the doyen of Upper East Side choirmasters), celebrates its golden jubilee by conducting a performance of Mahler's Eighth Symphony (with the New Haven Symphony helping out). (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Nov. 15 at 8.)

AMERICAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
Leon Botstein conducts a demanding American program of Carpenter, Feldman ("Coptic Light"), and Ives (the colossal Fourth Symphony). (Avery Fisher Hall. 868-9276. Nov. 17 at 3.)

CANTORI NEW YORK
Performing the New York premières of choral works by Bernard Rands and Byron Adams (to texts by Beckett and Rimbaud, respectively), along with British folk songs and music by Szymanowski. Mark Shapiro conducts. (Church of St. Luke in the Fields, 487 Hudson St. 439-4758. Nov. 17 at 7:30.)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COLLEGIATE CHORALE: LEONARD BERNSTEIN'S "MASS"
Some find the "Mass" (a very loose adaptation of the Roman Catholic liturgy) a deeply moving and theatrical experience; other listeners are embarrassed by its shameless emotionalism and late-sixties sensibility. But it's impossible to truly take the measure of America's greatest musical all-rounder without hearing it live. Robert Bass conducts the first New York performance in nearly thirty years, with the help of the Orchestra of St. Luke's and the Brooklyn Youth Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. 322-2140. Nov. 19 at 8.)

RECITALS

AMERICAN ACADEMY IN ROME CONCERTS
The new concert series, celebrating distinguished alumni composers of the Academy's fellowship program, concludes with a concert of songs and chamber music by such composers as Aaron Jay Kernis, Robert Beaser, and Yehudi Wyner. The performers include the sopranos Susan Narucki and Meagan Miller. (Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Nov. 13 at 8.)

BARGEMUSIC
Nov. 14-15 at 7:30: An all-Brahms program, featuring the Piano Quartet in A Major and other works performed by the violist Toby Hoffman, the pianist Maris Gothoni, and others. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 718-624-2083.)

ELIZABETH FARNUM
In one of the more exotic vocal recitals of the year, the soprano, a fearless denizen of Gotham's new-music scene, offers songs by Busoni, Medtner, Warlock, and Sorabji. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 501-3330. Nov. 14 at 8.)

'ROUND MIDNIGHT VARIATIONS
Thelonious Monk may have been a founder of bebop jazz, but the haunting complexity of the pianist's music was appreciated far beyond his field. An impressive group of American composers—including Milton Babbitt, George Crumb, Uri Caine, and Augusta Read Thomas—pays tribute to him with a clutch of new works performed by the pianist Emanuele Arciuli. (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. Nov. 14 at 8.)

MUSIC AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM
Nov. 14 at 8: Musicians from Marlboro—which, in its latest incarnation, features the violinists Joseph Genualdi and Colin Jacobsen—offers chamber music by Haydn, Shostakovich, and Dvořák. ♦ Nov. 15 at 8: Jonathan Biss, an exciting young American talent, performs piano music by Beethoven (three sonatas), Kirchner, and Takemitsu. (Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949.)

ROCK HOTEL PIANOFEST
While Russell Sherman, one of the great iconoclasts of American piano playing, has been a poetic interpreter of the most challenging modern repertory, he returns to his roots for a program of music by Beethoven (three sonatas and the "Eroica" Variations), the highlight of Rock Hotel's third week of autumn concerts. The young Russian pianist Sergey Schepkin opens for him with music by Bach and Shostakovich. (Society Hall, Ethical Culture Society, 2 W. 64th St. 307-4100. Nov. 15 at 7:30. For a complete list of concerts, see the festival's Web site, www.rockhotelpianofest.com.)

FRIENDS & ENEMIES OF NEW MUSIC
An impressive lineup of musicians—including the pianist Jonathan Biss and the violinist Renee Jolles—ply their craft in the series' first concert of the season, a tribute to Leon Kirchner, which also features music by Tom Cipullo, Harold Meltzer, and Ben Yarmolinsky. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Nov. 17 at 3. Tickets at the door.)

MUSIC BEFORE 1800 SERIES: "FANDANGO"
A piquant program of late-eighteenth-century Spanish dances and sonatas by Soler, Domenico Scarlatti, and others, performed by the harpsichordist Andreas Staier. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. 666-9266. Nov. 17 at 4.)

GIDON KREMER, SABINE MEYER, AND OLEG MAISENBERG
The violinist, the clarinettist, and the pianist—three formidable Europeans—perform chamber music by Bartók, Schoenberg, Debussy, and others. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Nov. 18 at 7:30.)

"MAKING MUSIC: MAGNUS LINDBERG"
Few inheritors of the modernist tradition have caused as much excitement as Lindberg, a Finnish composer born in 1958, whose virtuosic instrumental works—elegant, roughly propulsive, or brightly lyrical by turns—manage to mix the influences of Babbitt, Berio, Sibelius, minimalism, free jazz, and more without melding into post-modern mush. Lately a piano recitalist as well, he joins his longtime colleague, the cellist Anssi Karttunen, in a program featuring such pieces as "Dos Coyotes," "Stroke," and "Jubilees" (an incandescent set of miniatures for solo piano), as well as a discussion with Carnegie Hall's artistic adviser, Ara Guzelimian. (Weill Recital Hall. 247-7800. Nov. 19 at 7:30.)

JUILLIARD STRING QUARTET
The matchless ensemble performs Bach's "The Art of Fugue." (Alice Tully Hall. Nov. 19 at 8. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 769-7406.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

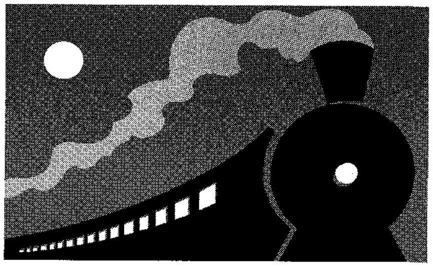
TRAMPOLINE HALL
Once a month for the past year, the Canadian writer Sheila Heti has turned the back room of a Toronto rock club into the home of a lecture series celebrating eccentricity and do-it-yourself inventiveness. The often-sold-out evenings covered such subjects as the number 32, utopias (during which the speakers' mothers sat onstage), and food photography, with the unifying element being that not a single speaker was an expert in the subject. "You get people's fascinations and curiosities when you steer them away from default cocktail-party topics such as their work," Heti says. The amateur approach notwithstanding, the participants are vetted. "I don't like people to speak about pop culture," she points out. "Anything that you'd read about in a magazine doesn't make for an interesting lecture." On Nov. 13 at 8, Trampoline Hall arrives at Galapagos, in an evening featuring Ethan Hein (discussing old music) and Jorge Just (debating) as well as Heti, who will be reading from "The Middle Stories," her recently published collection of fable-like shorts. Misha Glouberman, a man known for wrinkled suits and a taste for improv, is the host. (70 N. 6th St., Williamsburg. 718-782-5188.) ♦ The following evening, at 7:30, Heti reads from "The Middle Stories" at the McSweeney's Store, in Park Slope. (429 Seventh Ave., Brooklyn. 718-499-9884.)

READINGS
Nov. 13 at 7:30: The writer Mary Gordon joins Marie Ponsot for a reading of Ponsot's poems. (The Bowery Poetry Club, 308 Bowery. For more information, call 254-9628.) ♦ Nov. 13 at 7: Teachers & Writers Collaborative celebrates its thirty-fifth anniversary with a screening and discussion of "Wishes, Lies, and Dreams," a 1970 documentary about the poet Kenneth Koch's experiences in the public-school classroom. The following night, also at 7, the celebration continues with a tribute to the teacher, activist, and writer June Jordan, featuring Cornelius Eady, Donna Masini, and others. (5 Union Square W. 691-6590.) ♦ Nov. 15 at 8: Veronica Vera, the founder of the cross-dressing academy Miss Vera's Finishing School for Boys Who Want to Be Girls, reads from her latest how-to guide. Kate Bornstein, the author of "Gender Outlaw," will also be on hand. (Gershwin Hotel, 7 E. 27th St. Tickets at the door.) ♦ Nov. 18 at 7:30: Paul Auster, Robert Creeley, Eavan Boland, and other writers celebrate the poets Denise Levertov and George Oppen and the publishing house New Directions. (The Culture Project, 45 Bleecker St. For more information, call 254-9628.) ♦ Nov. 19 at 7: On the eve of the National Book Awards ceremony, all twenty finalists read from their work. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 229-5488.)

BOOK CURRENTS

Rail Life

In **TRAVEL BY TRAIN** (Indiana), Michael E. Zega and John E. Gruber show how the spread of railroads across America coincided with the birth of modern advertising techniques to produce a blizzard of railway posters. Early, wordy efforts based on circus posters gave way to the big pictorial landscapes of the eighteen-nineties. As cars became dominant, graphic designers resorted to an increasingly stylized approach to glamorize the idea of travel itself, a trend that reached its apogee with the posters of streamliner trains of the thirties.



STEPHEN SAVAGE

The romance of railways is almost exclusively connected to the steam era. **VANISHING STEAM** (Abrams) is a record of Eric Langhammer's remarkable quest, begun in the seventies, to photograph "steam locomotives at work in a natural everyday environment" before they disappeared altogether. Langhammer relates with justifiable pride the extreme level of obsession one needs to feel to go and see a train at twenty below zero in Nancha, in northeastern China.

For the photographer Andrew Cross, plenty of romance remains in the big ugly freight trains of modern America. His book **SOME TRAINS IN AMERICA** (Prestel) uses a panorama format to accommodate images of vast trains snaking across open desert and prairie; the average freight train today is more than a mile long. Meanwhile, even the humble New York subway car has its fans, as Gene Sansone demonstrates in his exhaustive survey **EVOLUTION OF NEW YORK CITY SUBWAYS** (Johns Hopkins). Featuring such curios as a private subway car built in 1904 for the director of the subway, his work also provides useful insights into such imponderables as why the cars on the F line are longer than those on, say, the 1 and 9 lines.

—*Leo Carey*

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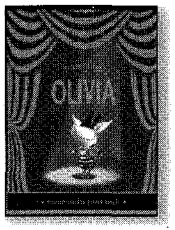

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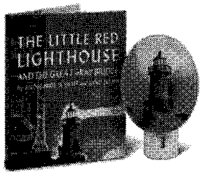

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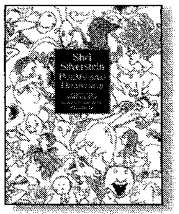

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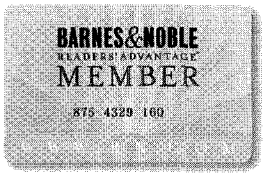

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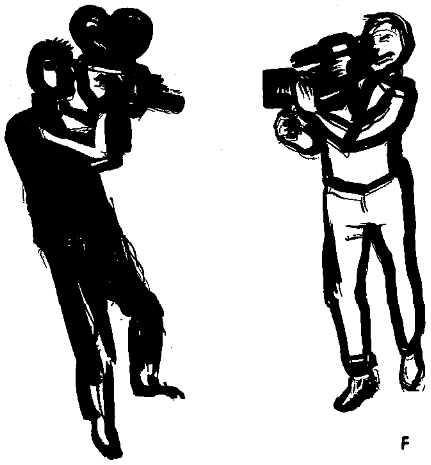


MOVIES OPENING

ARARAT
Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema. Opening Nov. 15.

EL CRIMEN DEL PADRE AMARO
In a drama set in Los Reyes, Mexico, Gael García Bernal ("Y Tu Mamá También") plays a young priest who falls in love with a sixteen-year-old girl (Ana Claudia Talancón). Carlos Carrera directed. In Spanish. Opening Nov. 15.

HALF PAST DEAD
An action movie with Morris Chestnut, Steven Seagal, Ja Rule, and Kurupt, in which a group of commandos infiltrate a redesigned Alcatraz prison. Opening Nov. 15.

HARRY POTTER AND THE CHAMBER OF SECRETS
The boy wizard's second year at Hogwarts, adapted from the book by J. K. Rowling. Most of the original cast returns, and Kenneth Branagh joins the faculty as the new Defense Against the Dark Arts professor. Directed by Chris Columbus. Opening Nov. 15.

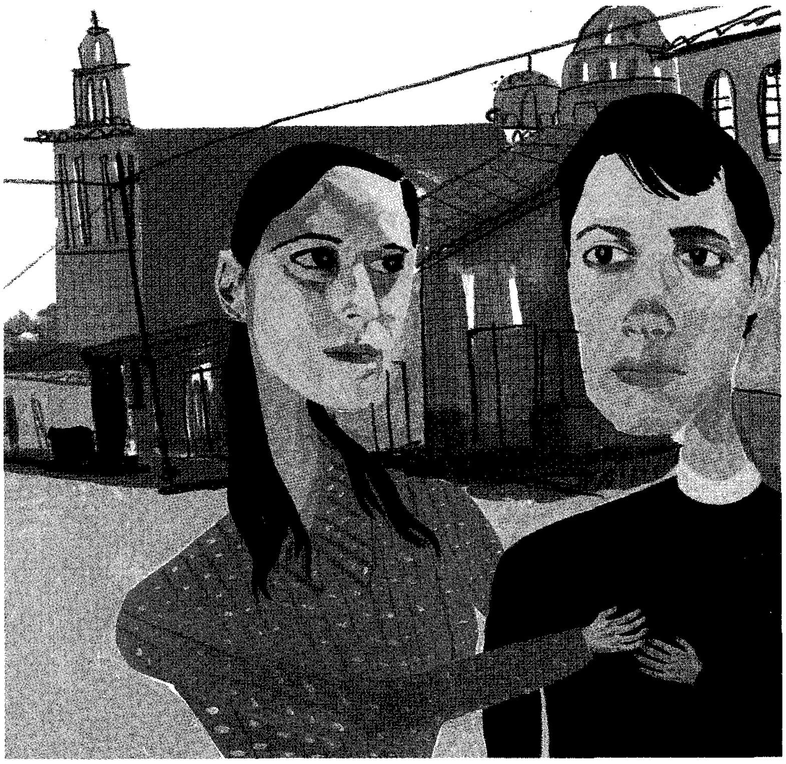
HELL HOUSE
A documentary about a church in suburban Dallas that stages a haunted house designed to encourage a Pentecostal life style. Opening Nov. 15. (Cinema Village.)

INTERVIEW WITH THE ASSASSIN
Neil Burger's début feature film is about a cameraman who discovers that his older neighbor may have been involved in the assassination of John F. Kennedy. Opening Nov. 15.

REVOLUTION #9
In Tim McCann's drama, a New York man (Michael Risley) believes that a perfume advertising campaign is sending him coded messages. With Spalding Gray. Opening Nov. 15.

STANDING IN THE SHADOWS OF MOTOWN
Andre Braugher narrates this documentary about the Funk Brothers, the studio band that shaped the Motown sound. With performances by Joan Osborne, Bootsy Collins, and Ben Harper. Opening Nov. 15.

THE WAY HOME
A seven-year-old boy from the city is sent to live with his grandmother in a rural village in a drama directed by Lee Jeonghyang. In Korean. Opening Nov. 15.


Opening November 15, "El Crimen del Padre Amaro."

R. GREGORY CHRISTIE

FILM NOTES

AUTO FOCUS
Grim. In the late sixties, Bob Crane (Greg Kinnear), the real-life star of the TV series "Hogan's Heroes," links up with a video-technology salesman and hanger-on named John Carpenter (Willem Dafoe). In effect, the two men pimp for each other: Crane, the TV star with the devilish smile, attracts endless girls, some of whom sleep with Carpenter, and Carpenter, taping the proceedings, attracts a few girls with the cameras, too. The men, scoring night after night, engage in what you might call Old Sex—breast-fixated, impersonal, and brief. The director, Paul Schrader, doesn't try to turn us on; the movie is completely lacking in sensuality. Working from a script by Michael Gerbosi, Schrader jumps through vignettes of mirthless fun and bland debauchery. Despite their extraordinary intimacy, the men loathe each other—there's nothing holding them together but unfulfilled homoerotic feelings. Kinnear is good as the smug, shallow Crane, but Dafoe is so creepy that it's hard to imagine anyone speaking, much less sleeping, with him. Rita Wilson and the talented Maria Bello play Crane's wives.—*David Denby* (Reviewed in our issue of 10/28/02.) (BAM Rose Cinemas, Battery Park 16, Chelsea Cinemas, Empire 25, First & 62nd Cinemas, Kew Gardens Cinema, Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, and Village Theatre VII.)

BOWLING FOR COLUMBINE
Michael Moore's rounded guzzler's belly hangs over his jeans, his shirt is untucked and probably untuckable, and his baseball cap covers a mass of unhealthy hair. He's an American satirist disguised as a loser. In his latest provocation—a documentary mixing stock footage, interviews, gun-dealer advertisements, and the like—he goes after America's gun culture, which he sees as the product of a collective guilt over slavery and the slaughter of Native Americans, a guilt that manifests itself in paranoia and a relentless obsession with security. Moore, as always, is less a reliable or coherent thinker than a left-wing joker with a camera, but some of his mocking sallies have a way of hitting their target.—*D.D.* (10/28/02) (BAM Rose Cinemas, East 86th Street Cinemas, First & 62nd Cinemas, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, and Sunshine Cinema.)

A DOLL'S HOUSE
The casting of Jane Fonda in her actress-activist prime as Ibsen's existentially roused housewife Nora led moviegoers to assume that this 1973 production would be a feminist tract. But the unmistakably American and contemporary Fonda is exciting and unpredictable in the role—a portrait of a woman who has never fully confronted or expressed the independent streak that is hardwired into her system. When she and the calm, poetic Delphine Seyrig have their heart-to-hearts, the two very different actresses pull off melancholy duets, touching on themes of naïveté and experience. Unfortunately, the director, Joseph Losey, and the screenwriter, David Mercer, vary the settings too often; they open up the action and let the intensity evaporate. There's no magnetism, positive or negative, between Fonda and David Warner as Nora's husband, and Trevor Howard delivers one of his sloppiest aging-sensualist routines as Dr. Rank.—*Michael Sragow* (Gramercy Theatre; Nov. 18.)

8 MILE
In Eminem's first movie, the white rap star plays a barely disguised version of his pre-celebrity self: Jimmy Smith, Jr., a wounded young man who lives in a trailer in inner-city Detroit with his slatternly mother (Kim Basinger). During jousts at a local club, Jimmy goes up against the best black rappers and fights for the respect of the black audience. These improvised raps are his only release, a spasmodic assertion of self. Curtis Hanson, working from a script by Scott Silver, lays out the narrative and the character relationships methodically, even slowly. The movie may be a shrewdly engineered piece of proletarian pop in the tradition of "Rocky" and "Saturday Night Fever," but Eminem's vile candor gives it a convincingly gritty tone, and the great Mexican cinematographer Rodrigo Prieto ("Amores Perros") keeps the visual palette ugly and raw. With Mekhi Phifer as a local rap impresario and Brittany Murphy as a bright-eyed little mover who takes to Jimmy.—*D.D.* (11/11/02) (Astor Plaza, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, First & 62nd Cinemas, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, Metro Twin, Orpheum VII, 34th Street Theatre, and Union Square.)

FAR FROM HEAVEN
Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema. (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

FRIDA
At the center of Julie Taymor's vibrant bio-pic is the relationship (always described as "tempestuous") between the great Mexican muralist Diego Rivera (Alfred Molina) and the talented painter Frida Kahlo (Salma Hayek). After an hour or so of this Punch-and-Judy show, with its noisy drinking, hurling of kitchen items, partings, and reconciliations, you may want to knock both lovers flat with an enormous chili pepper. Yet "Frida" is much better than it has any right to be. The movie has a rambunctious spirit and a liberated sense of color—an appreciation of the raw, strong Mexican folk tradition that gave both artists their special juice. Taymor and a gaggle of screenwriters are much too shrewd to accept the sentimental feminist view that Frida was Diego Rivera's victim. Smart, willful, and perverse, this Frida is nobody's servant, and the tiny Hayek plays her with head held high. With Ashley Judd, Edward Norton, Antonio Banderas, and Geoffrey Rush as Leon Trotsky (one of Frida's many lovers). Cinematography by Rodrigo Prieto.—*D.D.* (11/11/02) (An-

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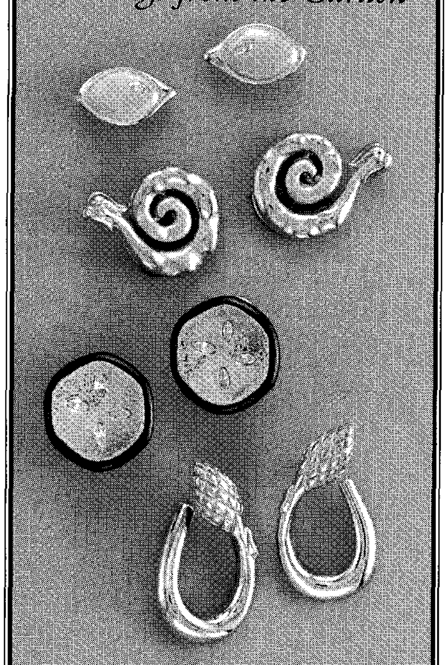

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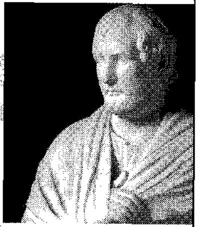

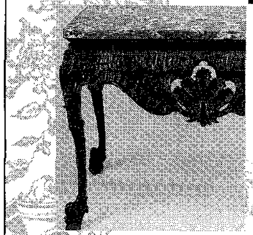

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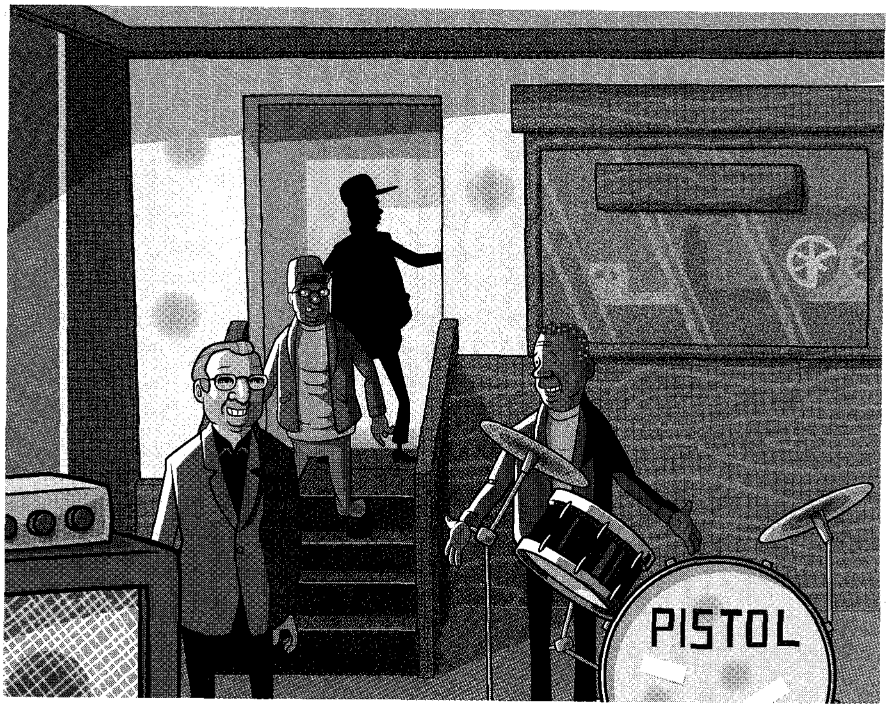
gelika Film Center, East 86th Street Cinemas, Empire 25, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, New York Twin, and 19th Street East 6.)



"Standing in the Shadows of Motown," a documentary about the Funk Brothers.

MICHAEL WELDON

HEARTS AND MINDS

Apart from the bombshell revelation that President Eisenhower considered giving the French nuclear weapons to fight the Vietnamese, Peter Davis's Academy Award-winning 1974 documentary about the Vietnam War revealed little that couldn't have been gleaned from a campus teach-in. Despite ignoring Ho Chi Minh's calculations and brutalities, Davis takes a relatively open approach, interviewing General Westmoreland as well as Daniel Ellsberg. But, somehow, he arrives at every cliché of a vulgar leftist cultural critique, most notoriously in his forced connection between American boys' prepping to play football and training to be warriors. Still, the film is beautifully shot (mostly by Richard Pearce, who soon became a director of note himself), and if you want a swift compendium of the most widely held antiwar views of its time, this is the place to go.—*M.S.* (BAM Rose Cinemas; Nov. 15.)

I SPY

Eddie Murphy and Owen Wilson team up as a reluctant pair of secret agents. Their mission, which they've decided to accept, is to collect a huge check. The movie is not even remotely based on the groundbreaking sixties television series; instead, the producers bought the title and hired witless writers to patch together a screenplay. Murphy and Wilson are clearly up for a good time, but the whole project fails miserably.—*Bruce Diones* (Battery Park 16, Chelsea West, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, Orpheum VII, 64th and 2nd, 34th Street Theatre, and Union Square.)

JACKASS THE MOVIE

"Jackass," as you no doubt know—or, just as likely, don't even want to know—is trash culture's most extreme offspring, an MTV series that consists entirely of the host Johnny Knoxville and his merry band of skate punk-cum-frat boys performing masochistic stunts, the stupider the better. In the big-screen version of the show, which is little more than a series of unconnected scenes, Knoxville and company do things like walk a tightrope over an alligator pond while tempting the gators with raw chicken stuffed into their jockstraps. They drive golf carts at reckless speeds over a miniature-golf course, eat a snow cone flavored with urine, and endure paper cuts between their toes and on their tongues. And in the tour de force, one lucky member of the troupe, Ryan Dunn, inserts a toy car into his rectum and then goes to the doctor for an X-ray, feigning puzzlement over his inability to sit down without discomfort. Merchant Ivory it's not—it's not even the Farrelly brothers—but there's no finer freak-show comedy around. And Conrad's principle of "fascination with the abomination" has never been as brilliantly, idiotically illustrated.—*Ben Greenman* (Battery Park 16, East 85th Street, 84th Street Sixplex, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, Olympia I and II, 64th and 2nd, 34th Street Theatre, and Union Square.)

PUNCH-DRUNK LOVE

Paul Thomas Anderson's whimsical romantic comedy is a bit like an amusement-park ride that builds tremendous forward momentum and then suddenly juts to the side. Even those of us who enjoy perversity in movies may be put off by its skittering, against-the-beat rhythms. Adam Sandler plays Barry Egan, a frightened fellow in a bright-blue suit, a nerd who sells merchandise out of a San Fernando Valley warehouse and stammers his way through the simplest encounters. At dawn, a harmonium is dropped from a truck outside the warehouse; a bit later, a lovely woman (Emily Watson) inexplicably falls in love with Barry as the music track offers drumbeats in arbitrary counterpoint to the imagery—in fact, everything that happens is arbitrary, and the characters are mysterious without becoming interesting. At times, Barry explodes with rage, slamming his fists into the walls. Anderson wants to say something quirky and powerful about love and the miraculousness of ordinary lives, but his world neither intersects with ours at any point nor hangs together as an independent magical creation. There are touches out of Harold Lloyd's and Jacques Tati's comedies and old Hollywood musicals, but just touches.—*D.D.* (BAM Rose Cinemas, Battery Park 16, Chelsea Cinemas, Empire 25, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, Orpheum VII, 64th and 2nd, and Union Square.)

RED DRAGON

A fourth helping of Hannibal Lecter, the third featuring Anthony Hopkins, and, with any luck, the last for a while. When a character becomes a franchise, there is only so much repetition that he—or she—can take before sliding into parody, and there is something distasteful in the thought that we are being urged to treat a homicidal maniac as a lovable rogue. The film presents a more youthful Lecter (although Hopkins cannot camouflage his years) who arrives in jail after spearing a detective called Will Graham (Edward Norton). From his cell, Lecter helps Graham to track the savage Tooth Fairy, whose real name is Dolarhyde (Ralph Fiennes), and whose identity Graham is strangely slow to unveil. In comparison with "The Silence of the Lambs," the new movie lacks mystery and dread, but the screenwriter, Ted Tally—who also scripted "Lambs" but wisely passed on "Hannibal"—lends it shape and thrust. Directed by Brett Ratner, somewhat anonymously.—*Anthony Lane* (10/14 & 21/02) (Battery Park 16, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, Empire 25, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, 34th Street Theatre, and Union Square.)

THE RING

Gore Verbinski's film, a retelling of the hit 1998 Japanese thriller, is a cold, arty exercise in scary moviemaking. Naomi Watts, in a strong performance, stars as a newspaper reporter who discovers a videotape that promises death to the viewer a week after it's seen. The movie's nifty beginning—all anxiety and dread—suggests that the audience is in for a fearful ride, but the one-dimensional story quickly runs out of fuel. Verbinski desaturates the film's colors (muddy browns and jaundiced yellows) in a vague attempt at atmosphere. Although he manages to pull off a few spectacular fright moments, the tension never really kicks in.—*B.D.* (Battery Park 16, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, First & 62nd Cinemas, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, Olympia I and II, Orpheum VII, 34th Street Theatre, and Union Square.)

ROGER DODGER

A smart and sulfurous début from the writer and director Dylan Kidd. Campbell Scott stars as Roger, whose career is in advertising but whose raison d'être is the untiring pursuit of sex. (Almost no love is made in the film, yet the craving for it fills every frame.) Having been jilted by his lover (Isabella Rossellini), who also happens to be his boss, Roger goes hunting by night, in the company of his callow nephew (Jesse Eisenberg) from Ohio. The twist is simple enough: the older man has much to teach but even more to learn. Being Roger, however, he refuses to improve, and it's the bullish, unsentimental drive of the movie that insures its comic kick. The supporting cast, including Jennifer Beals and Elizabeth Berkley, plays nicely off the central monster, but this is Scott's movie all the way. He is rarely off camera, but he does not abuse that privilege; there is restraint, and far more wit than you'd expect, in his dazzling depiction of a rampage.—*A.L.* (11/4/02) (Lincoln Square and Sunshine Cinema.)

SINGIN' IN THE RAIN

This exuberant 1952 satire of Hollywood in the late twenties, at the time of the transition from silents to talkies, is probably the most enjoyable of all American movie musicals. The teamwork of the stars, Gene Kelly, Donald O'Connor, and Debbie Reynolds, is joyful and the material is first rate—ranging from parodies of the Busby Berkeley style of choreography to the Charleston and Black Bottom performed straight.—*Pauline Kael* (Film Forum; Nov. 15-21.)

SPIRITED AWAY

In his native Japan, the animator-director Hayao Miyazaki is considered a national treasure, and this movie, which he came out of retirement to complete, recently surpassed "Titanic" as that country's highest-grossing picture. It's an amazing work, displaying a visual intelligence that's meticulously composed and obscenely clever. Miyazaki's playful aesthetic is like a Japanese word that can't be adequately translated, best approximated as part Spielberg, part Dr. Seuss. "Mature" American audiences may be put off at first by a film that is essentially a cartoon about a fearful ten-year-old girl. But as the hero, Chihiro, sees her parents turned into swine and flees into an alternate world filled with the creatures of Japanese mythology and of Miyazaki's own invention, any distracting sense of childishness falls away. Left to savor are virtuoso touches, like a flock of birds that become useless paper, a train that glides along the surface of a lake, and one of the great villains of all time, Yubaba, who looks like a bobble-headed grandmother on speed.—*Michael Agger* (Eastside Playhouse, Empire 25, and Village East Cinemas.)

SUPERSTAR: THE KAREN CARPENTER STORY

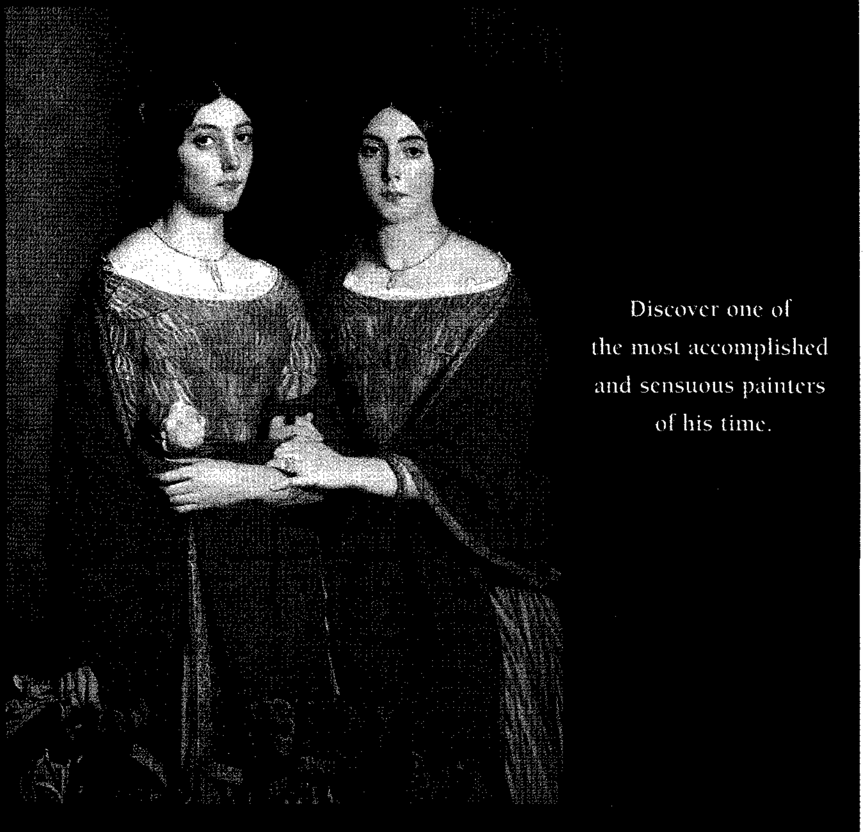
The director Todd Haynes may have found his ideal form in this forty-three-minute short from 1987. In it, he reënacts Karen Carpenter's rise to pop fame and fall to anorexia with Barbie dolls. The movie's mix of bare-bones artifice and knowingness has an acid tenderness. Haynes nails the genteel tyranny of a tight-knit suburban family, the exploitation of its wholesome image in show biz and politics, and Karen's urge to find a piece of her life she can control. At the same time, Haynes gets you listening to the hits she performed with her brother, Richard, not as smooth or smiley-faced confections, but as the haunting expression of a desperate lyricism. The film is both subversive and innocent; its use of childish things to convey creeping horror and pathos has an emotional directness more stinging than the obvious ironies.—*M.S.* (Anthology Film Archives; Nov. 15 and Nov. 17.)

THE TRUTH ABOUT CHARLIE

Why remake "Charade"? Stanley Donen's movie is known and loved for its pairing of Cary Grant and Audrey Hepburn. Jonathan Demme has kept tightly to the story, although you could argue that it was only the stars who made the story worth considering in the first place. We are still in Paris, but this time we get Mark Wahlberg and Thandie Newton; she plays the young widow, and he is the mysterious friend, or agent, who apparently comes to her aid. Newton has no problems with the stylish panic of the role, but Wahlberg seems ominously out of his depth; however many berets you clap on his head, he still looks like a man who would rather be on the planet of the apes. Fortunately, the surrounding landscape has its pleasures; Demme's manner is looser and funkier than Donen's, and the Paris we see is a jamboree of teeming streets and suspicious citizens, hopped up on a soundtrack of world music. The film is hilariously indifferent to the conundrum of the plot—the solution may even be found on the poster, for those who care—but it is sustained, just about, by the buoyancy of its mood. With Tim Robbins as a villain on a Ferris wheel (shades of Harry Lime), and the alluring Christine Boisson as a cop.—*A.L.* (11/4/02) (Battery Park 16, Beekman, East 86th Street Cinemas, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, 19th Street East 6, 34th Street Theatre, and Village Theatre VII.)

TULLY

A gently paced rural drama, co-written and directed by Hilary Birmingham, about two brothers



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Théodore Chassériau, *The Artist's Sisters, Marie-Antoinette and Geneviève Chassériau* (detail), 1843, Musée du Louvre, Paris © photo by Erich Lessing/Art Resource, NY.

who work on their father's failing farm, and a secret that comes to light. Anson Mount and Glenn Fitzgerald play the brothers with a quiet regard that's quite moving. Birmingham's direction is deftly composed and filled with background details, like the disconnected seat belt inside the car of the town's wild girl. The movie is a bit precious, but cunningly melodramatic and surprisingly effective.—*B.D.* (Village East Cinemas.)

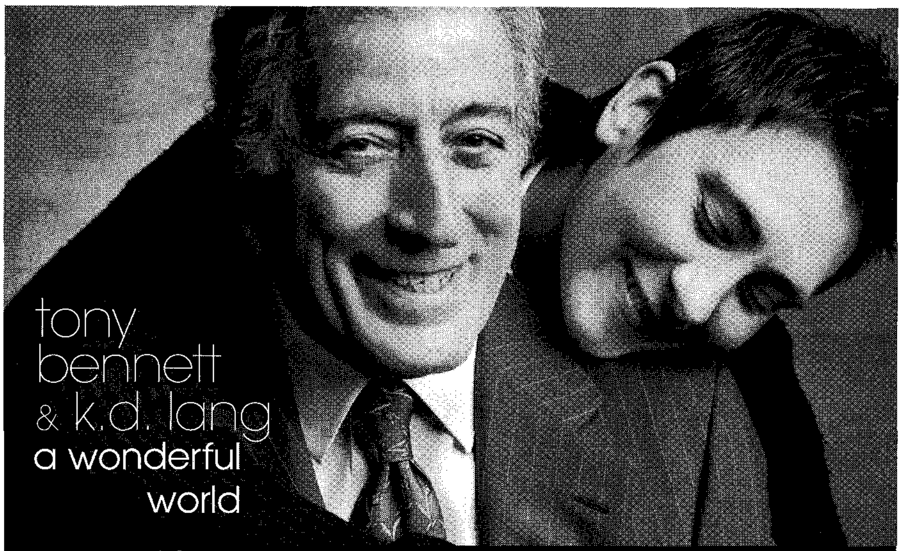
ALSO PLAYING

COMEDIAN
Cinema 2, Empire 25, Kew Gardens Cinema, Lincoln Square, and Sunshine Cinema.
8 WOMEN (9/16/02)
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas and 72nd Street East.
FEMME FATALE
Battery Park 16, Empire 25, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, 34th Street Theatre, and Village Theatre VII.
MOSTLY MARTHA
Cinema Village, Kew Gardens Cinema, 62nd & Broadway, and Sutton 1 and 2.
REAL WOMEN HAVE CURVES
Empire 25, Kew Gardens Cinema, Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, and Sunshine Cinema.
SECRETARY (9/23/02)
Angelika Film Center, Chelsea Cinemas, Cinema 3, and Empire 25.
THE TRIALS OF HENRY KISSINGER (10/7/02)
Film Forum.
WHITE OLEANDER (10/14 & 21/02)
Cinema 1, Empire 25, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, 19th Street East 6, and Village Theatre VII.

THEATRE ADDRESSES

Unless noted, call 777-FILM for show times.

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St.
Astor Plaza, 44th St. at Broadway.
BAM Rose Cinemas, 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn.
Battery Park 16, West St. at Vesey St.
Beekman, Second Ave. at 66th St.
Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd St.
Chelsea West, 333 W. 23rd St.
Cinemas 1, 2, and 3, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th St. (924-3363).
East 86th Street Cinemas, Third Ave. at 86th St.
84th Street Sixplex, Broadway at 84th St.
Empire 25, on 42nd St. near Eighth Ave. (398-3939).
59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th St.
Film Forum, W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110).
First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd St.
42nd Street E Walk, 42nd St. near Eighth Ave.
Kew Gardens Cinema, 81-05 Lefferts Blvd., Queens (718-441-9835).
Kips Bay Theatre, Second Ave. at 32nd St.
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, Broadway at 63rd St. (757-2280).
Lincoln Square, Broadway at 68th St.
Metro Twin, Broadway at 99th St.
Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th St.
19th Street East 6, Broadway at 19th St.
Olympia I and II, Broadway at 107th St.
Orpheum VII, Third Ave. at 86th St.
Paris, 4 W. 58th St. (688-3800).
Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th St.
Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th St.
72nd Street East, Third Ave. at 71st St.
64th and 2nd, Second Ave. at 64th St.
62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd St.
Sunshine Cinema, 139-143 E. Houston St.
Sutton 1 and 2, Third Ave. at 57th St.
34th Street Theatre, 312 W. 34th St.
Union Square, Broadway at 13th St.
Village East Cinemas, Second Ave. at 12th St.
Village Theatre VII, Third Ave. at 11th St.
Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th St.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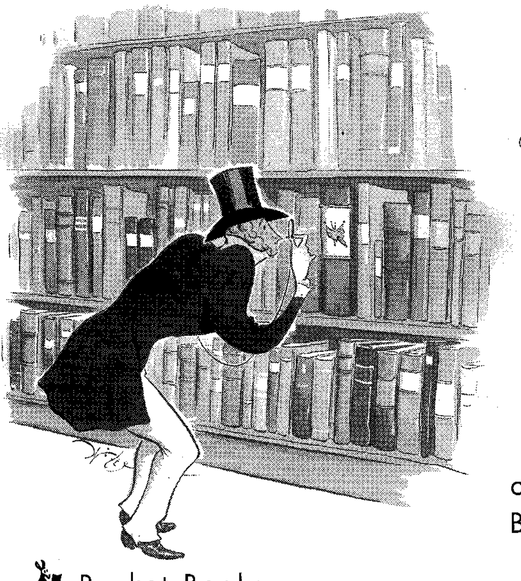

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35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (718-784-0077)—Through Dec. 29: A Martin Scorsese retrospective. Nov. 16 at 2: "Boxcar Bertha" (1972). ♦ Nov. 16 at 4: "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore" (1974). ♦ Nov. 17 at 1:30: "Taxi Driver" (1976). ♦ Nov. 17 at 3:45: "New York, New York" (1977). ♦ Repertory nights. Nov. 16-17 at 6:30: "Koyaanisqatsi" (1983, Godfrey Reggio).

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES
32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181)—Nov. 14-17: "Illegal Art!," a series of films that tread the outer limits of copyright law. Nov. 14 at 7 and Nov. 15 at 8:30: "The Media Pranks and Hoaxes of Negativland" (2002, Mark Hosler). ♦ Nov. 14 at 9:30 and Nov. 16 at 4:30: "Spin" (1995, Brian Springer). ♦ Nov. 15 at 7 and Nov. 17 at 9: "Superstar: The Karen Carpenter Story" (†) and other films that appropriate copyrighted works. ♦ Nov. 16 at 9:30 and Nov. 17 at 7: "Iraq Campaign 1991" (1991, Phil Patiris) and "Tribulation 99: Alien Anomalies Under America" (1991, Craig Baldwin). ♦ Nov. 17-19: Five films by the Polish writer and director Tadeusz Konwicki.

BAM ROSE CINEMAS
30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-777-3456)—Through Nov. 30: "From Hanoi to Hollywood: The Vietnam War on Film." Nov. 13 at 7:20 and 9:40: "Cutter's Way" (1981, Ivan Passer). ♦ Nov. 14 at 4:30, 6:50, and 9:10: "Basic Training" (1971, Frederick Wiseman). ♦ Nov. 15 at 6:30 and 9:30: "Hearts and Minds" (†). ♦ Nov. 16 at 6:20 and 9:30: Three films by Tran Van Thuy (1972; in Vietnamese). ♦ Nov. 17 at 2, 4:30, 6:50, and 9:10: "Go Tell the Spartans" (1978, Ted Post). ♦ Nov. 18 at 4:30 and 9:10: "Ashes and Embers" (1982, Haile Gerima). ♦ Nov. 18 at 6:50: "Dumbarton Bridge" (1999, Charles Koppelman). ♦ Nov. 19 at 6 and 9:10: "The Sad Song of Yellow Skin" (1970, Michael Rubbo) and "Investigation of a Flame" (2001, Lynne Sachs).

FILM FORUM
W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110)—Nov. 13-14 at 1:20, 3:20, 5:20, 7:20, and 9:20: "The Phantom of Liberty" (1974, Luis Buñuel; in French). ♦ Nov. 15-21 at 2, 4, 6, 8, and 10: "Singin' in the Rain" (†).

FLORENCE GOULD HALL
55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—Through Dec. 17: Neo-noir films. Nov. 19 at 12:30, 4, and 7:30: "L.627" (1991, Bertrand Tavernier; in French).

GRAMERCY THEATER
127 E. 23rd St. (777-4900)—Through Nov. 17: New films from Germany. Nov. 14 at 2 and Nov. 17 at 5: "Epstein's Night" (2001, Urs Eggers). ♦ Nov. 14 at 4: "Grill Point" (2002, Andreas Dresen). ♦ Nov. 14 at 6:15: "The Days Between" (2001, Maria Speth). ♦ Nov. 14 at 8:30 and Nov. 15 at 2: "Fassbinder in Hollywood" (2002, Robert Fischer and Uli Lommel). ♦ Nov. 15 at 6 and Nov. 17 at 1: "Starbuck—Holger Meins" (2001, Gerd Conradt). ♦ Nov. 16 at 1: "Berlin Symphony" (1927, Walter Ruttman). ♦ Nov. 16 at 4: "I'll Wait on You Hand and Foot" (2000, Dilthey). ♦ Nov. 16 at 7:30 and Nov. 17 at 3: "Bungalow" (2002, Ulrich Köhler). ♦ Nov. 16 at 9:15: "Getting My Brother Laid" (2001, Sven Taddicken). ♦ Nov. 17 at 7: "Manitou's Shoe" (2001, Michael Herbig). ♦ Two silent films by Léonce Perret. ♦ Nov. 15 at 4:15: "La Dentellière" (1913) and "Le Dernier Amour" (1916). ♦ A tribute to the film society Cinema 16. Nov. 15 at 8:30: "A Divided World," a series of shorts by Carmen D'Avino, Melvin Van Peebles, and others. ♦ Nov. 16 at 5:30: "Film as Subversive Art," a series of shorts by Kenneth Anger, Agnès Varda, and others. ♦ Through Nov. 21: "Variations on an Enigma," a tribute to the actress Delphine Seyrig. Nov. 18 at 2: "Mister Freedom" (1969, William Klein; in French). ♦ Nov. 18 at 4: "A Doll's House" (†). ♦ Nov. 18 at 6: "Golden Eighties (Window Shopping)" (1986, Chantal Akerman; in French).

SUNSHINE CINEMA
139-143 E. Houston St. (358-0573)—Midnight movies. Nov. 15-16: "Saturday Night Fever" (1977, John Badham).

THALIA THEATRE
2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (864-5400)—Recent cinema from Brazil. All films are in Portuguese. Nov. 16 at 2: Short films. ♦ Nov. 16 at 4:30: "Friendly Fire" (1998, Beto Brant) and "Here We Are Waiting for You" (1999, Marcelo Massagào). ♦ Nov. 17 at 6:15: "El Dorado: Lithuanians in Brazil (1924-1929)" (2001, Julius Ziz and Fabiano Canosa). ♦ Nov. 17 at 8: "Samba" (2001, Thereza Jessoroum) and "Friendly Fire" (1998, Brant).

WALTER READE THEATRE
Lincoln Center (875-5600)—Independents night. Nov. 14 at 6:30: "Two Towns of Jasper" (2002, Whitney Dow and Marco Williams). ♦ Through Nov. 27: "Transcendent Realism: New and Old Cinema from Belgium." Nov. 13 at 1 and 9:30: "From the Branches Drops the Withered Blossom" (1960, Paul Meyer). ♦ Nov. 13 at 3:15 and 7:30: "Clouds: Letters to My Son" (2001, Marion Hänsel). ♦ Nov. 13 at 5:15 and Nov. 14 and Nov. 16 at 1:30: "The Man Who Had His Hair Cut Short" (1965, André Delvaux). ♦ Nov. 14 at 3:45 and 9: "A for Adrienne" (2000, Boris Lehman). ♦ Nov. 15 at 1 and 5:30: "Iran Veiled Appearances" (2002, Thierry Michel). ♦ Nov. 15 at 3 and 7:45: "From the Other Side" (2002, Chantal Akerman). ♦ Nov. 16 at 3:45: "The Publishers" (2000, Robbe de Hert). ♦ Nov. 16 at 6:15: "Wild Blue, Notes for Several Voices" (2000, Thierry Knauff). ♦ Nov. 16 at 9 and Nov. 17 at 5:30: "Malpertuis" (1971, Harry Kümel). ♦ Nov. 17 at 8: "Thursday We Shall Sing Like Sunday" (1967, Luc de Heusch). ♦ Nov. 19 at 9: "Villa des Roses" (2002, Frank van Passel).

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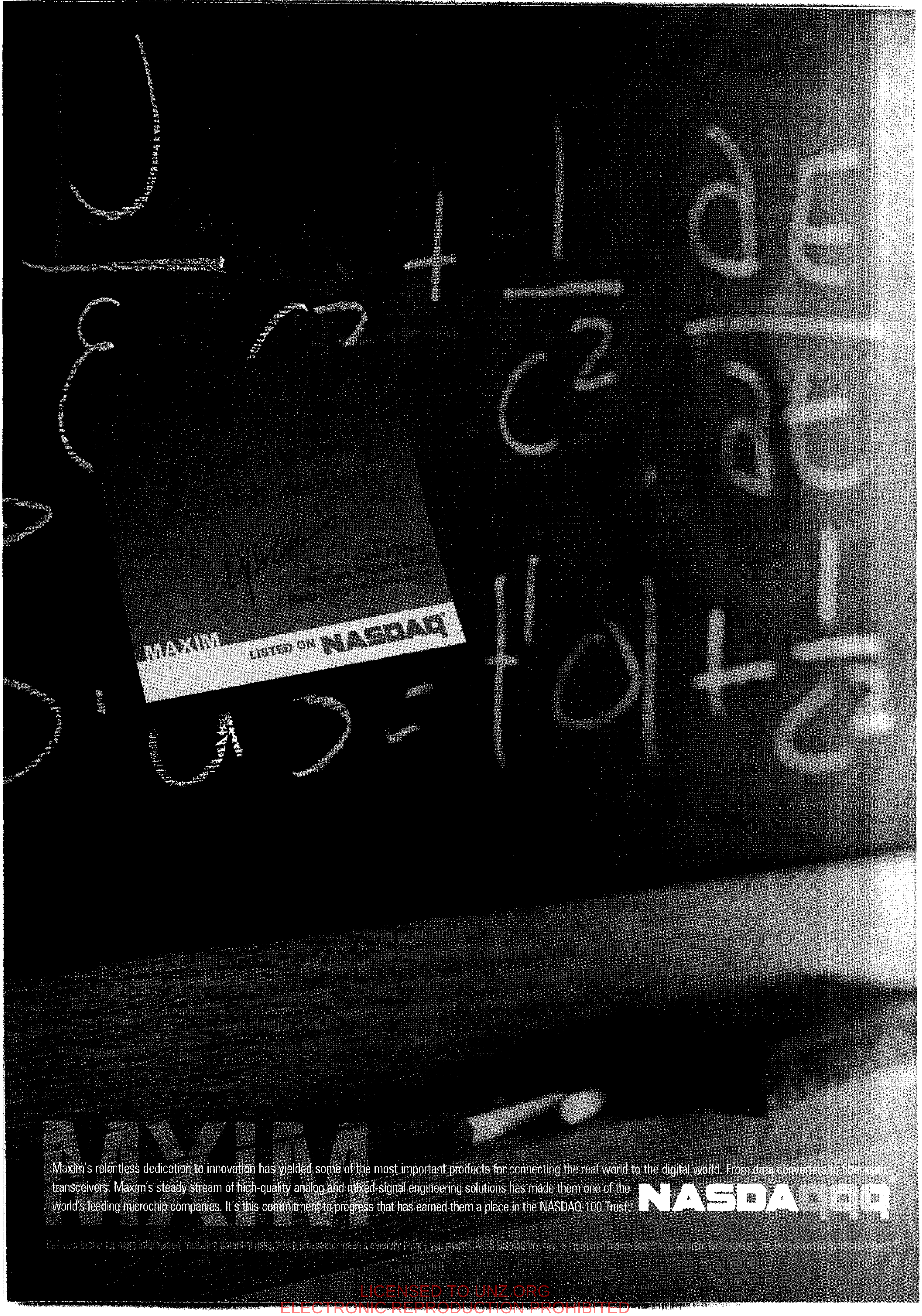
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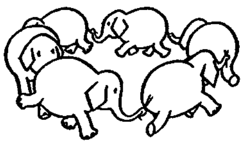
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

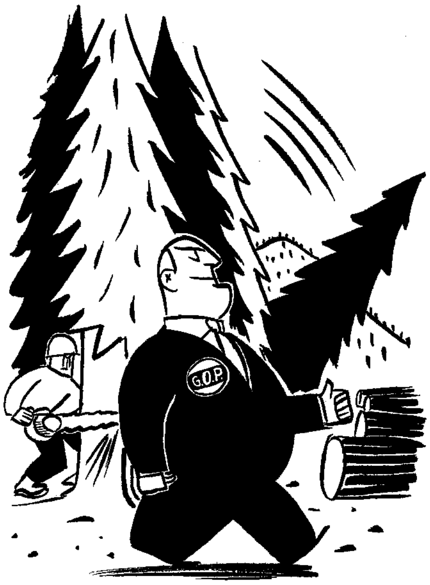
COMMENT
SOUND OF A TREE FALLING



The Arctic National Wildlife Refuge, often described as the last truly unspoiled place in America, was created in its current form on December 2, 1980, in the closing days of the Carter Administration. At that time, part of the nineteen-million-acre refuge was designated wilderness, meaning that no oil drilling was allowed there; however, one and a half million acres along the Beaufort Sea were left in a vexed sort of limbo, neither accessible to the energy industry nor permanently off-limits. The battle over this strip of land, a spectacular coastal plain that is home to polar bears, musk oxen, caribou, grizzly bears, and some hundred and thirty-five species of birds, began almost immediately, and has been generating letter-writing campaigns and petition drives, not to mention huge lobbying fees, ever since. In the late nineteen-eighties, President Reagan pressed lawmakers to open up ANWR to oil exploration (the acronym is pronounced "anwar," as in Sadat), but Congress resisted. Then, in the mid-nineties, the equation was reversed, with Congress approving the measure, and President Clinton vetoing it. As soon as President Bush took office, he renewed the call for drilling in ANWR, and only the Senate Democrats have prevented the leases from being put out for bid, by rejecting the proposal first in committee, then as an amendment on the floor, and finally, just a few weeks ago, when it surfaced again, in a conference committee. Although last Tuesday's election results don't in themselves represent an end to the wrangling, that end now appears to be rapidly approaching.

Determining what an election was about is always difficult, and especially so this year, in the absence of exit polls and the voter-survey data they provide. It seems safe to say, though, that one thing the election was not about, at least in terms of deciding its outcome, was the environment. But perhaps it should have been.

During the past two years, the Bush Administration, with remarkable single-mindedness, has set about undoing more than thirty years of work to protect the nation's air, water, and shrinking wilderness. Highlights of the Administration's record, which read like a "Wish you were here" card to regulated industries, include: encouraging road-building through wildlife habitats, pushing tax cuts for energy exploration on public land, rejecting the Kyoto treaty on global warming, and devising new rules that allow mining companies to fill in valleys and streams with waste. In recent months, the Administration's anti-regulatory efforts have grown even more ambitious. Over the summer, the President unveiled his Healthy Forests Initiative, which, in spite of its cheery, public-spirited name, represents an attempt to open up more national forestland to the timber industry. Just a few weeks ago, the Administration sent representatives to climate talks in New Delhi to argue that less effort should be devoted to reducing greenhouse-gas emissions and more to preparing for the floods, droughts, and pestilence that are likely to follow from that policy. Sometime very soon, the Environmental Protection Agency is expected to issue new power-plant rules that will absolve many older, dirtier plants from having to upgrade their equipment. It is generally assumed that the Administration held off on these rules so that they would not become public before the election.



A good deal of President Bush's environmental agenda can be, and, to a cer-

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TOM BACHTELL

tain extent, already has been, accomplished administratively. Many of the most far-reaching proposals, however, like the Healthy Forests Initiative and opening up the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge, require legislative action. In contrast to the outgoing Senate leaders, the incoming ones show every sign of being eager to accommodate. The new chairman of the Energy and Natural Resources Committee, for instance, is expected to be Senator Pete Domenici, of New Mexico, and the new chairman of the Environment and Public Works Committee will most likely be Senator James Inhofe, of Oklahoma. This past session, Domenici and Inhofe received ratings from the League of Conservation Voters of, respectively, eight per cent and zero.

With President Bush and Vice-President Cheney—two oilmen—in the White House, and with lawmakers of a similarly anti-regulatory outlook about to control both the House and the Senate, there has probably never been a greater government consensus on, or perhaps one should say against, the environment. "Our landmark environmental laws could end up being casualties of this election," Gregory Wetstone, the advocacy director of the Natural Resources Defense Council, predicted. Doubtless, some future President or future Congress will try to piece back together what is now being dismantled. But even the long view of the situation isn't terribly comforting.

Many of the decisions likely to be made over the next two years will have consequences that far outlast either President Bush or the new Congress. Once a forest is cut down, or a stream is filled in with waste, or a wildlife refuge is opened up to oil drilling, it's virtually impossible to undo the damage—at least in our lifetime, or our children's, or our children's children's. By now, we have become practically inured to these sorts of losses and depredations, skimming past news about the hole in the ozone, or the latest mysterious fish die-off, or the recent study warning that as many as half the planet's plant species are in danger of extinction. In the end, this may be the best way to understand an election like last week's, and why the environment was not even an issue.

—*Elizabeth Kolbert*

LADDER OF THE LAW

ANOTHER SIDE OF BOB DYLAN

Among the empty-handed painters and seasick sailors who will be going to see Bob Dylan perform this week at Madison Square Garden is a fifty-six-year-old New York Law School professor named Michael Perlin, who has written a dozen books and more than a hundred and fifty articles on mental-disability law. For the past six years, he has named almost all of his articles after Dylan lyrics—*see* "'What's Good Is Bad, What's Bad Is Good, You'll Find Out When You Reach the Top, You're on the Bottom': Are the Americans with Disabilities Act (and *Olmstead v. L. C.*) Anything More than 'Idiot Wind'?" (*University of Michigan Journal of Law Reform*, Fall 2001-Winter 2002). Perlin believes that Dylan has had a lot to say about the law over the years, and that Dylan's songs lay out an entire system of legal philosophy—a jurisprudence of Bob Dylan, if you will—which Perlin has set out to decipher and, of course, publish one day in a reputable journal.

Other academics have taken on similar projects over the years: there is a jurisprudence of William Shakespeare, of "Billy Budd," and of Yogi Berra. Such exercises tend to depend on sophistry and showmanship, but Perlin is serious. "It's not a goof," he said the other day, in his office on Worth Street. "It's scholarship I enjoy doing." Perlin has gray hair and a neat gray beard and a very messy office, the door to which is covered with printouts of memorable Dylan set lists. In conversation, he regularly cites Dylan lyrics as if they were case law. While discussing Atkins v. Virginia and the question of whether a mentally retarded person can be executed, Perlin might suddenly declare, "Life is in mirrors, death disappears up the steps into the nearest bank" (*see* "Political World").

Professor Perlin's story is a familiar one: he first saw Dylan at Gerde's Folk City, in the Village, in 1963—Dylan passed the hat around, Perlin tossed in a quarter, and Dylan said, "Thanks, man." ("That is the extent of my dialogue with Bob.") He stopped listening during the born-again era, then started again in 1989, with the release of "Oh Mercy." His kids, who are in college, like Dylan, too.

Perlin began applying the law to Dylan (or vice versa) in 1996, a year after the trial of the Long Island Rail Road murderer Colin Ferguson, who represented himself in court. "I watched the whole trial on tape," Perlin said. "It was a media circus, an embarrassment. I was writing an article about Godinez v. Moran, the 1993 Supreme Court decision that the standard for competency to stand trial should be the same as that for competency to waive counsel and plead guilty. It was a bad decision. And I thought about the song 'Dignity.' 'Dignity was the first to leave.' One of the things you learn in law school is that a trial, to comport with due process, must have dignity. The Ferguson trial did not have dignity." A few months later, Perlin named an article on the death penalty after a line from "A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall"—"The executioner's face is always well hidden." It took. "I thought, Why not keep doing this?" Perlin said.

Until recently, "doing this" meant just finding titles for his articles, but it has grown into a quest for a coherent system, which has led him to apply various legal concepts to Dylan's work. One such concept is that of procedural justice, which says, basically, that we don't care whether we win or lose as long as we're treated fairly. "Dylan obviously thinks that we are not," Perlin says (*see* "Dear Landlord"). Another is that of therapeutic jurisprudence, which holds that every legal interaction affects the lives of everyday people (*see* "The Lonesome Death of Hattie Carroll"). A third is the discipline of critical legal studies, which maintains that the law is a tool for oppression (*ibid.*).

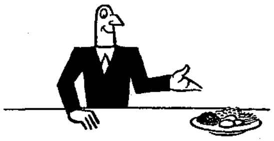
Though Perlin has a long way to go, he has discerned some general themes. "Dylan's songs are not just about standing up for the oppressed," he says. "Again and again, there's a cynicism about institutions. We like to say, in the law, that eventually the courts will get it right. I'm not sure that's true. And Dylan gives voice to this." Perlin cited the blind commissioner, the hanging judge who was drunk, and the strings in the books that may or may not be pulled or persuaded (*see* "Desolation Row," "Lily, Rosemary and the Jack of Hearts," et al.).

"The one song of Bob's I despise is 'Joey,' because it glorifies a gangster," Perlin went on. "But there's one line that I always refer to when I teach sentencing guidelines. ' "What time is it?" said the judge to Joey when they met. "Five to ten," said Joey. The judge says, "That's exactly what you get." ' There you have it—the notion of arbitrariness in sentencing. It's all there."

—Nick Paumgarten

DEPT. OF COMEBACKS

A JOLLY GREEN GIANT



Few New Yorkers took notice when, last November, Bernhard Goetz—the famous subway vigilante—ran for mayor and lost. He received just thirteen hundred votes, and even much of this support seems to have been born of confusion. "I met about a dozen people who voted for me, and generally I can't say I really agree with their reasoning," Goetz said over lunch at a vegetarian diner the other day. "Some people said they voted for me because they supported the right of gun ownership, and I wasn't even talking about that on my mayoral platform." Goetz's platform called for the creation of a vegetarian menu in the city's schools, jails, and hospitals. "Despite the fact that I do not have a love affair with New York City, I think that New York City does influence the whole world, and I think a quarter of the world's problems would be solved if most people would become vegetarians," he said as he sipped a soy milkshake.

Goetz's credibility as a spokesman for the vegetarian cause is somewhat hindered by his legacy as the man who, in 1984, shot four teen-agers with his unlicensed .38 handgun. His only regret, he said later, was that he had run out of bullets. (He served eight months in Rikers Island.) "I would much rather be known for playing a small part in the vegetarian movement," he said.

To that end, he occasionally joins volunteers from the VivaVegie Society to pass out informational flyers, but he does it incognito: dressed as a giant pea pod—or, rather, a giant sexy-lady pea pod. "When he's wearing the costume, you can't see his face," Pam Rice, VivaVegie's director, explained. "I think that's what Bernie likes about it."

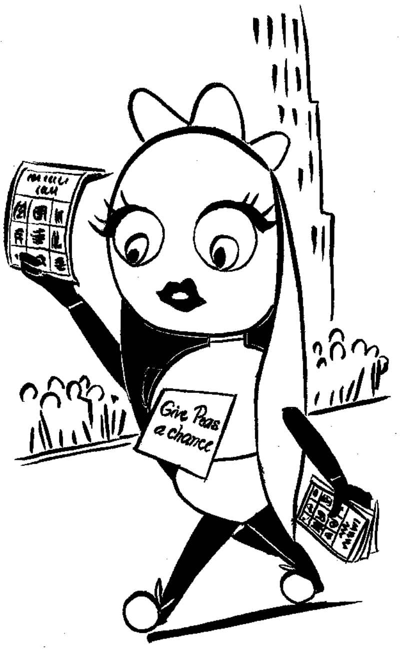
A few weeks ago, Goetz made one of his pea-pod appearances, in the city's annual Halloween Parade. That evening, he and some fellow-volunteers gathered in Rice's apartment. After Goetz slipped into his costume, he looked over and nodded approvingly at a cohort dressed in a giant vine-ripened-tomato suit. "Good—we needed this. Excellent! We should have a walking banana, too." He hung a sign around his neck that read, "Give Peas a Chance." "There's magic in this costume," he announced. "The pea pod casts a spell. People react positively to it. They just do."

Later that evening, as Goetz marched up Sixth Avenue, amid axe murderers, Roman emperors, and transvestite vampire hookers, his towering outfit attracted throngs of admirers, many of whom wanted their picture taken with him. "Did you make that costume yourself?" one girl asked.

"I was born in this costume!" Goetz replied in his high-pitched pea-pod voice. "Don't eat the animals!"

The big tomato, who was following Goetz to keep him supplied with pamphlets, stumbled and almost fell. "Careful, Tomato!" Goetz called out.

Two hours later, when the parade ended, at Twenty-second Street, Goetz ventured into a rush of traffic and tried to hail a taxi. Rice eventually suggested the subway. Down on the platform, Goetz, still in disguise, posed for more pictures, then ducked into a No. 9 train. A group of high-school students greeted him with a round of applause. Goetz nodded his oversized green head, bowed slightly, and gave them the peace sign.

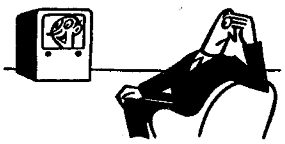


Bernhard Goetz

—Jake Halpern

THE CUTTING ROOM FLOOR

UNSEEN TV



Only one force could forestall the completion of Mozart's Requiem or Fitzgerald's "The Last Tycoon": death. And only one force could forestall the completion of Ben Stiller's television series "Heat-Vision and Jack": Fox. Back in 1999, executives at the Fox network examined Stiller's pilot episode about an ex-astronaut with a superheated brain and his buddy the talking motorcycle, and then, confoundingly, left the show off their fall schedule. The world could only imagine what might have been.

In August, however, the cabaret producers Beth Lapides and Greg Miller, who are married, began showing "Heat-Vision and Jack" and other legendary unaired pilots at a West Hollywood night club, billing the evenings as "The Other Network." They recently brought their show to Manhattan, where it played at the Knitting Factory for three sold-out nights.

On the second evening, Lapides began the proceedings by declaring that what doesn't get on television is often better than the focus-group-approved pabulum that does. The goateed crowd murmured approvingly. "We love TV!" Lapides said. "And we just think it should be fucking better! It's not quite as good as rock and roll or painting, but, still, it's widely available."

The first pilot on the program, "The Funkhousers," was preceded by a videotaped introduction from its creators, Josh Weinstein and Bill Oakley. They explained how much the executives at ABC had loved their concept: a seemingly dysfunctional family (daughter wears eye patch; uncle lives in bomb shelter) that turns out to be pretty darn functional after all. Sort of like "The Addams Family." Sort of exactly like "The

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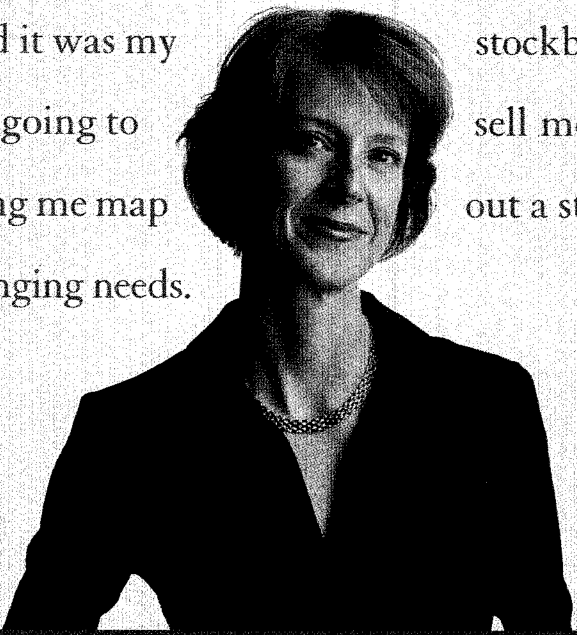

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Addams Family." The audience laughed often enough, as they watched the pilot, but seemed to want something fresher—as, in the end, had ABC.

Lapides and Miller then discussed "The Couch," their own 1998 talk-show pilot for MTV. The concept was to interview two guests at once, setting the scene for true spontaneity. Lapides, the show's host, said that the one suggestion the network gave her was to "wear a bra." The pilot showed her interviewing the comedian Andy Dick and the head of the Sierra Club. Lapides was dutifully wearing a bra, but bras, particularly when worn as undergarments, do not of themselves make for exciting television.

Next at the microphone was Robert Smigel, who co-created Comedy Central's "TV Funhouse" and is the voice of Triumph the Insult Comic Dog. He introduced an earlier version of "TV Funhouse" that Fox had declined to air. "I know this thing is all about 'Fuck the networks! They're idiots!' " he said. "But I don't know . . . This show has a disturbing element."

"Saturday TV Funhouse" was a dark parody of Bozo, with Smigel playing Prozo, a half-drunk clown. Prozo kicked things off by leading the studio audience in song: "If you're Jewish and you know it, clap your hands!" As children clapped uncertainly onscreen to the increasingly odd lyrics ("If your mom's completely Asian, but your father is Caucasian, making you an Amerasian, clap your hands!"), the Knitting Factory rang with laughter.

Parody and self-reference permeated the three-night stand. "Heat-Vision and Jack" was a tongue-in-cheek marriage of "The Six Million Dollar Man" and "Knight Rider" that featured a character named Ron Silver, an actor/government agent played by the actor Ron Silver. And a sitcom called "North Hollywood" featured the laments of a washed-up actor named Judge Reinhold, played, of course, by Judge Reinhold. "A lot of these pilots are funny once," Smigel said after the show, "but they don't sustain."

Lapides frowned. "In a club, you don't want dependable TV—you want interesting TV," she said. "We see our audience as a focus group that can really focus."

"Yeah," Smigel said. "Hey, what ever happened to your talk show?"

"MTV put on Tom Green instead," Lapides said. "They went the other way."

"Oh," Smigel said. "I really like Tom Green."

After a silence, Greg Miller declared that several networks have told him that they love the failed-pilots concept, and that "The Other Network" should soon be on the air.

—*Tad Friend*

NEXT BIG THING DEPT.
MAN ON, MAN OFF

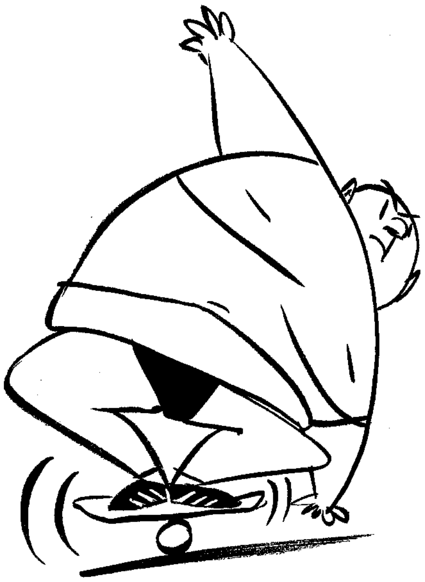
The vanguard of sumo wrestling these days is not in Osaka or Kyoto but in and around New York, where a few top sumotori have been honing their skills in anticipation of the World Sumo Championships, which are to be held this month in Poland. These Americans, who have come to sumo relatively late in life, from stalled careers elsewhere in the oversized-guys industry (football, pro wrestling, bar bouncing), have adopted a training regimen that bears little resemblance to the usual stomping of feet and tossing of salt. The new approach was on display recently at the South Street Seaport, where James Perry and Alex Vega, clad in loincloths, teetered back and forth on devices that resembled nineteen-fifties-era Bongo Boards. Perry, the reigning North American sumo champ, wore glasses and an unsumolike goatee, and he seemed to carry much of his five hundred and twenty pounds in the form of three life preservers stacked between his hips and his armpits. Vega, who is tall and almost agile for four hundred and fifty pounds, wobbled from side to side, and looked a little like a bear stamping out a brushfire.

The device in question, an "extreme sports board product" called a Pivit, is a new children's toy invented by Rob Rosborough, a self-described "anyboarder" (surf, snow, skate, skim) from New Jersey. After developing a prototype, Rosborough felt he ought to put its durability to the test. "What's the biggest thing we can think of that can get on that?" he wondered. "Elephants? Can we get an animal on there? Maybe, but I don't think we could train one fast enough."

As it happens, Yoshisada Yonezuka had been training a dozen or so elephantine creatures in Cranford, New Jersey, where he is the president of the United States Sumo Federation. One of his charges, Emanuel Yarbrough, who is seven hundred and fifty pounds, won the sumo world championship in 1995. A few months ago, Rosborough showed up in Cranford, and persuaded Yoshisada's crew to give the Pivit a try.

"In the beginning, I had to use things to prop myself up on," Yarbrough said. In the end, the board bowed but didn't break; Yarbrough tired but didn't fall. Piviting, with its reliance on balance and its limited demands on the cardiovascular system, turned out to be an excellent sumo workout. Before long, the sumos were staging Pivit-offs, instead of refining their shiko and matawari.

"The Pivit makes your abs really flat and your butt and your thighs, too," Rosborough said, as he watched Vega and Perry, bare-chested and far from flat-abbed, wobble on their boards. "If you look at skateboarders, there's no fat skateboarders. The reason is because they're doing this kind of action." He gestured toward the wrestlers; Vega had begun blowing at Perry. Seconds later, Perry lost his balance and bailed off the board, landing with a seismic thud.



Perry put on a shirt (size: sumo) and explained that he'd come of age in the World's Strongest Man competition, where he specialized in truck pulling, which, tough as it is, had done lit-

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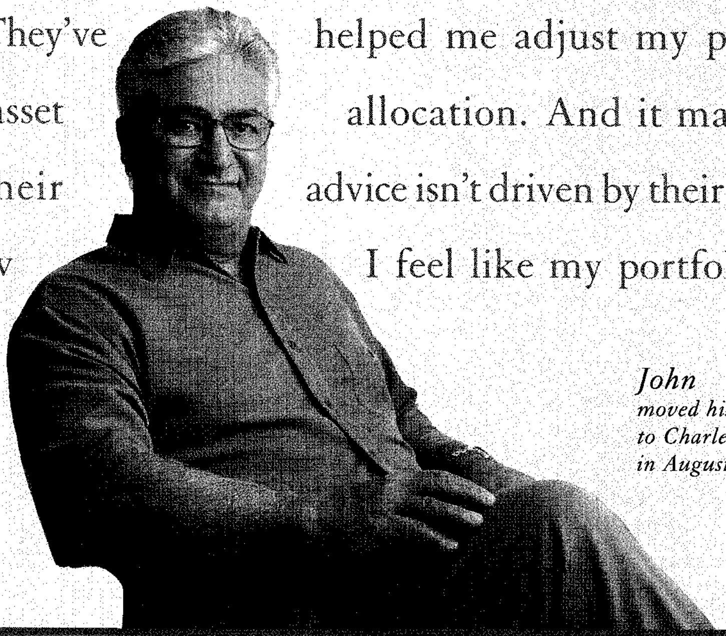

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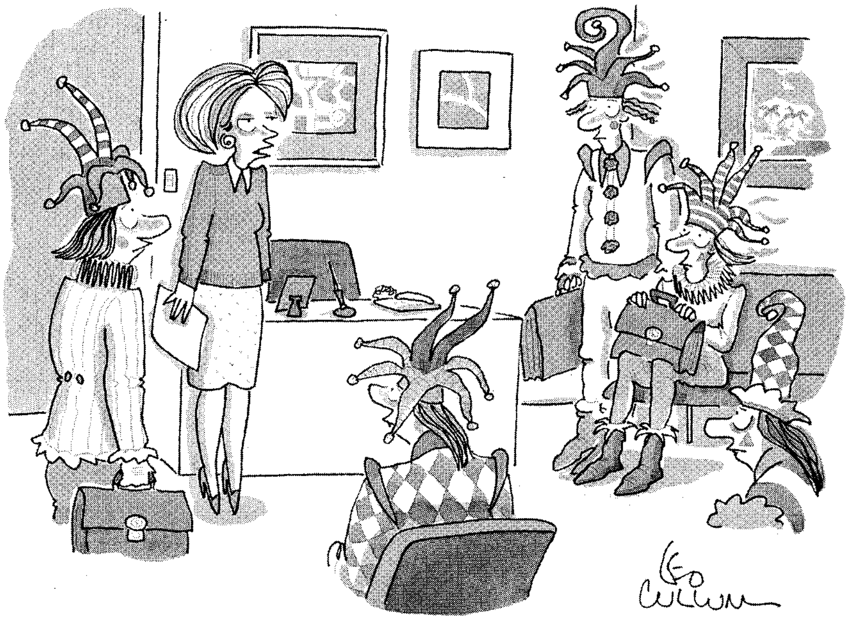
tle to prepare him for the Pivit. "When I first started Piviting, I couldn't even do it. I was just, like, 'That's for kids,'" he said. "But when I went back to practicing sumo I had a lot more strength, a better center of gravity. It helped all over." Yarbrough believes the Pivit could make all the difference for Perry in Poland. "I think he will walk away the world champion this year," Yarbrough said.

On the Pivit, though, Vega still had Perry licked, and he thought that boded well. "In sumo, that's the whole thing—you're trying to get your opponent off balance, get him out of the dojo, or have him fall," Vega said. His record for continuous balancing is two and a half minutes—about fifteen times the average sumo match. He has even begun to learn tricks. "I can do a three-sixty spin," he said. "And I can eat pizza on it."

—*Ben McGrath*



"Mr. Schley says that if the economy continues to improve in the next quarter we may be able to suffer fools gladly."

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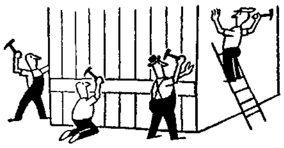
STILL STANDING
STONE'S GLASS HOUSE



Edward Durell Stone is best known for buildings that people will always feel a little funny about, like the syrupy Huntington Hartford Gallery of Modern Art, at 2 Columbus Circle. But he ought to be remembered for things like the A. Conger Goodyear House, in Old Westbury, Long Island. The Goodyear house, which is one of the most important houses built in the United States between the two world wars, was almost torn down last year to make way for one of those gargantuan Georgian mansions that now clog the suburbs. Then Frank Stella, the painter, stepped in. Stella, who is a trustee of the Barnett and Annalee Newman Foundation, learned that the World Monuments Fund had failed in its effort to have the house declared a local landmark. So Stella offered to have the Newman Foundation fund the purchase of the house to hold off the bulldozers until a permanent owner could be found.

No one has made a deal yet, but, then again, no one has tried very hard to sell the house, whose original owner was a prominent art collector and the first president of the Museum of Modern Art. The house was finished in 1938 and has stood empty for the past seven years, a modernist masterpiece in a state of near-ruin. Stella's partners, the World Monuments Fund and the Society for the Preservation of Long Island Antiquities, recently began to spiff up the place. Last week, Stella went out to Old Westbury to check on the progress, and he walked around the house with the air of an awestruck student. "It blows my mind that this has survived," Stella said. He walked into the round dining room, which is like a glass cylinder and still contains Goodyear's original built-in round table mounted on a central pedestal. "No one can do that anymore—it's so natural, so unadorned," he said. "Doesn't it break your heart?"

He then walked through a glass door to the garden, where a series of small terraced reflecting pools were clogged with leaves. "This needs a little help from Frank," he said, and he bent down and started to scrape out leaves with a twig. He looked up at the curved glass walls of the dining room. "I would live here if I could," he said. "It is as livable and unpretentious a modern house as I've ever seen. It represents something we don't have anymore—when rich people are confident and can do something self-effacing."

Stone, who was born in 1902, spent two years in Europe in the late nineteen-twenties, and fell in love with modern architecture. He was one of the few American architects to see Mies van der Rohe's Barcelona Pavilion, which stood for less than a year, in 1929, and it strongly influenced his early work. In the nineteen-fifties, Stone switched to a more ornate, embellished style. His reputation suffered, and people tended to forget that earlier in his career he had been at the forefront of the avant-garde. Stone met Goodyear when he was asked to assist Philip Goodwin in designing the original Museum of Modern Art building, on West Fifty-third Street. That led to the request to design Goodyear's weekend place.

The low, transparent house, with wide, overhanging roofs and curving glass walls, was a stunning contrast to the architecture that Old Westbury, a land of traditional estates and even more traditional occupants, was used to. Stone set out to combine the feeling of Frank Lloyd Wright and Mies van der Rohe, in effect merging American and European modernism and creating something altogether his own. "I like the idea of a Long Island Prairie style," Stella said. "This is a floor-plan house—it is dictated by the flat plane, and that is very American. I can't think of anything you could build here that would be as beautiful."

—*Paul Goldberger*

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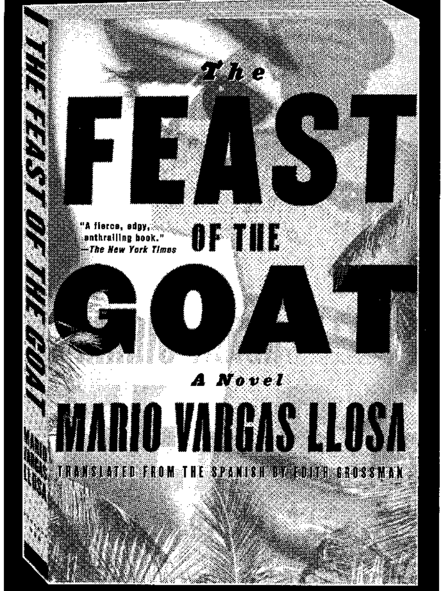
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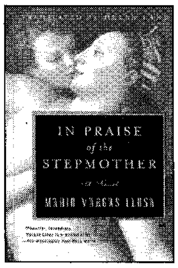

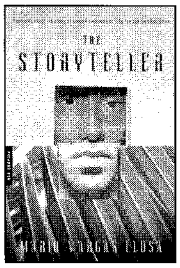

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

ORDER OF BATTLE

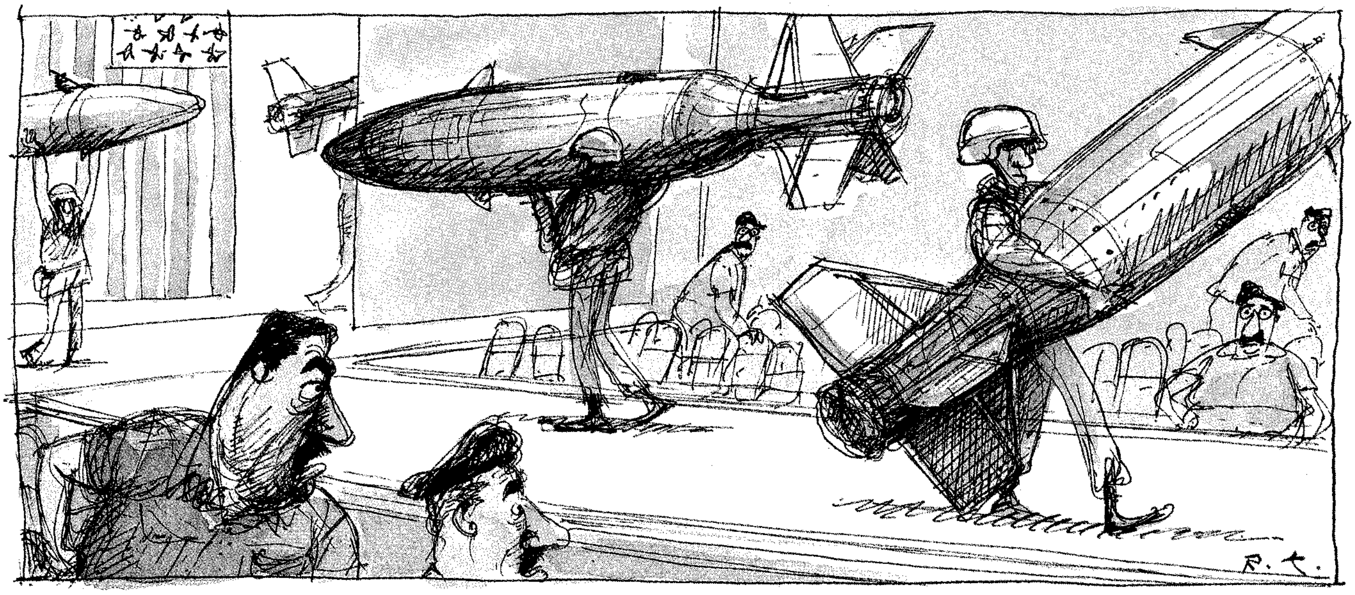
What the war against Iraq—and its aftermath—might look like.

BY NICHOLAS LEMANN

One of the dramatic moments in Robert Caro’s “Master of the Senate”—a book in which few moments aren’t dramatic—involves a bit of intrigue with an official called the Reading Clerk of the House of Representatives. After the House passes a bill, it is the duty of the Reading Clerk to carry it across the Capitol Building and formally present it to the Senate. In Caro’s book, a feckless liberal senator attempts to waylay the Reading Clerk so that a civil-rights bill from the House doesn’t get into the hands of the arch-conservative Senate Judiciary Committee, but the masterly Lyndon Johnson somehow maneuvers the clerk across the jam-packed Capitol Building unnoticed, so that he completes his mission.

I happened to witness the equivalent moment for the resolution empowering President Bush to wage war on Iraq, and, boy, was it not dramatic. The House, which in those preëlection days was more conservative than the Senate, passed its version in the middle of the afternoon of October 10th, while the Senate was still debating. There were three or four senators on the floor of the chamber, wandering around and chatting with each other. Dick Durbin, Democrat of Illinois, was speaking—offering an amendment that would require Bush to demonstrate that Iraq poses an imminent military threat to the United States before he could order an invasion. This had an effect approximately as electrifying as the speeches one hears on lazy afternoons in the Senate, in which members offer tribute to a long-dead home-state hero or ask for funding for a favorite small program. Byron Dorgan, Democrat of North Dakota, one of the Senate’s economic populists, had appeared in the Senate press gallery to push his party’s main agenda that day, which was to “change the subject.” He was attacking the Bush Administration’s economic policy while Durbin was offering his amendment, and most of the reporters chose Dorgan over Durbin. There were only two or three people in the press balcony overlooking the chamber. At four o’clock, sure enough, the Reading Clerk, a bald man with a bristling mustache, entered, said, “Mr. President, a message from the House,” bowed deeply, and presented the House’s version of the war resolution. The only sign that anybody noticed was that Durbin stopped speaking for a moment. The Reading Clerk left, and Durbin resumed. The amendment went nowhere. After midnight, the Senate passed the resolution, and soon Congress recessed and the members went home to campaign for reëlection.

Washington was preoccupied with the prospect of war in Iraq during the period between the appearance of Brent Scowcroft’s antiwar op-ed piece in the *Wall Street Journal*, on August 15th, and President Bush’s televised speech from Cincinnati making the case for war, on October 7th. After the speech, it became apparent that the Senate Democratic leadership was not going to fight the war-powers resolution, and the city’s always fickle attention turned elsewhere—first to the sniper who was terrorizing the Washington suburbs, then to the midterm elections. The steady building-to-war rhythm was interrupted; the prospect of an invasion, however, is no less real because people aren’t talking about it non-stop. Last week, the Administration obtained from the United Nations Security Council a resolution demanding that Saddam Hussein disarm immediately or face “serious consequences”—the fruit of a long negotiating effort meant to deflect the accusation that the United States was ignoring the international community. American military activity in (or, more accurately, over) Iraq is already at a higher than usual level, and troops and matériel are moving from the United States to the Middle East. Next month, General Tommy Franks, head of the U.S. Central Command, plans to move six hundred officers to Qatar. Inattentive though Washington may seem, perhaps this is the time to begin wondering exactly what a war might look like.



Important new weapons systems that weren't quite ready in time for Afghanistan will probably make their début in Iraq.

RICHARD THOMPSON

I recently visited Daniel Goure, a military analyst at the Lexington Institute, a think tank not far from the Pentagon that, according to its official mission statement, "believes in limiting the role of the federal government to those functions explicitly stated or implicitly defined by the Constitution." Goure is an informal, bearded man with a turbocharged mind—the kind of person you have to keep asking to repeat things more slowly. In the George H. W. Bush Administration, he worked in the Pentagon, as the director of the Office of Strategic Competitiveness, for Paul Wolfowitz, who was then an Under-Secretary of Defense and is now Deputy Secretary and one of Washington's leading hawks. During the Gulf War, Goure, who is an expert on weapons systems, was involved in trying to figure out where Iraq's Scud missiles were.

Goure said that the difficulty of obtaining the U.N. resolution may mean that the war will be delayed past the winter, when most people in Washington have expected it to begin. "There are clearly contingency plans about doing it later—I've talked to some of the planners," he said. "About doing it in the summer. Also, if you use seventy-five thousand troops, it takes six weeks to get ready, but if you use two hundred and fifty thousand it takes twelve weeks, so the timetable depends on the size of the force. Also, who's going to let us play"—meaning grant the United States basing and overflight privileges—"and who's going to play with us," meaning supply troops. "If the Saudis and Turks say no, then it's summer." Goure said that the difficulty of fighting in the heat while wearing special suits meant to protect against chemical weapons would not be insuperable.

The preliminary phase of the war has begun in Iraq. "The Israelis are supposed to have special-ops people in western Iraq already, where the Scuds are," he said. "Get the Scuds out of western Iraq and they can't hit Israel. Get them out of southern Iraq and they can't hit the Saudis. We have special-ops people there already, too—a covert operation run by the C.I.A., but with military personnel. They're looking for Scuds, weapons of mass destruction, and possibly even for Saddam himself. We helicopter them in, they live off the land. That's going on now. The real war, the shooting war, will start at night. A thousand sorties. It will be like the first night of the Gulf War, but now we can do five times the damage with one-quarter of the planes."

American military technology has been upgraded dramatically since the Gulf War, Goure said. New weapons systems are becoming available so rapidly that several important ones that weren't quite ready in time for the war in Afghanistan, just a year ago, will probably make their début in an Iraq war. Because of improvements in American surveillance technology, on the first night of the war the Air Force and the Navy will have much better target lists than they had on the first night of the Gulf War. New radar-equipped satellites can distinguish a tank from a bus through a thick cloud cover, Goure said. Spy planes can read handwriting on a clipboard from an altitude of eighty thousand feet. The speed with which information turns into orders has increased, too. "What used to be two to three days of planning time went down to hours in Afghanistan and Kosovo," he said, "and this time they want to get it down to minutes."

Goure ran down a list of new bombs that he thinks will be available to the American military in Iraq. The Afghanistan war saw the first extensive use of JDAMs, Joint Direct Attack Munitions, which convert unguided bombs into smart bombs using, for example, global-positioning-system coördinates radioed in directly to bomber crews by low-ranking military personnel on the ground—better targeting with less bureaucracy. In Iraq, JDAMs will be used much more than they were in Afghanistan, and a related kind of smart bomb called a GBU-28 (for Guided Bomb Unit), only two of which were dropped in the Gulf War, could be in general use.

The GBU-28 is called a "bunker buster," because it is designed to blow up hardened underground facilities. It can be programmed, using a new device called a hard-target smart fuse, to penetrate to a set depth underground, then

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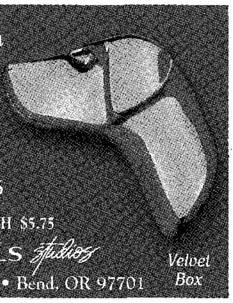

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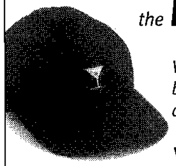

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to detonate up to a thousand pounds of high explosives; or, because the fuses can sense the difference between concrete and earth, to penetrate to, say, the fourth subterranean floor, if that's where the most enticing target is thought to be, and detonate there. Another new category, which could be especially useful in destroying biological-weapons-development sites, is thermobaric bombs, which penetrate to indoor or underground spaces and then set off a blast of heat and pressure intense enough to eliminate anthrax or smallpox germs. The military dropped one thermobaric bomb in Afghanistan, but it missed its target. (Michael Levi, of the Federation of American Scientists, an organization whose politics are generally the opposite of the Lexington Institute's, told me that he agreed with Goure's views on which weapons are likely to début in Iraq. But he was somewhat skeptical that they can be targeted accurately enough to live up to their technical prowess, and he noted that if germ weapons were stored in heatproof containers they might survive a thermobaric blast.) Microwave bombs, another new category, explode in midair and release pulses of electromagnetic energy that seek out electrical systems—transformers, for example, or antennae, or computers—and burn them out, even if they're underground. Microwave bombs have never been used in combat, but if they work properly they won't hurt people or damage physical structures, and they can destroy systems inside buildings or underground whose precise location isn't known to the bomb targeters. "That's the kind of thing you could see used a lot in cities like Baghdad," Goure said.

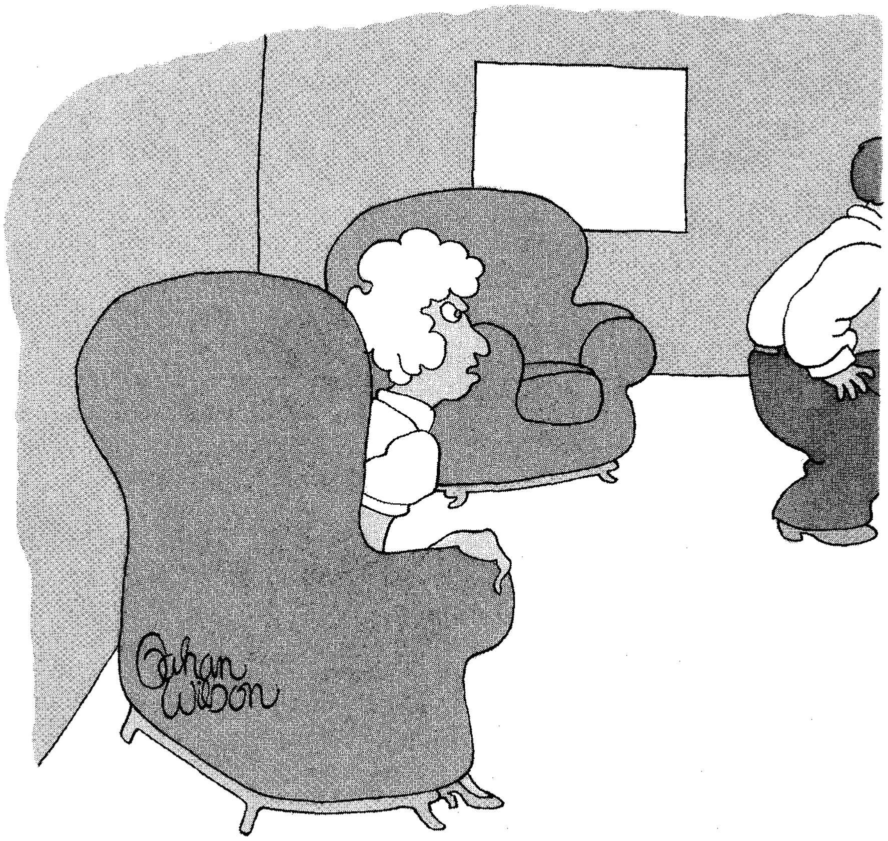
Because American bombardment would be much more effective than it was during the Gulf War, Goure said, "it's possible that ground operations may begin as early as Day Four." (In the Gulf War, they began on Day Thirty-Nine.) "You get ground forces moving against Basra and the Euphrates bridges. Then you send forces by air to northern Iraq, either the 82nd Airborne or the Stryker"—a new medium-weight combat brigade, which uses light-armored vehicles that, unlike tanks, are easily transportable by plane. "You want to prevent the Republican Guards in the north from moving south to Baghdad, and the Republican Guards in Baghdad from moving south to Basra. Then, once you own the Euphrates, you just head northwest: a run to Baghdad. Worst case, you serially defeat Iraqi forces. They're toast. They become the speed bumps on the road to Baghdad. If they disperse, the ground forces roll over them. If they group, air gets them. And you're hunting weapons-of-mass-destruction sites—that will be going on the whole time. We won't wait till the conventional campaign is over. It's a parallel war, in effect, against suspected sites."

Goure mentioned a few more new weapons systems that could be deployed during this phase. An improved battle tank, the Abrams MI A2, may be used in Iraq, and a new Apache helicopter, the Apache Longbow, which has never been used, will probably become a major presence on the battlefield. Both are big improvements over their predecessors. There is also a new, high-altitude version of the Predator, an unmanned plane. The C.I.A. has a version of the Predator that can carry and launch missiles; that was how it killed a senior Al Qaeda leader in Yemen last week. An anti-tank guided missile called Hellfire, which can be fired from either the Predator or from the Apache Longbow, contains a sheet of copper that it melts internally and then ejects in molten form, at close range, right through a tank's armor, destroying everything inside. "What's neat about this puppy," Goure said, referring to the Apache Longbow, "is that it can hear a tank, it can radar a tank, and it can see a tank. The Apache Longbow can carry sixteen Hellfire missiles, each independently targeted. And it has a radar unit on top, above the blades, so it can hover out of sight, with just the radar peeking over the horizon. One helicopter can take out most of a tank battalion from behind a hill."

The American forces should try to reach Baghdad as quickly as possible, Goure said. "Once you've nailed down Basra, you can get to Baghdad in, best case, three days. Worst case, a week." Goure went on, "There are two possibilities for Baghdad. One is a coup de main—move in very rapidly. Second, lay siege to it. That could take a month. And once you've got Baghdad the Iraqi forces in the north are trapped between the Kurds and you. Within days, they're hungry and they have no fuel. You negotiate a surrender."

I got the feeling that Goure inhabits a world in which he counts as conservative because he believes the military defeat of Iraq will require a large ground force. To me he sounded pretty enthusiastic. If his prospective account of the war is anything like what high government officials hear in briefings, then it's easy to see how, if you were one of the people making the decision, it might seem excessively cautious not to invade. "The combination of U.S. air and ground power is truly unstoppable," Goure said. "This is it—the Roman legions, the German panzers. Truly unstoppable." In addition to forestalling the danger of Iraq's becoming a nuclear power, there might be collateral benefits to invading. Goure said, "My belief is that the Administration is making this move because it will be a shock wave, a ten on the Richter scale, in its effect on that region. Let's win the war and"—this is a phrase I've been hearing a lot in Washington lately—"let it play out."

After the war, the Administration has made it clear that it will set up a military occupation in Iraq. But in the long run the idea is that, as President Bush said in his speech at the United Nations in September, "the people of Iraq . . . can one day join a democratic Afghanistan and a democratic Palestine, inspiring reforms throughout the Muslim world." What this means, exactly, is one of the most important questions about an Iraq war. Pessimists in Washington think that the war, especially if it doesn't go as quickly or as cleanly as in Daniel Goure's scenario, would strengthen the hands of anti-Americans, Islamists, and terrorists throughout the Middle East, and that it could bring down the pro-American monarchy in Jordan, which has a large, disempowered Palestinian population and is economically dependent on Iraqi oil; even Egypt could be destabilized. Optimists think the war would give encouragement to protest groups in Iran, possibly leading to the fall of the theocracy there, and frighten the regime in Syria; both of those countries, which border Iraq, have chemical and biological weapons, and both harbor and support more terrorist groups than Iraq does. But even these enormous effects would be minor compared to the advent of democracy in the Middle East, which is the most undemocratic region in the world.



"Don't you dare try to sneak out of this cartoon!"

• •

One often hears the argument from conservatives these days that the United States has unconscionably held the Arab world to a lower democratic standard than is expected anywhere else. Bush himself has used the word "democracy" sparingly; in his speeches he usually says "freedom" instead. The only speech in which he repeatedly, specifically called for democracy in the Middle East was one in June about the Palestinian Authority, and so far it hasn't had any evident effect. It's easy to see why Bush wouldn't want to speak too casually about democracy in the Middle East. Any good politician learns not to go around predicting outcomes that are objectively unlikely, and it might seem overassertive even to the assertive Bush to appear to be dictating a form of government to other countries, especially while invading one of their neighbors. Also, democracy as it's simply understood—the people of a nation picking their government leaders by free election—might well lead, in the Arab world, to victories by Islamists, especially in the wake of an American invasion of Iraq. Chas Freeman, who was the American Ambassador to Saudi Arabia during the Gulf War, recently told me, "I slept much more peacefully at night when I was Ambassador knowing that Saudi Arabia was not a democracy. Every significant advance in Saudi society came from the top down, not the bottom up—education for women, allowing television, allowing visitors to the central region, joining the World Trade Organization. Every one was generally resisted from the bottom."

But it turns out that "democracy" as applied to the Arab world can be defined so as to allay fears of its possible anti-American consequences. In 1979, Jeane Kirkpatrick published an article in *Commentary* called "Dictatorships and Double Standards," which forcefully rejected a liberal argument to which conservatives previously hadn't had a good answer—that the United States should stop supporting pro-American military dictatorships in Latin America and promote democracy instead. Kirkpatrick wrote that governments like Nicaragua's were authoritarian, not totalitarian like the governments of Communist countries,

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and therefore deserved American support because there was real hope that they would move in a democratic direction. The article got Kirkpatrick appointed Ambassador to the United Nations in the Reagan Administration. Its point might be seen as having been applicable to the Middle East as well, because the United States was supporting monarchies and autocracies in Egypt, Jordan, Saudi Arabia, Iran, and most other countries in the region. But the fall of Communism has made conservative thinkers, at least, more impatient to promote democracy everywhere.

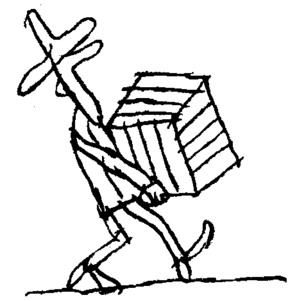
I dropped by Kirkpatrick's office at the American Enterprise Institute in Washington recently and asked her what she thinks are the chances that autocracy will give way to democracy in the Arab world. "I have myself come to believe that culture is the main determinant of successful transition to democracy," she said. "It's almost never easy. In the Middle East, the best chances would be in Jordan, and maybe Lebanon, which have some background of experience. I don't think, frankly, that it's very likely that a regime such as Saudi Arabia, which has a highly traditional culture and no tradition of democracy, can make its transition in one or two steps."

I visited two senior officials at the State Department and asked them what bringing democracy to the Middle East would entail. Both endorsed the project enthusiastically, but defined it in a way that made clear that they don't expect, or even want, free national elections all over the region in the near future. Elizabeth Cheney, who became Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for Near Eastern Affairs earlier this year, and who is the daughter of the Vice-President, said that change in the Middle East "has to be about more than just democracy." She went on, "In the Arab world there is a lack of economic freedom, of political freedom, of educational opportunity that would provide the skills to succeed in the marketplace, of empowerment for women. It's important to talk about all those things together—not just about democracy. I think you have to define democracy first. It's people's ability to participate in decision-making about governance. That means elections, but elections are only meaningful if there is political participation. Elections in many Arab countries today could result in Islamist victories. You've clearly got a situation in many places in the region where the most radical groups have developed a package that includes a message as well as service delivery. That helps them to gain support. It's very important to let other voices be heard and other people get their message across, so there's not just one outlet for opposition to the government or for reform. The concern, obviously, is a system in which forces who actually oppose democracy come to power and never allow another election."

Richard Haass, the director of the State Department's policy-planning office, said, "No one should confuse promoting democracy with holding parliamentary elections the next day—in which, yes, the Islamists would do well, because they're the only ones who currently are allowed to organize. Parliamentary elections are *not* the first step." Haass ticked off a list of reforms that should precede elections: educational reform, especially for girls, establishment of the rule of law, strengthening of civil society, establishment of freedom of assembly and freedom of the press. "Then," he said, "against that backdrop, introduce elections—gradually. Locally first. Or nationally, but for a body with limited powers. Gradually introduce the mechanisms for elections."

I asked him how well he thinks Jeane Kirkpatrick's famous formulation holds up. "There's nothing wrong with the Kirkpatrick formulation," he said. "Supporting an authoritarian leader who is a modernizer and is willing to gradually loosen the reins—that essentially should be our policy."

So democracy in the Middle East, after a war in Iraq, would really mean, in the short run, at least, something closer to modernization, or liberalization—assuming that the United States could influence countries there at all. The Administration doesn't seem willing to engage in the kind of enormous, lengthy financial and mili-



ASIDES

Though the season's begun to speak
Its long sentence of darkness,
The upswept boughs of the larch
Bristle with gold for a week,

And then there is only the willow
To make bright interjection,
Its drooping branches decked
With thin leaves, curved and yellow,

Till winter, loosening these
With a first flurry and bluster,
Shall scatter across the snow crust
Their dropped parentheses.

—*Richard Wilbur*

tary commitment that produced democracy in Germany and Japan after the Second World War. War in Iraq will give the United States much more military power in the Middle East right away. Political reform will take a lot longer.

Besides war in Iraq, another topic that has not dominated conversation in Washington lately is North Korea's revelation that it is operating an enriched-uranium-development program. Publicly, the Administration has been low-key about the situation, but privately it is being treated as a matter of the utmost gravity, and with good reason. North Korea is no Iraq; it seems to be much closer to having nuclear weapons, and its ability to inflict damage is far greater. In 1993, North Korea threatened to transfer plutonium from a nuclear reactor to its weapons program. The Clinton Administration drew up a full-scale plan for the kind of preventive war that the Bush Administration is now planning against Iraq. The plan assumed that there would be "at least tens of thousands, if not hundreds of thousands of casualties," Wendy Sherman, who was the Clinton State Department's North Korea policy coördinator, told me; Korea has a million-member Army, is believed to have chemical and biological weapons, and has the capacity to launch missiles that would hit Seoul and the American bases in South Korea, where thirty-seven thousand troops are stationed. At the last minute, war was averted, and the North Koreans agreed to close down the reactor and stop other nuclear-weapons-development programs in return for favors from the United States. Now the North Koreans have openly violated the agreement, and the human cost of military action is just as high or higher today as it was in 1994.

The Bush Administration never likes doing things the Clinton way, and so far there has been a reluctance to engage in direct public talks or to bargain—that would be "rewarding the North Koreans for bad behavior." The best alternative is to persuade other countries—Japan, the European Community, South Korea, even Russia and China—to pressure the North Koreans into shutting down the uranium program by threatening them with economic pain. Evidently, the Bush Administration is doing that. It is also consulting with Clinton officials who dealt with North Korea—which is highly unusual, and a sign of how seriously it is taking the situation. War itself, people who have talked to White House staff members say, is not an option under active consideration, though that would surely change if the North Koreans ratcheted up the tension by successfully testing a missile capable of reaching the United States or reactivating the nuclear reactor it shut down in 1994. This is a case where the underlying but nonetheless unmistakable jauntiness that has accompanied the prospect of war in Iraq, and its aftermath, is nowhere to be found. ♦

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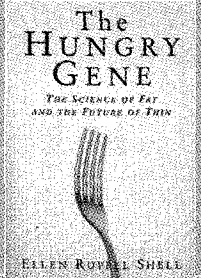

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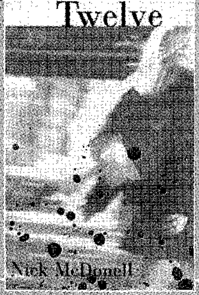

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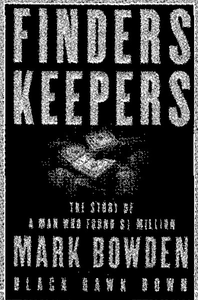
—Michiko Kakutani, *The New York Times*



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I, A DANCER

BY ADAM GREEN

> Questions revolve around whether choreographers in fact own their own dances and even wanted those dances to be seen after their deaths, a central issue most recently in the contentious Martha Graham case.
> —*The Times.*

To insure that my dance legacy resides under the proper auspices after my death, I, Adam Green, am auctioning the following legendary dances of mine to the highest bidder:

"Today I Am a Man" (1975)

The story told in this youthful work is simple, yet, like Jerome Robbins's "Dybbuk," it draws on a deep wellspring of Judaic tradition. The scene: a bar-mitzvah reception, tastefully catered. A thirteen-year-old boy, "Adam," wearing a recently purchased three-piece suit, his long hair styled in a feathered cut, celebrates his coming-of-age by dancing to popular music with a corps de ballet composed of classmates and cousins, several of them girls. Suddenly, he hears the opening figure of a folk air that, for him, represents the apotheosis of this transition: the Jackson 5's "Dancing Machine."

His face freezes into an expressionless mask, his limbs stiffen, and he performs a herky-jerky routine of gyrating hand and body movements that mimic the mechanical actions of a robot. His friends gather around in a circle and clap along perfunctorily. In his mind's eye, he stands on the cusp not only of manhood but of social acceptance, and he resolves to learn the Latin hustle. It is a bittersweet moment.

"Suite: Stairway" (1977)

"Suite" conjures up the mystery, magic, and potential for humiliation that define the world of a teen-ager unburdened by clear skin or a flattering haircut. The highlight of this ensemble piece, set at a high-school dance, is the "Stairway to Heaven" pas de deux, featuring the ardent suitor "Adma" and the bovine but well-developed "Teri," whose slack-jawed indifference borders on the cretinous.

The quixotic tempo changes of Led Zeppelin's masterpiece present a unique challenge to the performers. During the andante, "slow dance" passages ("There's a lady who's sure all that glitters is gold"), "Adma" confidently wraps his arms around "Teri" 's waist, rests his head on her shoulder, and rocks from foot to foot. The sudden acceleration to allegro ("And as we wind on down the road / Our shadows taller than our souls") seems to confuse him, and the best that he can muster is a tentative bouncing-in-place action, accompanied by a maraca-shaking motion with his fists. After eleven minutes, "Teri" says, "Look, this song is kind of long—I'm gonna take a rest," and abruptly withdraws.

Later, his eyes opened by several bong hits, "Adma" sees with absolute clarity that everything he has done in his life thus far has been a terrible mistake.

"Mine (Not Mine)" (1982)

Here a mainstream choreographer's work is appropriated and filtered through a more avant-garde lens. A college junior, "Amad," besotted with a fetching thespian from his Keats, Byron, and Shelley seminar, auditions for a production of "Brigadoon," knowing that she will be in it as well. After landing a part in the chorus, "Amad" discovers that the object of his affection is dating the captain of the lacrosse team. Too ashamed to back out, "Amad" stays in the show. He is obliged to wear a kilt, a false beard, and a comical bald-head wig, and to do the Highland fling while singing lyrics such as "Don't ye ken there's a fair down on MacConnachy Square!"

"Wed(ding) #375" (1991)

This mixed-media piece, combining performance and video, questions the limits of self-knowledge. A young man named "Amda" attends the wedding of a college roommate and, for once, all the elements coalesce to create a magical evening. Slim and elegant in his dinner jacket, his hair swept rakishly back, "Amda," paired with a few of the dewier bridesmaids, commands the floor, dazzling the other guests with a series of graceful waltzes, suave rumbas, and funky boogaloos—all of it captured on video by the groom's fourteen-year-old nephew, "Dougie."

Later, as he watches the tape, "Amda" is appalled when the skinny dude with the wide lapels and the Flock of Seagulls haircut, manhandling his partners, sweating profusely, and making weird, bucktoothed "dance" faces, turns out to be himself.

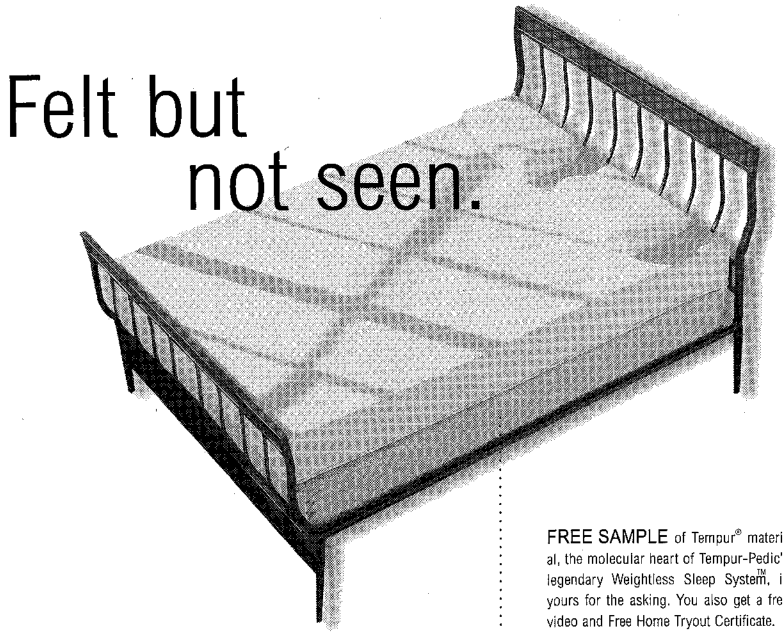
"Danse Macabre" (2002)

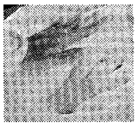
This mature work, painted in sombre hues, explores the relationship between Eros and Thanatos in the demimonde of Manhattan's dance-club scene. "Dama," a fortyish chap whose trim physique, rosy cheeks, and full head of hair suggest a lad still in the time of the rising sap, wanders into a popular East Village night spot. The club is packed with young people, many of them female, several of them "hotties," all of them gyrating to the insistent beat of the latest hip-hop records. Three or four saketinis awaken "Dama" to the Dionysian spirit within, and he begins to move as if possessed, performing a dance that lies somewhere between the macumbo and the Arkansas Traveller.

As part of an elaborate mating ritual or fertility rite—it's not clear which—the girls ignore "Dama," who, forlorn, returns to the bar. Emboldened by a few more saketinis, he renews his campaign on the "coy mistresses," punctuating his verbal salvos with urgent pelvic motions.

At the dance's end, "Dama" lies curled up on the floor, his hands covering his head to deflect the blows being rained on him by some girl's irate boyfriend. This is dance at its purest, frantic movement reduced to utter stillness. The experience yields a flash of spiritual insight—there is no moment other than now—and holds out the promise of redemption: It will be over soon. How long can the guy keep it up?

Bids for these, my dances, will be accepted starting at eight o'clock this evening through a prominent auction site readily accessible on the World Wide Web. Also available: complete set of U.S. Presidential busts carved out of apple cores, back issues of *Cracked* magazine (1973-76), and collection of vintage judo and kung-fu books, including "Dim-Mak: Touch of Death." ♦





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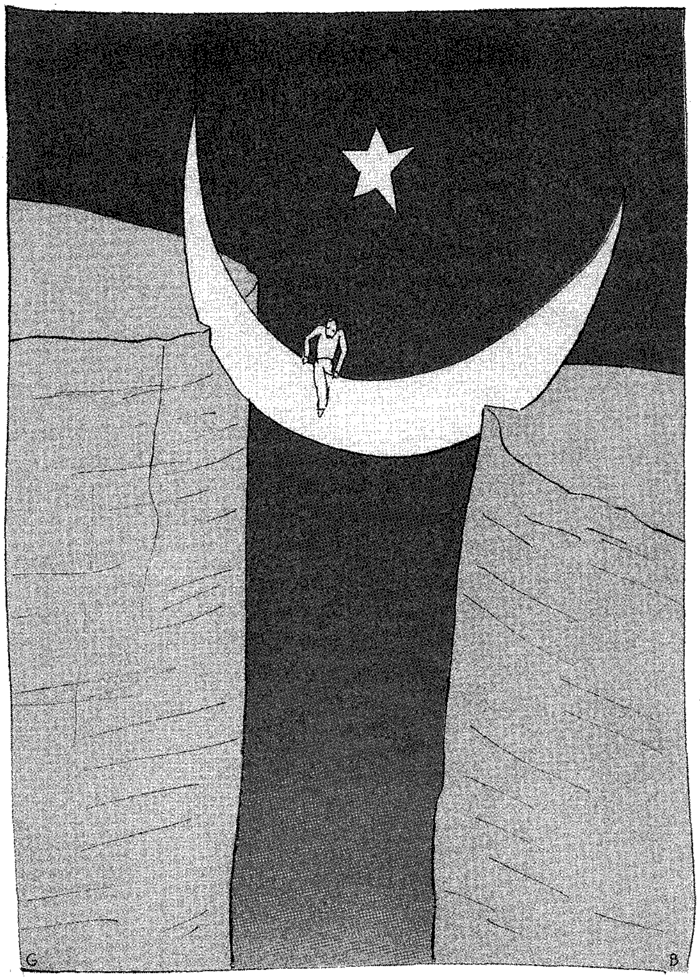
LETTER FROM ISTANBUL

THE EXPERIMENT

Will Turkey be the model for Islamic democracy?

BY DAVID REMNICK

Five hundred years ago in Constantinople, at the height of the Islamic empire, a young prince named Cihangir lived with his father, Süleyman the Magnificent, who was the most revered of the Ottoman sultans. Cihangir cut a pallid figure in the Ottoman court. He was a hunchback, weak and withdrawn, and when he learned that the Sultan had ordered the execution of his half brother Mustafa, the prince died of heartbreak. In his honor, Süleyman ordered that a mosque be constructed on a hill overlooking the confluence of the Bosporus, the Golden Horn, and the Sea of Marmara. The Cihangir Mosque burned to the ground in 1720, and another mosque was built on the same site; the new mosque, the "Blue Guide" sternly advises, "is of no interest whatsoever."



Turkey still hopes to build a bridge between Islam and the West.

GUY BILLOUT

That seems harsh. Early in the evening just a few weeks ago, I walked up a steep side street past the mosque on the way to an appointment, in a nearby high-rise, with Orhan Pamuk, a novelist who holds a position in Turkey rather like Gabriel García Márquez's in Colombia—he is the house postmodernist. Pamuk greeted me at the door of a spacious one-bedroom apartment, which he uses strictly as a place to write; he lives a short walk away, near the city's busiest shopping district, Taksim Square. In the apartment, thousands of books were teetering in stacks of varying heights, a mesa of Dickens, a butte of quarterlies, vast and interesting geological formations accreting over time, all on the brink of seismic catastrophe. Pamuk is fifty, and boyish-looking, with straight floppy hair, oversized glasses, and an eager, unassuming manner. He led me into the main room, a living room that he has converted into a study. His view of the water, of the ship traffic and the slender bridges that connect Europe and Asia, is precisely framed by the tapered minarets of the mosque.

"It's something, isn't it?" Pamuk said. "I've been working here for years, from early morning into the night, and I never get tired of the view."

Pamuk grew up in a wealthy family, which made its money through the establishment of the secular Turkish republic. His grandfather was a civil engineer who built railroads just as Mustafa Kemal Atatürk was building a nation after the fall of the last Ottoman sultan; his mother's family was in the textile business. Although much of the money is gone now, Pamuk is regarded around town as a kind of Istanbul aristocrat: a few of his friends even joke that he is a sultan himself. As an artist, he is the avatar of a new breed. Traditionally, Turkish novelists have been leftists who cultivate an image of modest wisdom; they portray, in the main, the hardships and domestic dramas of village life in the Anatolian heartland. A Turkish novelist, Pamuk said, is generally regarded not "as a person with demons but, rather, as a man of good will." In Pamuk's work, the setting is native but the imaginative models—Borges, Calvino, Nabokov—are not.

Pamuk waved me out onto the balcony. He pointed to the illuminated mosques on the far shore, then to a Russian oil tanker plowing north on the Bosporus toward the Black Sea. As he was describing the bridges across the Golden Horn, a muezzin, that buzzy summons to prayer present in all Orientalist narratives, wailed reliably in midsentence, and Pamuk laughed. "Sometimes my agent will call from New York, and the muezzin will start," he said. "You can tell that at the other end of the phone line he is thinking, Ah! The exotic East!"

The polarities of Pamuk's books echo the basic polarities of Istanbul: the tension between East and West, the pull of an Islamic past and the lure of modern European manners and materialism. Sixteen centuries of empire—the Christian Byzantine, then the Islamic Ottoman—lurk in every corner of the city, and yet the greatest ambition of the contemporary élites is to join someone else's country club, the European Union. In the days when the Ottoman Empire stretched from the Danube to the Euphrates, its leader could announce, "In Baghdad, I am the Shah, in Byzantine realms the caesar, in Egypt the sultan." Who today knows the name of Turkey's Prime Minister? The political class comprises modestly talented, often spectacularly corrupt politicians, whose pathos and ambition are the same: their fiercest desire is to leave behind a history of glory and blood for a future of bland stability and commerce.

"The relationship between the cities of big, fallen empires—Moscow, Beijing, Istanbul—and the people who live in them is strange," Pamuk said as we came back into the study and settled in to talk over coffee. "It is a sad thing to live among ruins. I'm interested in the idea of people living among these grand buildings, people who, compared to the builders, live far lesser lives.

"There's a Toynbee-like theory that if you have a great empire and lose it you will then become angry and nationalistic. Turkey's consolation after sixteen centuries of the Byzantine rulers and the Ottoman sultans was, O.K., we have lost an empire, but now we have a modernized, Western state. And this belief lasted for a generation after Atatürk. Then the frustrations set in."

Atatürk founded the Republic of Turkey in 1923. It was his dream to accelerate the reforms of the last Ottoman leaders and to banish from his country all traces of Islamic authority. "I have no religion, and at times I wish all religions at the bottom of the sea," Atatürk once said. He was so determined to minimize the Islamic presence in Turkey that many of his opponents believed that he was a Jew. A military man born to Muslim parents in Salonika, Atatürk spent many years abroad and was deeply influenced not by the mild, Anglo-Saxon notion of a separation of church and state but, rather, by a far more severe version of secularism, the *laïcisme* of revolutionary France.

Atatürk's goal was to establish liberty and a Turkish identity—although certainly not by democratic means. Employing authoritarian politics (and, when necessary, the gallows), Atatürk foisted modernity on his countrymen. His mission of social engineering was predicated, too, on historical forgetting; any but the mildest and most private form of Islamic influence, he insisted, would keep his people in a dark age of poverty and isolation. "I flatly refuse to believe that today, in the luminous presence of science, knowledge, and civilization in all its aspects, there exist, in the civilized community of Turkey, men so primitive as to seek their material and moral well-being from the guidance of one or another sheikh," he said in 1925. "The Republic of Turkey cannot be the land of sheikhs, dervishes, disciples, and lay brothers." And so, just as the French Third Republic banned crosses from the schools, Atatürk abolished the Islamic caliphate and the religious courts, changed the calendar from the Islamic to the Gregorian, and, by fiat, replaced Arabic script with Latin and "purified" the language of all Arabic words, lest Turkish continue to be linked to an Islamic heritage. Even appearances mattered. "The civilized, international dress is worthy and appropriate for our nation and we will wear it," Atatürk declared. "Boots or shoes on our feet, trousers on our legs, shirt and tie, jacket and waistcoat—and, of course, to complete these, a cover with a brim on our heads. I want to make this clear. This head-covering is called a 'hat.'" Atatürk banned the fez and endorsed the fedora. To this day—and it has been a central issue for the devout—female students are not permitted to wear a headscarf to classes; even women elected to parliament may not wear a headscarf into government buildings.

Since the Iranian revolution in 1979, and with particular energy since September 11, 2001, many analysts have pointed to Turkey as an exemplar of regional enlightenment, a model of moderate secularism and democratic ambition. Bernard Lewis, a distinguished scholar of both Turkey and the Arab world, acknowledges the drawbacks of Turkey's semi-democracy—the outsized role of the military in politics, instances of censorship, the persistence of torture in the precinct houses and prisons—and yet he has written that, in the context of the Islamic world and its history, Turkey is a country of possibility.

Democracy in Turkey is not easily mistaken for the European or American version. Four times—in 1960, 1971,

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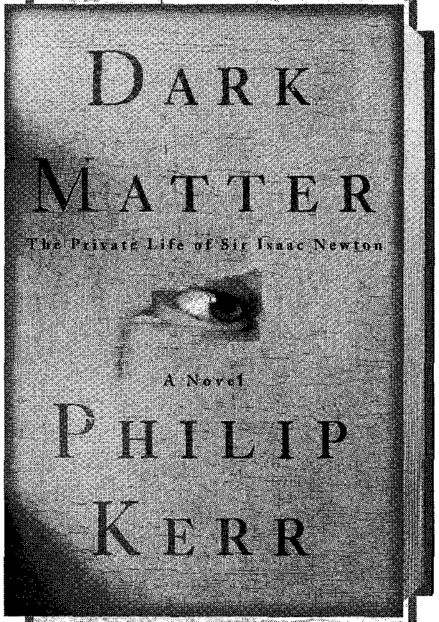

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SUSPENSE IN PERPETUAL MOTION

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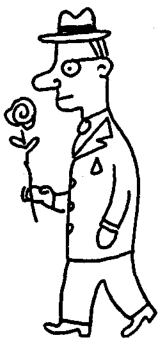
1980, and 1997—the Army has forced governments from office. The sympathetic refer not to coups d'état but, more gently, to "interventions" or "corrections," and quickly point out that the Army never, in the Latin-American mode, remained in power. In each instance, the officers "retreated to their barracks." Since 1950, when Atatürk's party lost in national elections, Turkish politics have been a chaotic multi-party jumble. Most recently, in the mid-eighties and late nineties, the Kurdish minority formed an opposition movement, which evolved into a terrorist organization led by Abdullah Öcalan—the P.K.K., or Kurdistan Workers' Party. In a military campaign that left more than thirty thousand dead, the Turkish Army overwhelmed the Kurds. Öcalan is now the sole inmate at an island prison, and the P.K.K. has been banned.

These days, the parties that most successfully embody the popular disdain for a failing economy and a corrupt ruling class are the Islamic parties, especially the Justice and Development Party. In Istanbul, I saw a number of campaign demonstrations supporting the Party, and every night on television there were clips of even more enthusiastic rallies in Ankara and the smaller cities and towns of Anatolia. On November 3rd, Justice and Development received thirty-four per cent of the vote, far more than any other party, and will soon form a government and nominate a Prime Minister.



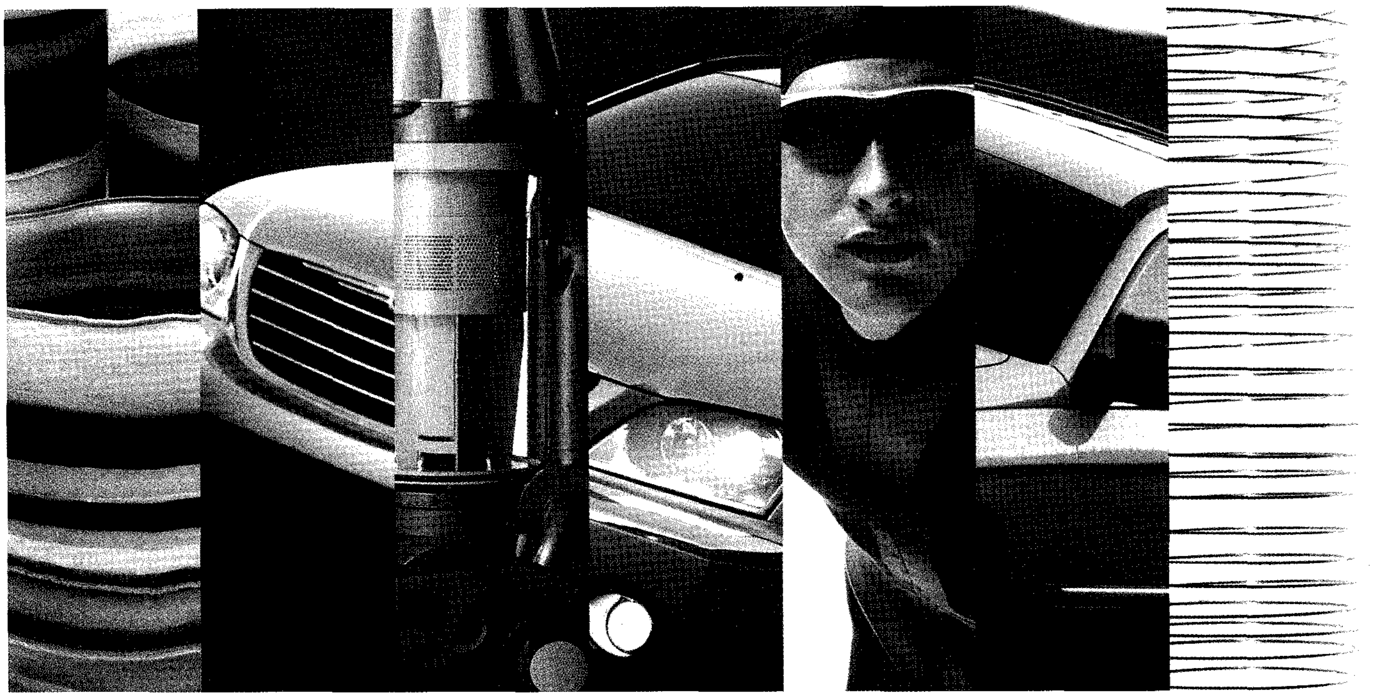
The Islamic movement's stunning success in the election has spooked some urban cosmopolitans like Orhan Pamuk, to say nothing of the ardent republicans who fear for the future of the secular state that Atatürk brought into being. "There is a whole range of people in Turkey who play around with Islam, beginning with some who are like the Christian Democrats in various European countries," Pamuk said. "And there are fundamentalists who will make no concession to the West: God is in power and democracy is merely a tool to seize power for Him. They believe only in the Koran and will not reconcile freedom of expression and the Koran. I don't think the fundamentalists can take power by themselves, but I fear they will use the umbrella of the so-called 'modern' Islamists."

This is not the first time an Islamic party has appeared on the scene. As early as the forties, parliament debated, and finally allowed, the restoration of religious education, and in the late sixties a coterie of Islamic intellectuals began publishing attacks on the state; they wrote about corruption, pollution, and consumerism as the loathsome by-products of Western modernity. Small Islamic parties, such as the National Order Party and then the National Salvation Party, appeared. But Turkey's strongest opposition voices were still on the secular left. Then, in the early eighties, as a result of the revolution in Iran and a widespread disgust with the Turkish government, a new opposition group came into being, the Welfare Party, which advertised a startlingly Islamist program. The Party's leader, a career politician named Necmettin Erbakan, was seen by at least some of his supporters as a savior. "Khomeini in Iran! In Turkey, Erbakan!" they chanted. In those days, Islamist leaders like Erbakan made little pretense of moderation; Atatürk's ideology, Kemalism, was anathema, the politics of infidels, and they did not hesitate to say as much. In the mid-nineties, Erbakan vowed an Islamic currency, an "Islamic United Nations, an Islamic NATO, and an Islamic version of the European Union"; he promised a jihad to recapture Jerusalem and a war to win back Turkey from "the unbelievers of Europe" and from "imperialism and Zionism."

In the 1995 elections, Welfare won just over twenty per cent of the vote, which allowed Erbakan to form a coalition government. As Prime Minister, he began to promote a brand of Islamism never before imagined in the Republic of Turkey. He paid friendly, even obsequious, visits to Qaddafi, in Libya, and to the mullahs in Iran. He invited Islamic leaders to his home; he gave a speech promising to build an enormous mosque on Taksim Square. In January of 1997, the Islamist mayor of Sincan, a suburb of Ankara, organized a rally celebrating "Jerusalem Day," the day of Muslim protest against Israel initiated by Ayatollah Khomeini. A play was staged in which actors dressed as Hamas militants hurled stones at "Israeli soldiers," in a mock intifada. The guest of honor was the Iranian Ambassador, Mohammed Reza Bagheri. "Do not be afraid to call yourself fundamentalists!" Bagheri told the people of Sincan. "God has promised them the final victory!"

The Army reacted quickly. Tanks and armored personnel carriers rolled through the streets of Sincan, if only to remind the mayor of the nature of republican Turkey (and the strength of the military). Then, on February 28th, the military leadership, in the shape of the National Security Council, met for nine hours and pressured Erbakan to accept eighteen "recommendations," many of them directed at reaffirming the secular nature of the state. One military leader, Brigadier General Osman Ozbek, said of Erbakan and his team, "Our grandfathers would spit on them. They want to cut off our heads and come to power, just as in Algeria." Neutered and humiliated as a political leader, Erbakan resigned from office in June, 1997—the culmination of an event that has become known in Turkey as "the postmodern coup." The Welfare Party was outlawed, and, in time, even the most ardent Islamists recognized that fundamentalist rhetoric had no future as long as the Turkish Army held on to its prerogatives.

The Islamic movement did not vanish; it revamped itself, with a new name, a new leader, and a new, less threatening rhetoric. Now called the Justice and Development Party, it inherited Welfare's constituents; a well-respected former mayor of Istanbul, Recep Tayyip Erdogan, inherited the mantle of Party leader. Erdogan is forty-eight, the son of a lifeguard from the town of Rize, on the Black Sea coast. After his family moved to Istanbul, he sold lemonade on the streets and attended a religious school; later, he studied management at Marmara University. As the mayor of Istanbul, his reputation was Giuliani-esque: honest, efficient, attentive to things like crime prevention and garbage collection. Although Erdogan was the focal point of this fall's election campaign, speaking to huge rallies around the country and appearing on posters and billboards, he is a kind of ghost. The Turkish courts banned him from higher office, precisely



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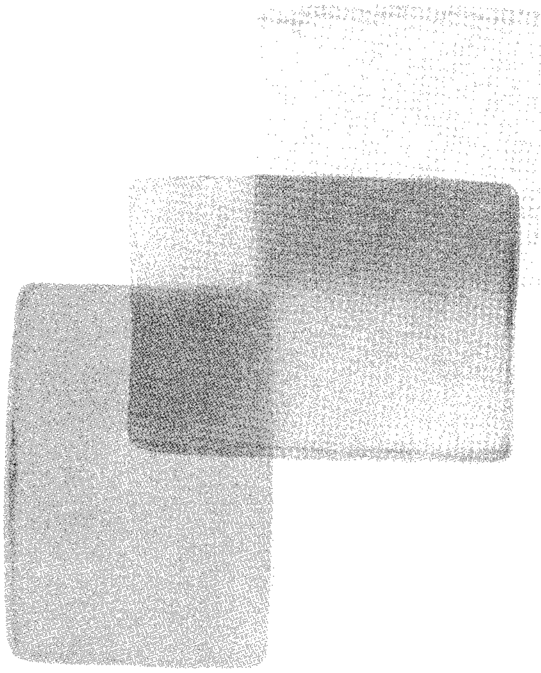
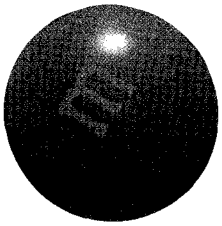
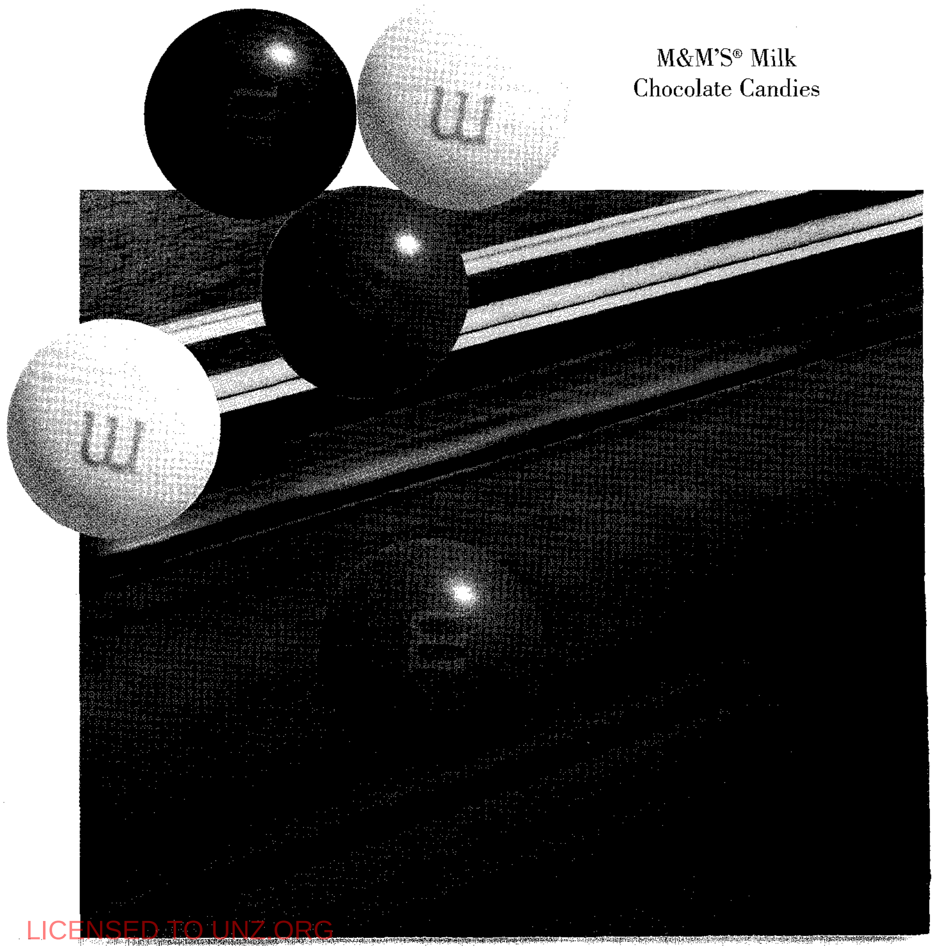


Soaps, Bodum





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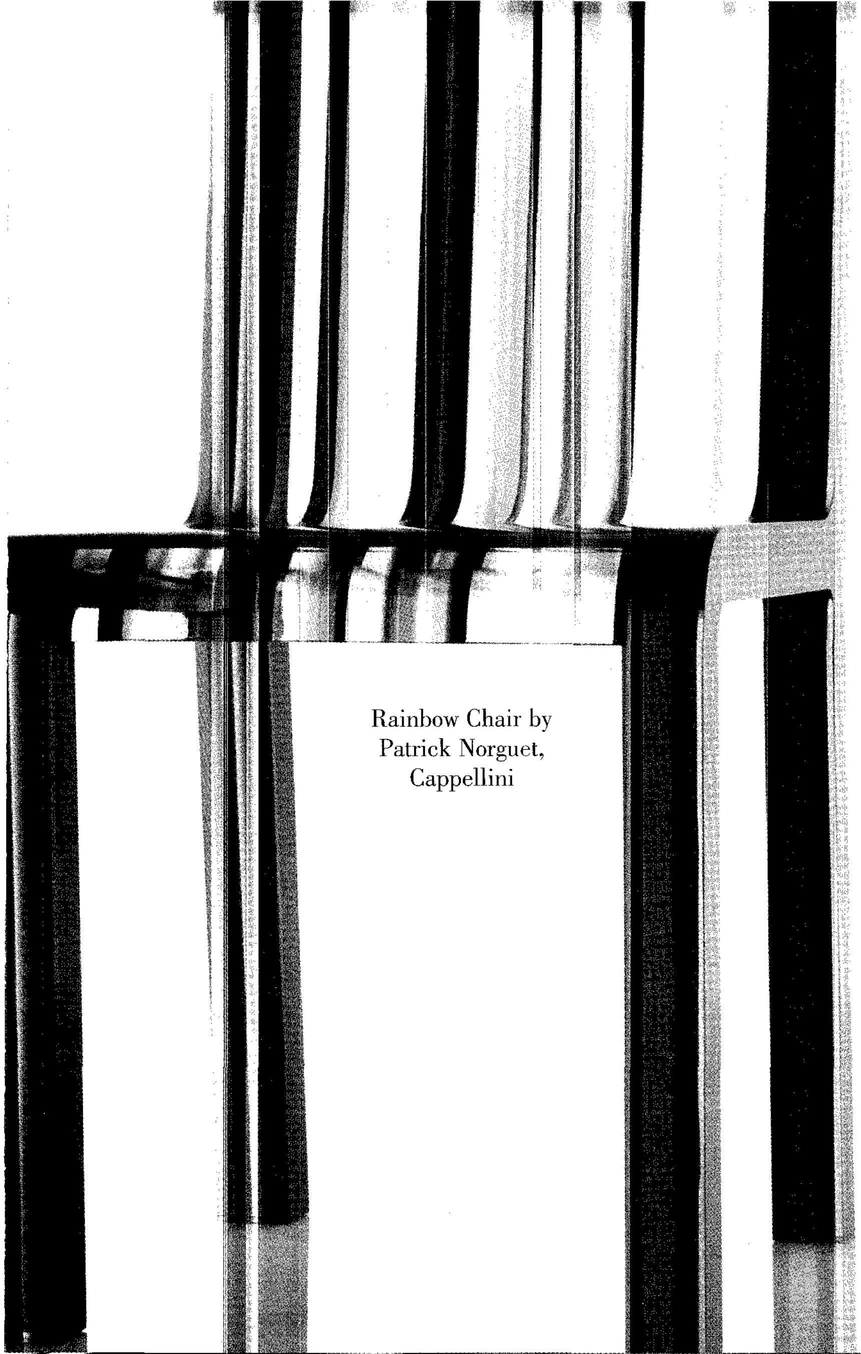
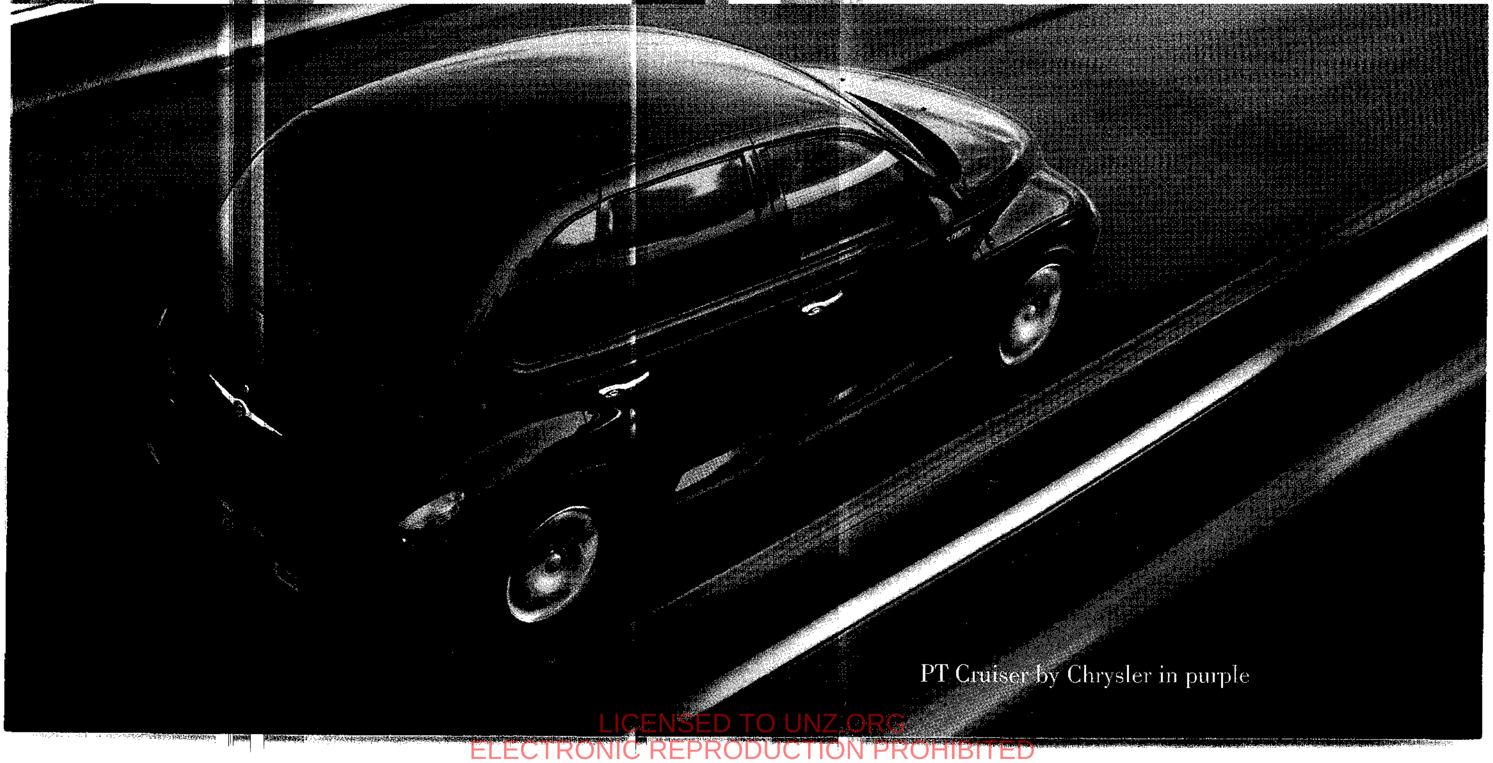


Rainbow Chair by
Patrick Norguet,
Cappellini

Makeup by Paige Smitherman for Marek & Associates

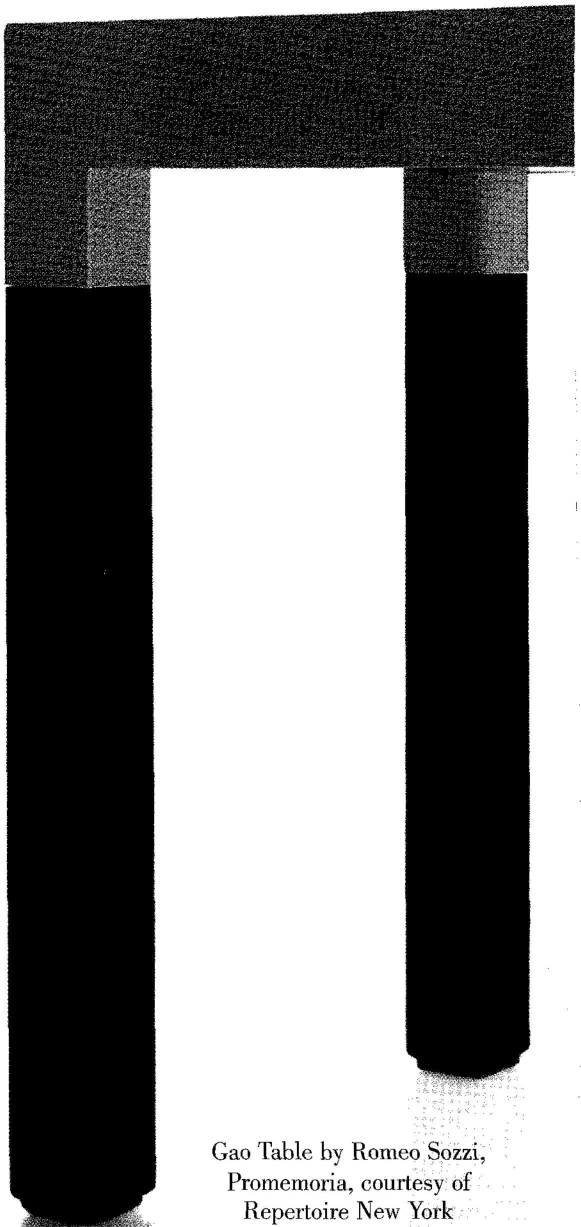


PT Cruiser by Chrysler in purple

Craft

Every detail reflects the presence of the hand, the meticulous standard of quality and care involved in each object's creation. The result is a product that both looks and feels special and unique.

Woven Knee-High Boot,
Bottega Veneta



Gao Table by Romeo Sozzi,
Promemoria, courtesy of
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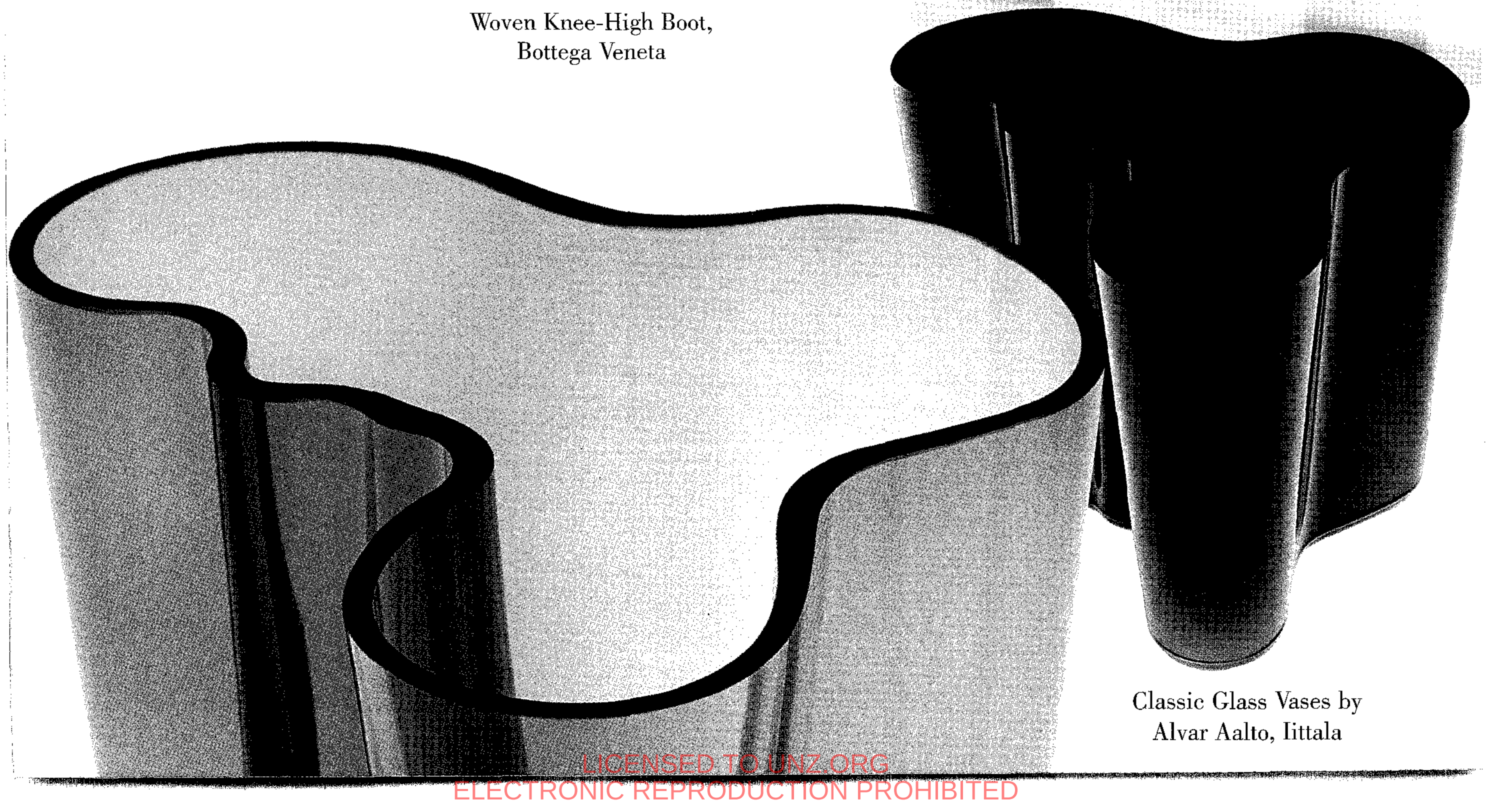
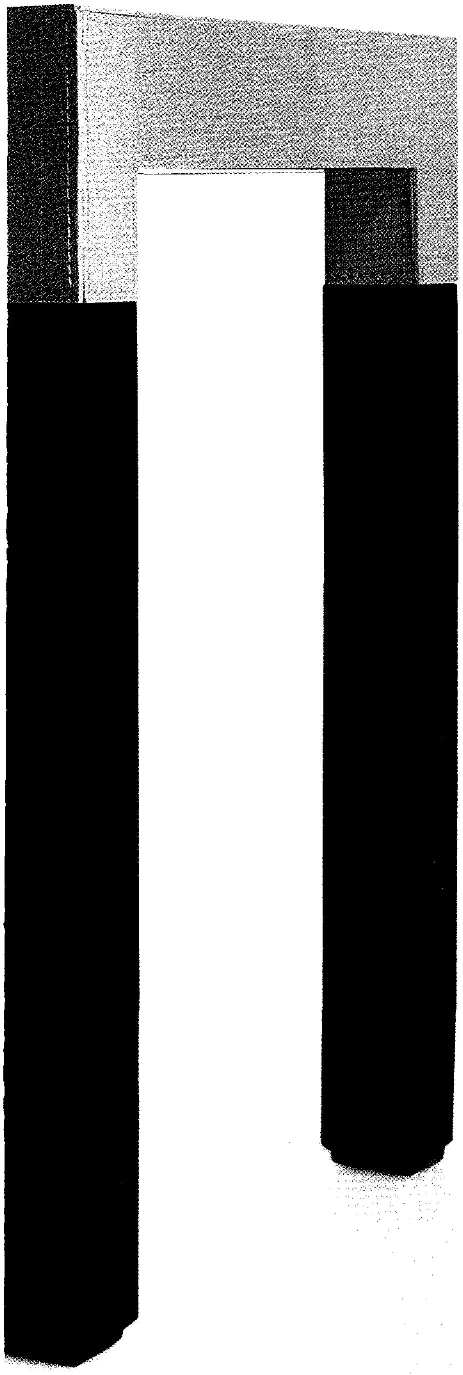
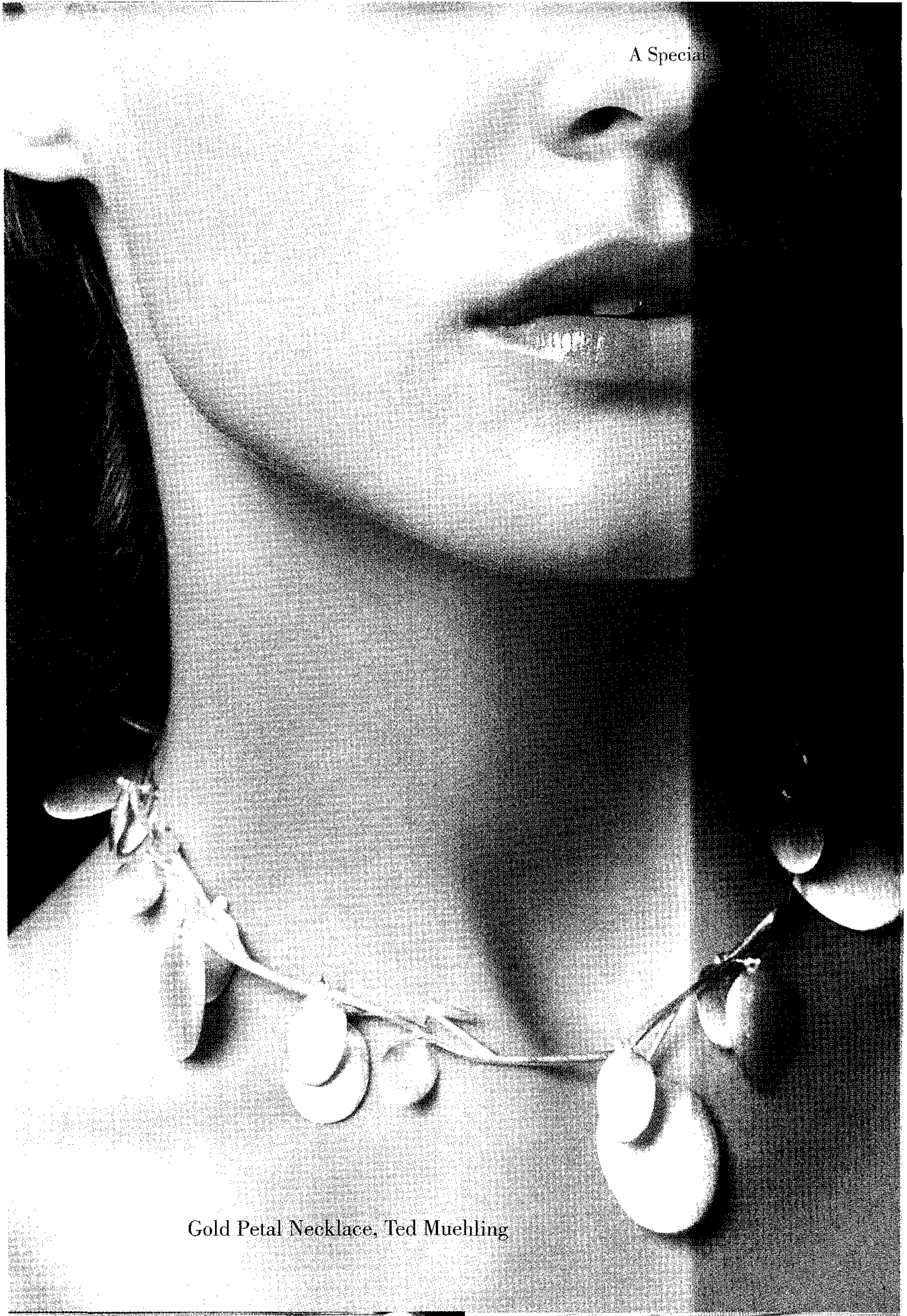


Classic Glass Vases by
Alvar Aalto, Iittala



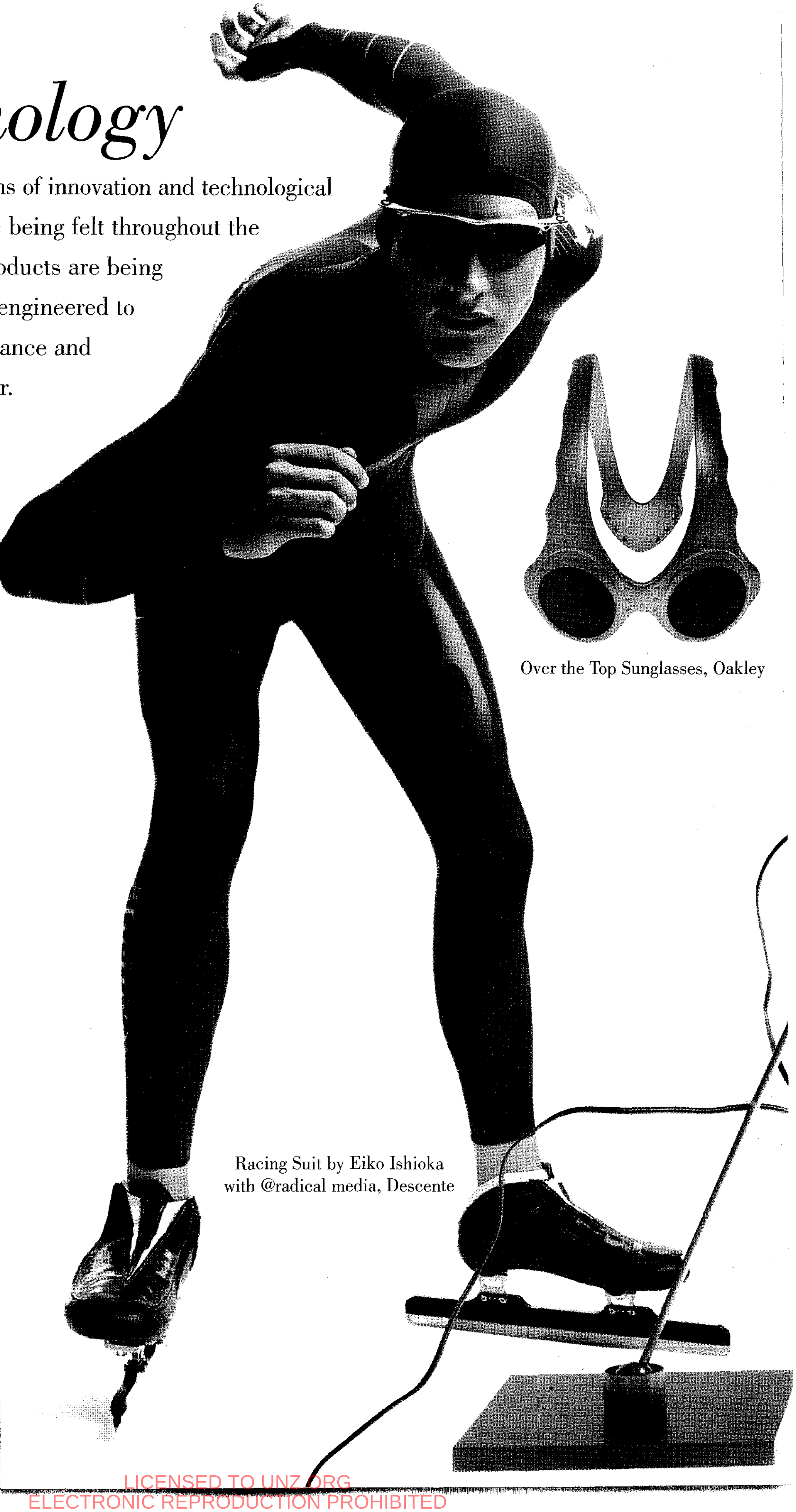


Gold Petal Necklace, Ted Muehling

PT Cruiser grill, 300M interior, Crossfire exterior detail, all by Chrysler

Technology

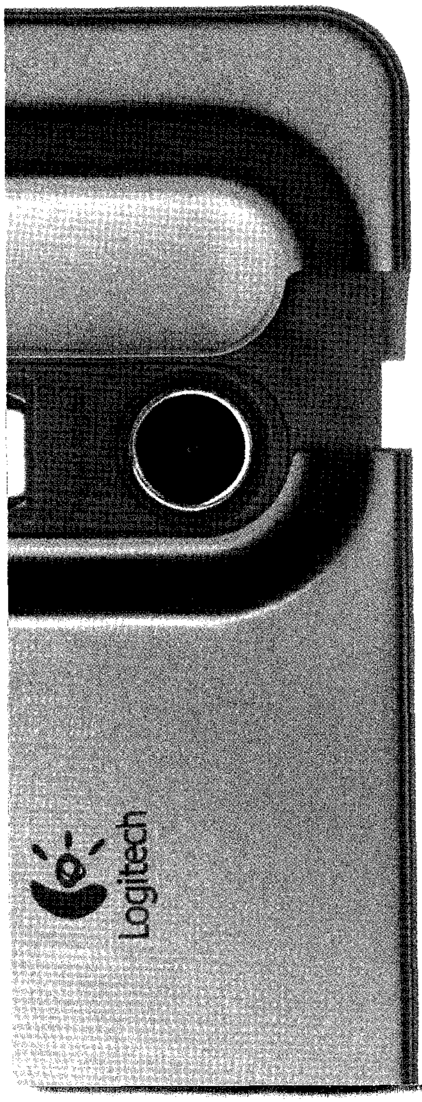
The reverberations of innovation and technological advancement are being felt throughout the design world. Products are being rethought and reengineered to enhance performance and empower the user.

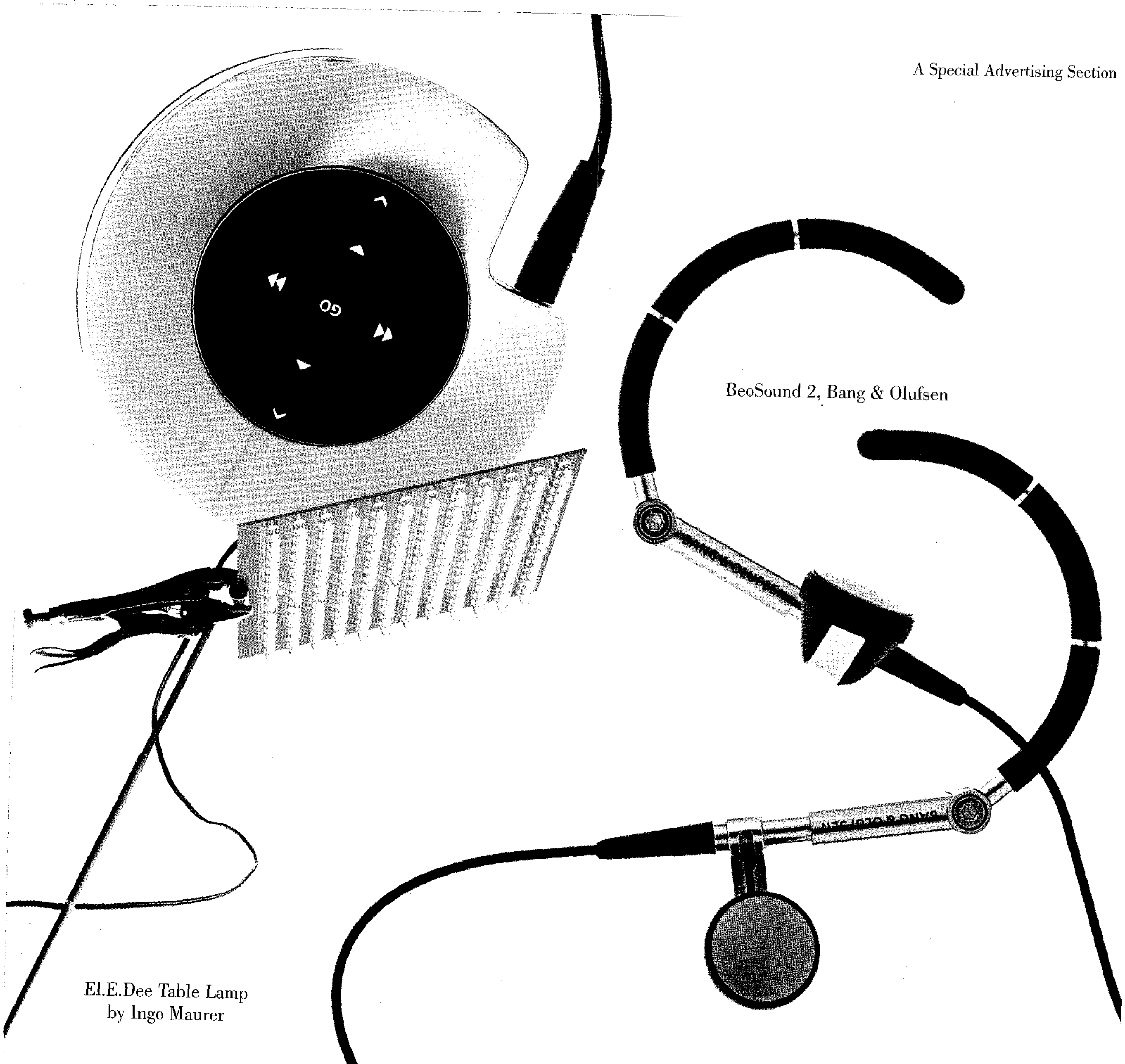


Racing Suit by Eiko Ishioka
with @radical media, Descente

Over the Top Sunglasses, Oakley

Logitech Pocket Digital Camera

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BeoSound 2, Bang & Olufsen

El.E.Dee Table Lamp
by Ingo Maurer

Pacifica by Chrysler

Comfort

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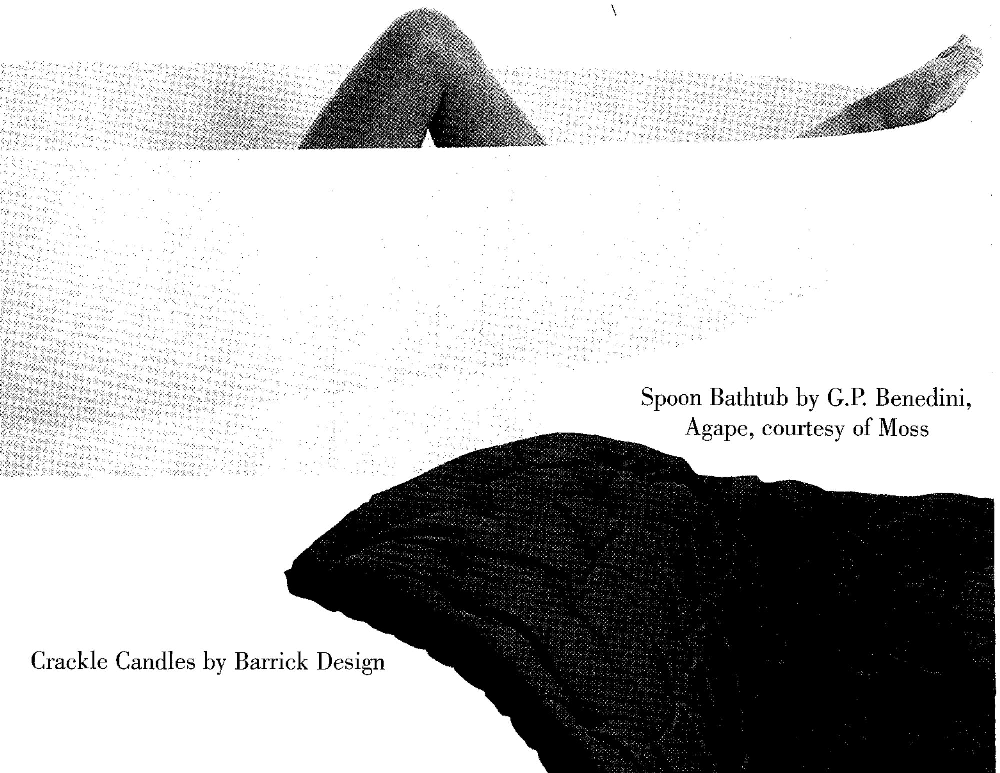
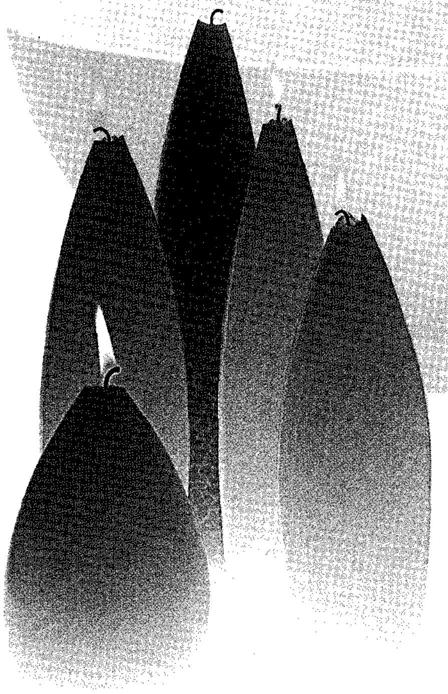
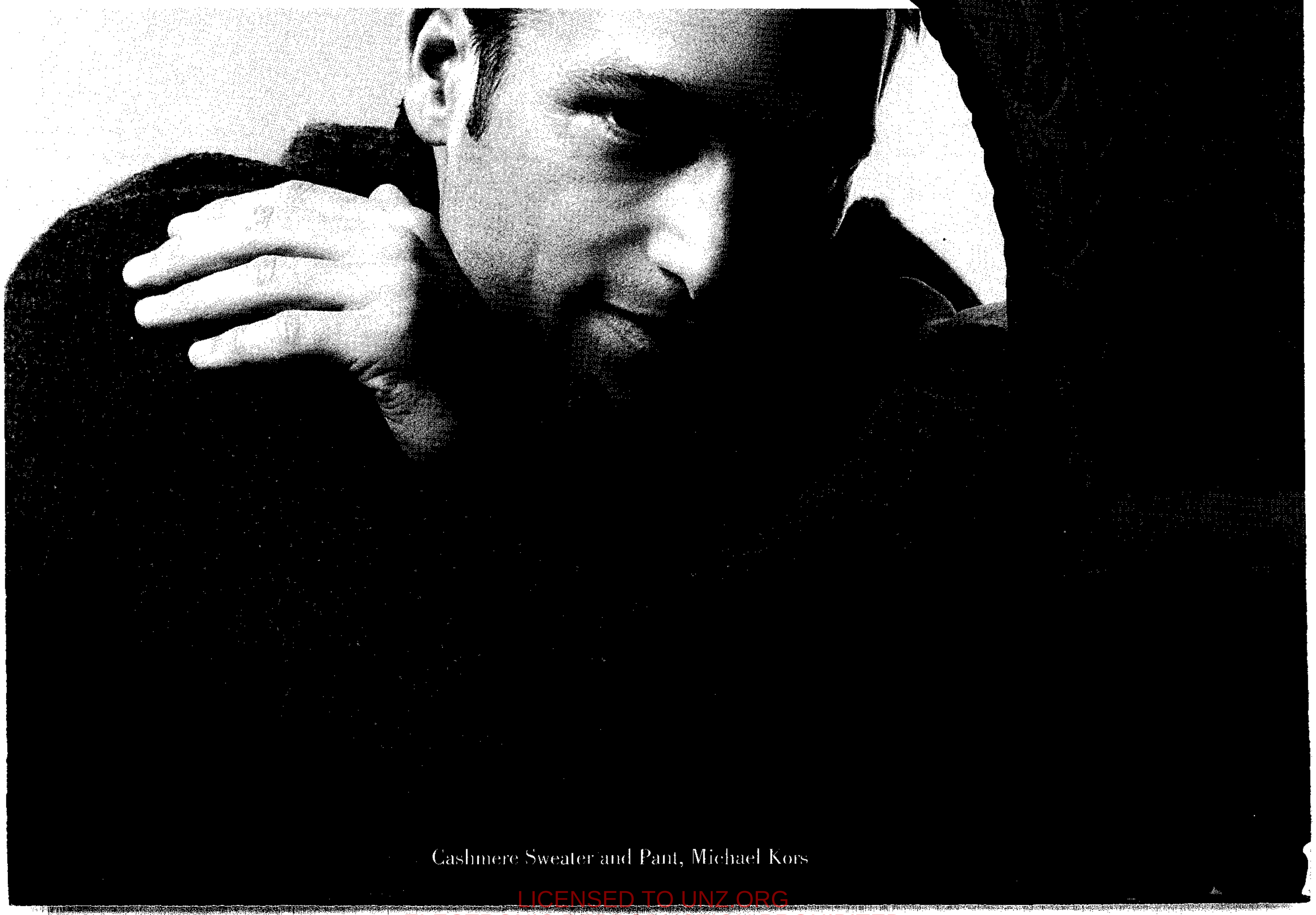


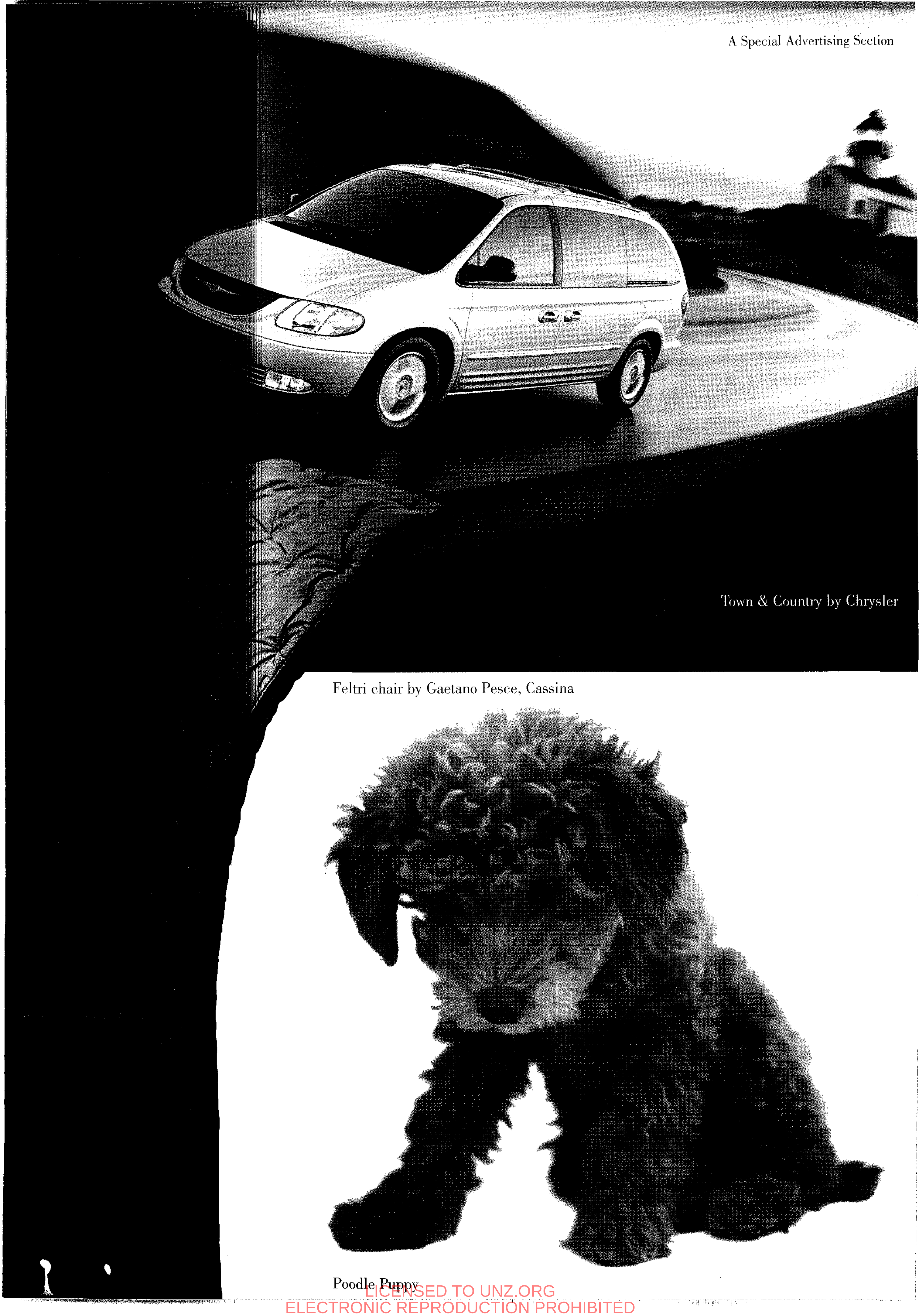
Spoon Bathtub by G.P. Benedini, Agape, courtesy of Moss



Crackle Candles by Barrick Design



Cashmere Sweater and Pant, Michael Kors



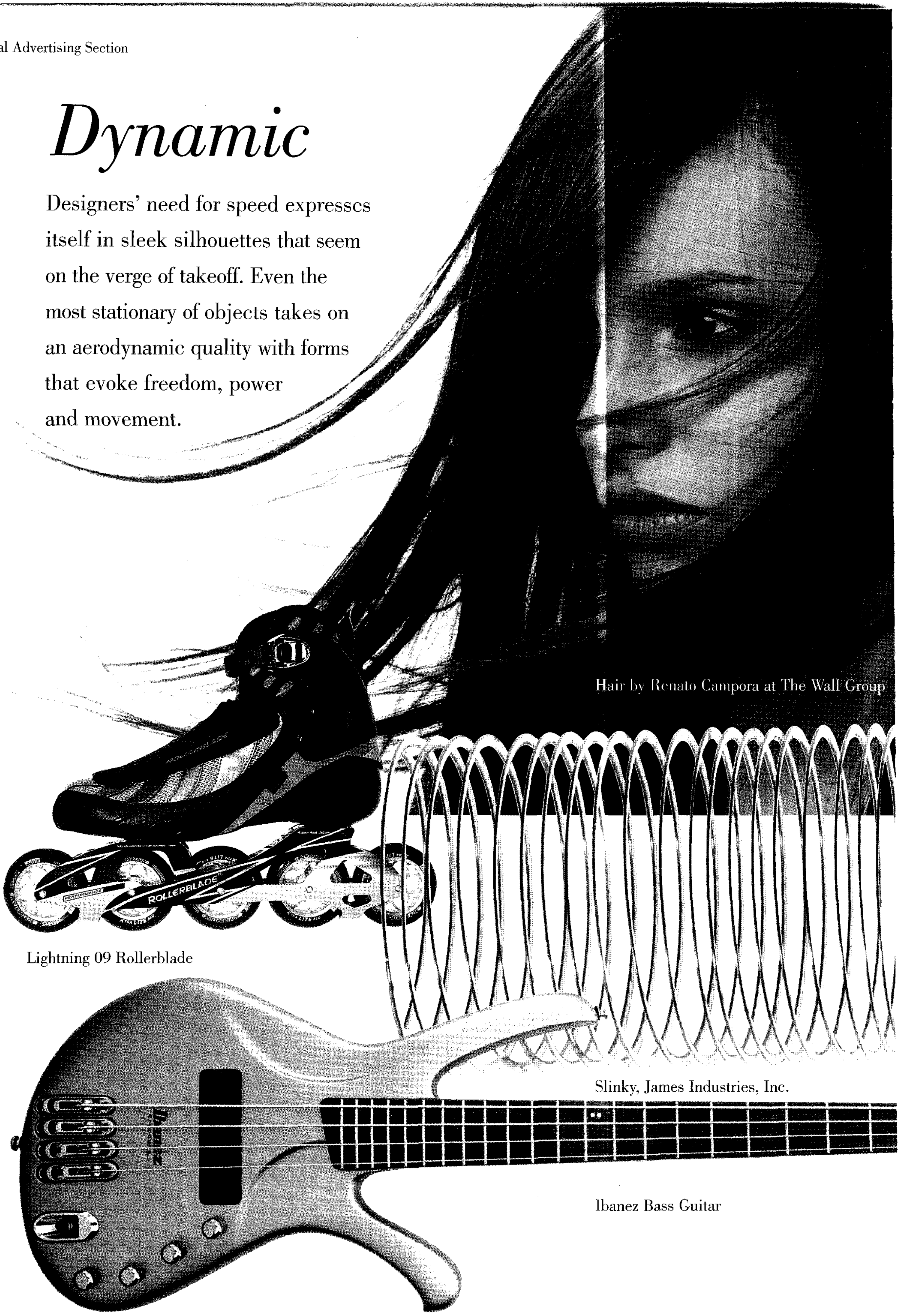
Town & Country by Chrysler

Feltri chair by Gaetano Pesce, Cassina

Poodle Puppy

Dynamic

Designers' need for speed expresses itself in sleek silhouettes that seem on the verge of takeoff. Even the most stationary of objects takes on an aerodynamic quality with forms that evoke freedom, power and movement.



Hair by Renato Campora at The Wall Group

Lightning 09 Rollerblade

Slinky, James Industries, Inc.

Ibanez Bass Guitar

ROLLERBLADE
PERFORMANCE
XTRA LITE ALU
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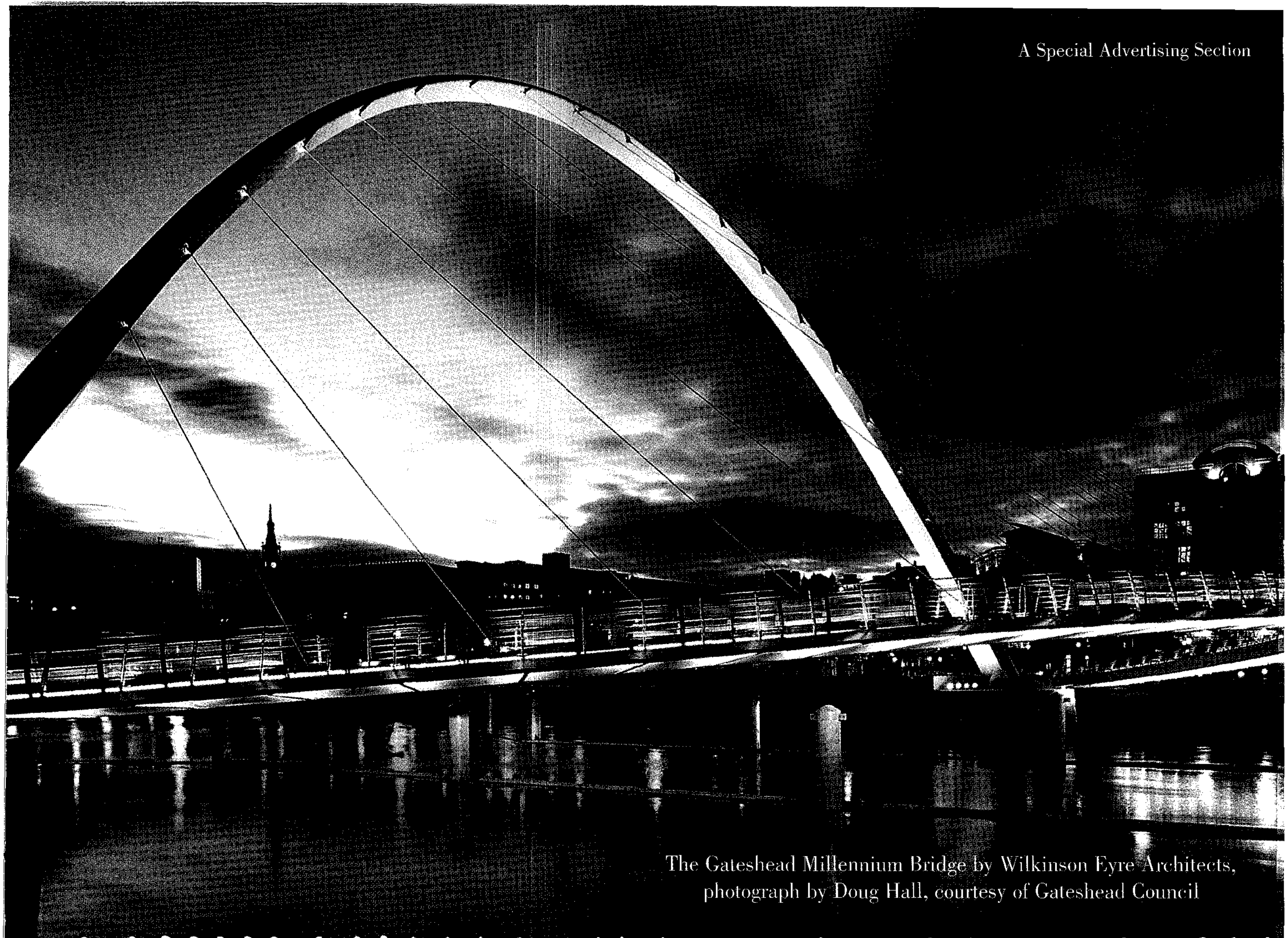
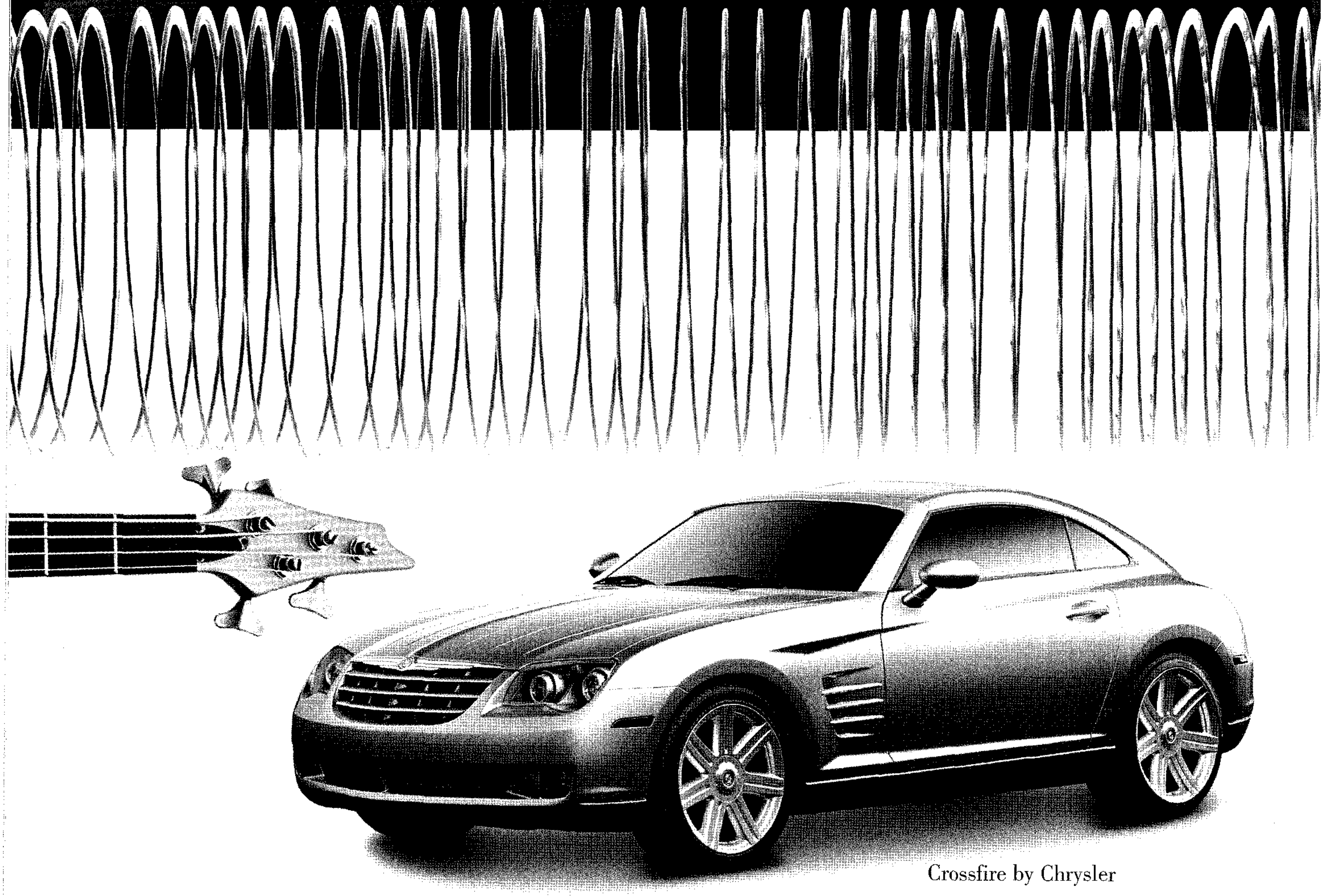
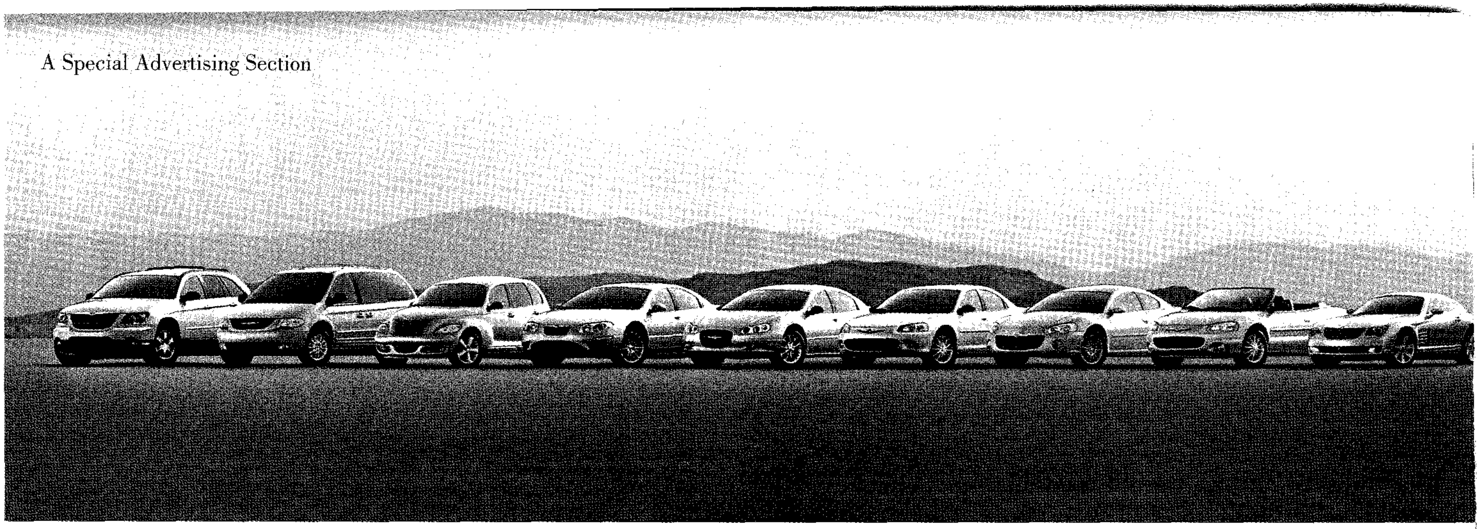


The Gateshead Millennium Bridge by Wilkinson Eyre Architects, photograph by Doug Hall, courtesy of Gateshead Council



Crossfire by Chrysler



The Line *on* Design

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Witness innovation unveiled as the five most influential trends in modern design come to life at the "Line on Design" Exhibit, sponsored by Chrysler. This extraordinary exhibition, opening in association with The Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles, at the Pacific Design Center, will showcase a collection of objects and images inspired by the preceding pages. Each piece was hand-selected by a team of renowned designers from DIFFA, the Design Industries Foundation Fighting AIDS.

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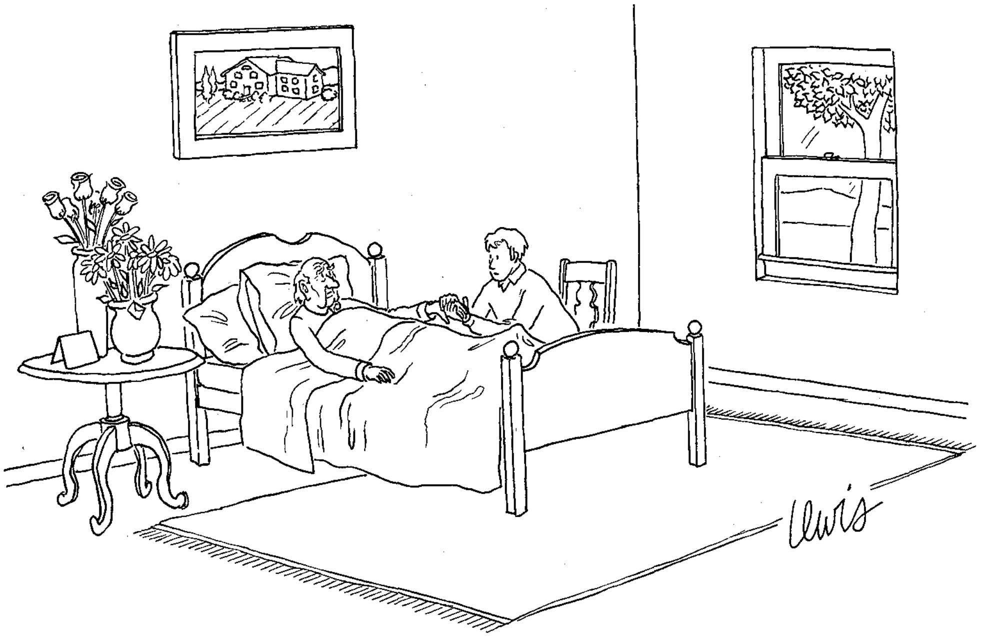


"I should have bought more crap."

• •

on account of his rhetorical excesses. "You cannot be secular and a Muslim at the same time," he once declared. "The Muslim world is waiting for the Turkish people to rise up. We will rise up! With Allah's permission, the rebellion will start." His greatest offense, which led to a charge of sedition, came in 1997, when he recited a poem with these lines: "The mosques are our barracks, / the domes our helmets, / the minarets our bayonets, / and the faithful our soldiers." The author is Ziya Gokalp, a secular nationalist from the early twentieth century.

This time around, the Party, Erdogan included, stifled any talk of religious politics, emphasizing instead an ideology of centrist populism. Many of the secular journalists and businesspeople I spoke to expressed awe at the discipline of Erdogan and his followers. They stayed on message. Opponents accused Erdogan of *takkiye*, or lying in the name of promoting Islam—in this case, masking a politics of Islamic revolution with the rhetoric of more earthly issues. Justice and Development candidates talked about how Turkey needed to feed the poor and create jobs, how it had to gain acceptance from the European Union, how the economy could not, must not, go the way of Argentina's and Brazil's. Erdogan even dodged one of the basic Islamic grievances: when asked if his wife would wear a headscarf at public events, he replied, "I won't take her along."

Justice and Development's supporters in the media were equally circumspect. I spoke with Fehmi Koru, the Ankara bureau chief for *Yeni Safak* (the New Dawn), the leading Islamist newspaper. Koru is fifty-one; he studied Islamic theology in Izmir and politics at Harvard's Center for Middle Eastern Studies. Many Turks told me that on television and in his column Koru had flirted with various anti-American and anti-Israeli conspiracy theories about September 11th. "Iran is a religious state, and the majority of the Islamically minded in Turkey do not want that," he said coolly. "The biggest question in Turkish society is whether Islam is compatible with democracy, whether we can have individuals who accept Islam as a religion and enjoy the benefits of a secular state. I think we can." Koru's was the same public tact that brought Justice and Development to victory. "If the Justice and Development Party is successful in creating a government, it will create such an atmosphere—secular and Islamic," Koru said. "Now, will the Army put up with this? That is the sixty-four-thousand-dollar question. It is silent so far."

It wasn't just the Islamists who defended the new turn in Turkish, and Islamic, politics. Cengiz Candar is a liberal who also writes for *Yeni Safak* and, at the same time, has close connections to American academics and politicians, including Paul Wolfowitz, at the Pentagon. When we spoke, Candar was unworried about the increasingly strong position in Turkish politics of a party with Islamic roots. "Turkey is developing a synthesis of democracy and Islam," he said. "The Justice and Development Party sees itself as a conservative party"—not unlike the traditional Christian Democratic parties in Western Europe—"and the core leadership tends to the political center, not Sharia," Islamic law. "The real fear is that the Islamists will create enough tension so that the military will again not let them rule the country. We are exhausted by this pattern in Turkey. Also, the Islamists might not be competent enough to run the country according to the International Monetary Fund's straitjacket." Turkey, as it happens, avoided an Argentine-style meltdown largely because it won a seventeen-billion-dollar bailout this year from the I.M.F.

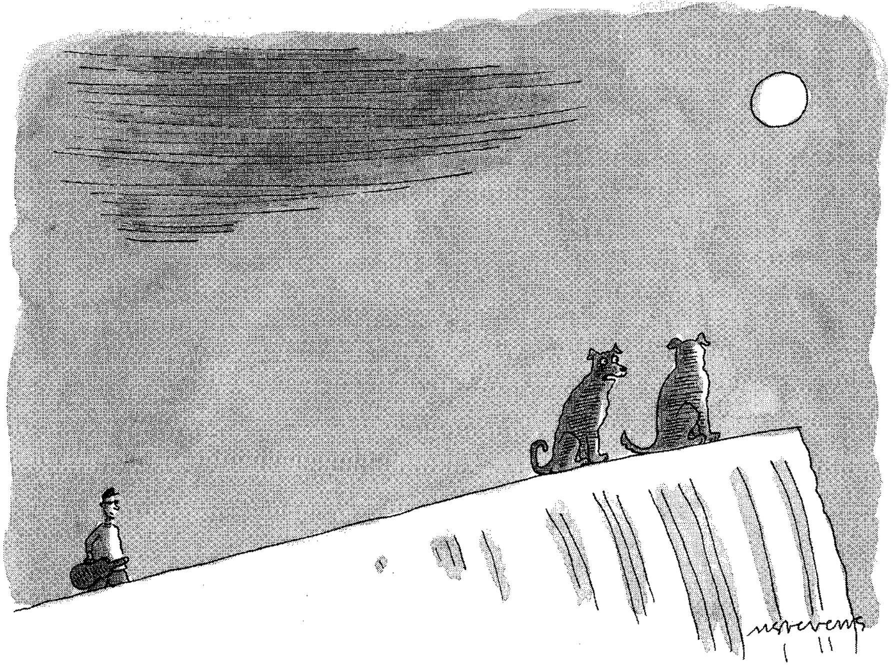
Koru and Candar clearly regard people like Orhan Pamuk as political snobs, who indulge in scare tactics, but in fact Istanbul is filled with secularists, liberals, conservatives, and all sorts of others who, like Pamuk, feel that an Islamic political party could hold Turkey back from joining the E.U. and cost the country a historic opportunity, to say nothing of billions of dollars. There is no bigger issue in Turkey. This was never clearer than on the day in early October when the European Commission recommended ten new countries for acceptance into the E.U.—from Poland to Malta, a total of seventy-five million people—and rejected Turkey. The Islamists, who had once dreamed of a bloc of major Muslim nations to counteract the influence of the G-8, the circle of major industrialized nations, were now among the first to express their disappointment. Islamists and centrists alike charged that the E.U. was accepting Eastern European countries with corrupt economies: could the reason be that, by accepting Turkey, "Europe" would suddenly have borders with Syria, Iraq, and Iran?

One of the main reasons that the European Union, although it was willing, in 1999, to endorse the principle of welcoming Turkey, keeps putting off the actual embrace is that Turkey's human-rights record does not come close to meeting E.U. standards. After the Army crushed the Kurds and jailed or killed their leaders, the incidence of ethnic discrimination, censorship, and torture receded—but not entirely. Turkish police are notoriously brutal and still practice the *falanga*, or beating the soles of a suspect's feet, and the wet *submarino*, or submerging a prisoner's head under water to force a confession. Prisoners still suffer mock executions and electric-shock torture, and are allegedly hung by their wrists. Sometimes suspects are sandwiched between blocks of ice to force testimony, a practice that leaves no marks but causes lung infections and other illnesses. Two years ago, Sema Piskinsut, the head of the Human Rights Commission in the Turkish parliament, undertook a prolonged investigation of torture in Turkish police stations and prisons. She gathered testimony and physical evidence—manacles, truncheons, prods—and published an eleven-volume study. In the end, the report was shunted aside and she was forced out of her own political party.

The leftists, who still dominate the human-rights movement—among them Esber Yagmurdereli, a blind lawyer who spent fourteen years in jail for defending political prisoners and four more for making a speech deemed propaganda, and Nadire Mater, a journalist who wrote "Mehmet's Book," a collection of interviews with Turkish soldiers in the war against the Kurds—have made common cause with the Islamists on one question. None of them seem to vote for Justice and Development and some are no less suspicious of the Islamists' real intentions than Pamuk, but they sympathize with the complaints about the lack of religious freedom.

"The Turkish government has a Directorate of Religious Affairs, and the state intervenes on a regular basis," Ragip Duran, a writer who went to jail because of his articles on the war against the Kurds, told me. "All the imams are state-approved and state-employed; their salaries are from the Turkish government, their sermons are sanctioned. And all the imams must be Sunni, even though we have other sects."

In Istanbul, I spoke with a number of religious women who said they were outraged by the ban on headscarves in schools and universities. They were shy about being quoted, but there were secular women who were quick to express the same sentiment. "The Kemalist ideology was a positive thing for women at first: it gave us education, a sense of being a European woman who can work or marry whom she likes or hang out with friends at a pub," a leftist university lecturer, a "totally secular" woman named Esra Arsan, told me at dinner. "But try to imagine a student banned from an American university because she was wearing a cross on a chain around her neck."



"I hate open-mike night."

There is not nearly as much division on the subject of the United States. Sometimes I thought I was in far more hostile territory: Riyadh, say, or the Fifth Arrondissement. One afternoon, I went to the Asian side of Istanbul to speak with Ilter Turkmen, a retired diplomat whose conscience allowed him, in 1980, to accept the office of foreign minister after a military "correction." With a framed portrait of Atatürk staring at us in the living room, Turkmen tried to impress upon me not only that an American invasion of Iraq was a "bad idea" but that a new Turkish government, headed by the Islamic party, would not accept direct military involvement in Iraq. The Bush Administration, like others before it, has so far taken Turkey's support as a given and is counting on using the airbase in Incirlik for an invasion, if necessary.

In fact, all the people I met with in Turkey—human-rights campaigners, artists, Islamists, establishment journalists—were profoundly anxious about an American-led war with Iraq. Some opposed it because of "American arrogance" or "American hypocrisy," others because of the unpredictable effect it might have on the Kurdish situation or on Islamic fundamentalism in the region. "We live in a bad neighborhood—that's always been our problem," Nuri Colakoglu, the former head of Turkish CNN, told me one afternoon over coffee at a hotel near Taksim Square. "Ever since the end of the Cold War, everything in international relations, it seems, has happened near here: the Gulf War, Bosnia, Albania, Macedonia, Georgia, Chechnya, the Israeli-Palestinian conflict, the problems in the Islamic world. Every time a gun goes off in this region, the Turkish people get hit: there's terrorism, oil prices go up, the economy slows down. So in Turkey it is hard to find anyone who is pro-war."

Perhaps because of this sense of beleaguered in-between-ness, I did not hear many expressions of sympathy for what the United States suffered on September 11th, and such expressions as there were often were followed by one variety or another of "Yes, but . . ."

"Yes, but America should have expected it, considering its foreign policy since the Korean War."

"Yes, but what's the difference between that and your killing innocent civilians in Afghanistan?"

Orhan Pamuk was not alone in brushing off such talk as a form of "provincial resentment," but far more sobering were the frequent complaints from Turks that they felt dictated to by the United States, condescended to, caught in the middle of a potential conflict that could aggravate the Kurdish problem and lead to a wave of refugees from Iraq.

"Like the subjects of all former empires, we look at the United States with awe and disgust," Cengiz Candar, the columnist from *Yeni Safak*, said. "Many people here see George W. Bush as unbearably arrogant. But there is also awe that a country can do virtually anything it wants. Under Clinton, America was seen as more benevolent, and possessing a real freshness and vigor, a force for the good—in Bosnia, for example. But this Administration, with all its muscle-flexing and aggressive rhetoric, reminds one of the United States of the nineteen-sixties, of Vietnam, of concocting plots in Chile and Guatemala, a return to all that."

"I have no hangups about the United States," Nuri Colakoglu said. "It's a one-superpower world, and that is a fact. Russia is dead. Japan is in perennial economic crisis. Germany is trying still to deal with reunification. England is a bygone era. There is no one except the United States. Being alone is hard. If you fine-tune your policies, you can create a peace that could last a long time. But, if not, an opposition front will grow over time, and it will develop alliances and counter the existing supremacy."

Justice and Development won the elections far more easily than anyone had expected. It was unclear, however, what the courts would say about Erdogan himself and the role he might play in selecting a Prime Minister. It seemed hard to imagine a democratic process in which a charismatic politician leads his party to victory and is then barred from public office because of his affection for incendiary verse.

After the polls closed and Justice and Development began its celebration, Erdogan quickly tried to soothe the many Turks—to say nothing of the Europeans and Americans—who were made nervous by the Islamic roots of his party. "Secularism is the protector of all beliefs and religions," he said, sounding more like Atatürk now than like the man who just a few years earlier had called for Islamic insurrection. He added, "We are the guarantors of this secularism and our management will clearly prove that."

And so, once more, an Islamic party has come to power in Turkey, and the question is whether it got there concealing a secret, fundamentalist agenda or is determined to become a ruling party with religious roots, democratic intentions, and a working relationship with "the inner state"—the Army hierarchy.

Earlier this year, Orhan Pamuk published yet another best-seller, a novel called "Kar" ("Snow"). His subject is a departure: contemporary politics, the war among Kurds, Islamists, and Jacobin nationalists.

"Of course, everything should be tolerated," Pamuk told me over dinner at a restaurant on the Bosporus. "If people vote for political Islam and you believe in democracy—and this is what we can learn from the West—then you have to believe that the people's will is greater than any other, greater than Atatürk's will or the sovereign's will or the Army's will. On the other hand, it is problematical, because political Islam may, in the end, have no place for the likes of me in this country if it comes to power. These are the antinomies of Western tolerance implanted in Turkey. All you can do is make guesses and take stands. There are no sure rational answers. You make an aesthetic choice, and my choice is to find a place that is equally detached from the cruelties of the Army and the cruelties of political Islam. And if you can occupy this place long enough full democracy could take hold in this country. On the other hand—there is always an 'On the other hand'—I may be just a naïve liberal to believe it possible." ♦

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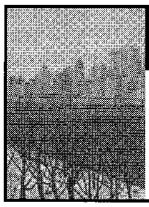

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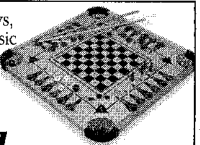

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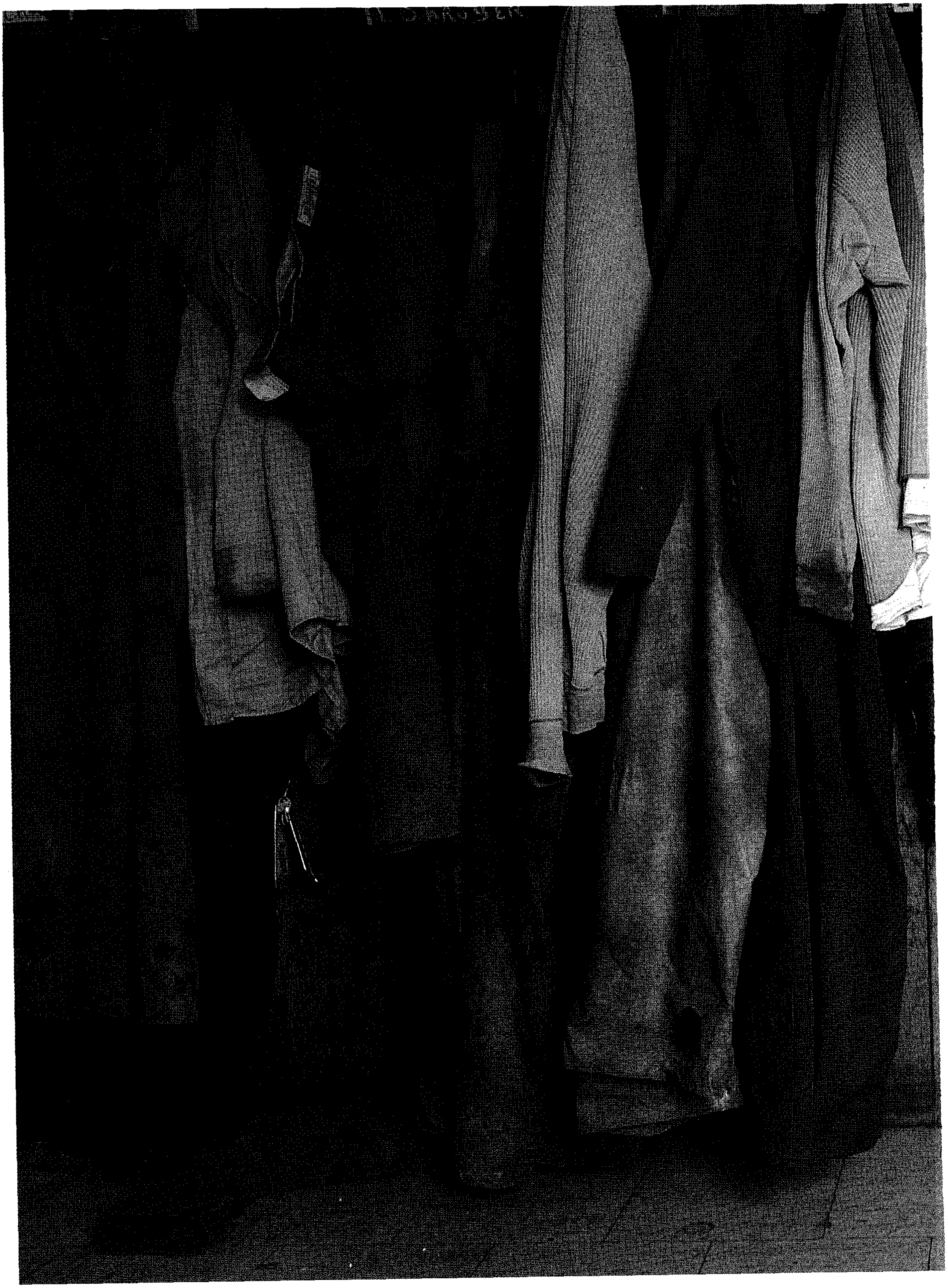
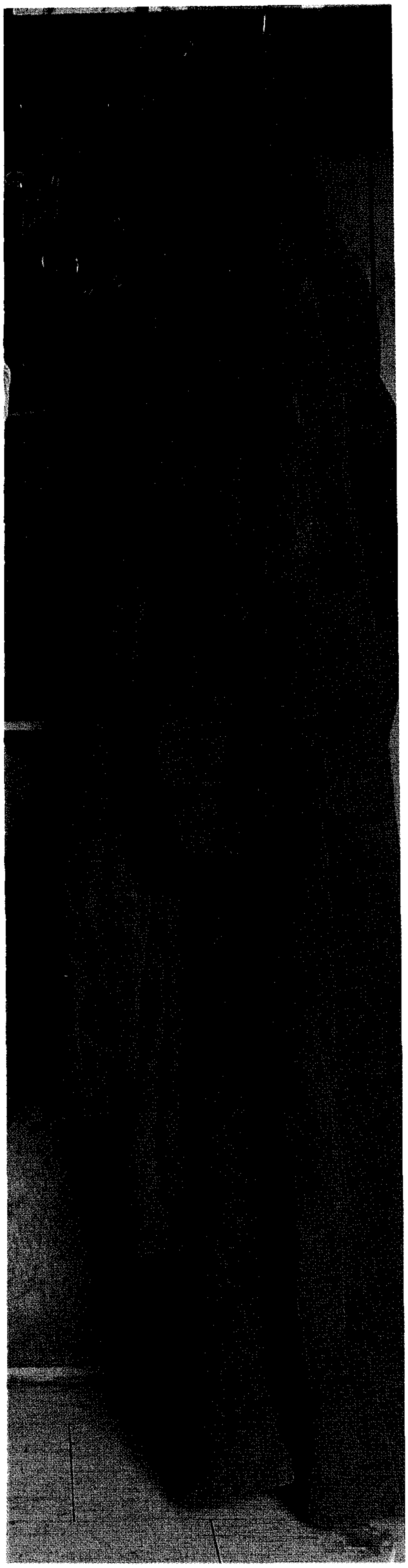


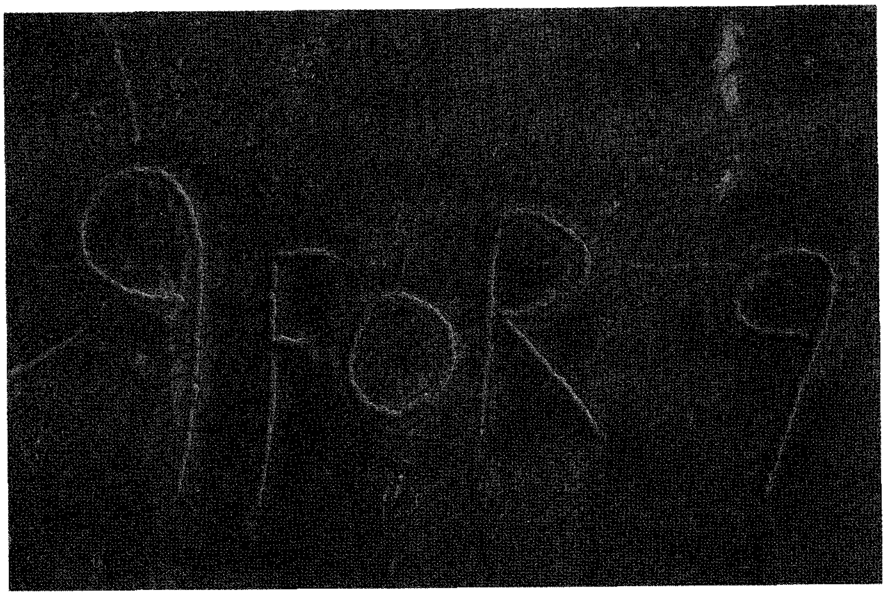


A REPORTER AT LARGE

RESCUE AT QUECREEK

An accident and its consequences.

BY PETER J. BOYER



Shortly after 1:30 A.M. on Thursday, July 25th, a Somerset, Pennsylvania, dairy farmer named Bill Arnold and his wife, Lori, were startled from sleep by the insistent yelping of their dog, Pitch, who had fixed on some commotion outside. Arnold stepped to the bedroom window and looked out into the dark. In the distance, he saw two pickup trucks parked at the edge of his property, and, nearby, men with flashlights, who seemed to be probing his lower pasture. Arnold quickly dressed, grabbed a .45 automatic he kept in the house, and hurried outside. One of the men, spotting the gun in his hand, shouted, "Don't shoot, Billy!" Arnold recognized the man as Sean Isgan, a local engineer who had done some survey work around the Arnold farm. Randy Musser, also an engineer, and a competitor of Isgan's, was with him. Both men seemed agitated.

Isgan explained that there had been an accident at the Quecreek coal mine, just up the state road—a sudden, terrible flood. "Nine guys are missing."

If the missing miners were alive, they were trapped somewhere underground. Their last known location was a spot in the far corner of the mine, more than a mile from the entrance, which would put them two hundred and forty feet beneath the Arnold farm. Drilling was the only way to reach them, and that was what had brought the two engineers to the Arnolds' lower pasture—each man was running a survey to pinpoint the drilling target. They explained that the drilling might disturb some of the Arnolds' property. "Take down my house, if you have to," Arnold answered. Using his cell phone, he called his wife, who was watching from the kitchen with their daughter, Roann. "I can remember standing at the window and grabbing Roann's hand and saying, 'We've got to pray,' " Lori Arnold recalls. "I remember praying for God's mercy. And

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GILLES PERESS

The miners' locker room; a victory slogan etched on a compressor. As the water rose, some of the men tied themselves together, so that their bodies could be found.

"I like the way I look, but I hate my personality."

making coffee. I knew it would be a long night."

Arnold climbed into his backhoe and levelled a spot in the lower pasture where the drillers could set up. By 3:15 A.M., the first rig was drilling through the topsoil and into the rock below. The drill bit was a relatively small one, six and a half inches in diameter, but it was capable of quick work, and time was everything. The rescuers' first priority was to establish communication with the trapped men, by lowering a camera or a microphone down through the hole and into the mine.

By dawn, the Arnolds' six-acre lower pasture had become a crowded, frantic emergency scene. Scores of rescue workers commanded a vast tonnage of great machines—drill rigs and excavators, compressors and cranes—that continued to arrive through the day. As miners at other mines came off their shifts, they went to the Arnolds' farm and to Quecreek to join the effort, hopeful, but with a certain measure of dread. Mine disasters rarely end happily, and at Quecreek the odds strongly indicated a dire outcome.

The missing miners had apparently breached a wall into an adjacent mine, long abandoned, loosing an inundation of water that quickly filled their own mine to the point of overflow, and beyond. So much water poured in from the breach—tens of millions of gallons—that it came spilling out the mine's entrance, and it kept coming. When a coal-company employee at the rescue scene that first night asked Randy Musser for a professional assessment of the miners' chances, Musser was grimly candid. "From an engineering viewpoint, I'd have to say that none of them are alive," Musser said. "If any of them are alive, it's a miracle."

Approached from the east by land, Somerset County comes into view suddenly, as you emerge from a long, straight tunnel cut through Allegheny Mountain on the old Pennsylvania Turnpike. The effect is of a particularly charming mountain scene in a diorama, a rolling landscape of pleasant farms and soft glades, painted in warm tones. The place is a visual surprise, given the economic dictates of its geology. Somerset is on the eastern edge of the Appalachian coal basin, and coal has been mined in the area for a century and a half. Many of the small communities in the county, places such as Gray, Wilbur, Jenner's Crossroads, and Hooversville, originated as mining towns, some of them wholly owned—from the tidy little homes to the local bank—by the mining company that was the town's sole employer. As recently as the mid-nineteen-sixties, nearly half the people in the county had at least one family member working in the mines or in the steel mills that the coal mines fed, in nearby Johnstown and Pittsburgh. Even those who didn't work in the mines or the mills often mined coal for themselves, digging "dog mines" by the barn, or even in the cellar, for their winter fuel supply.

But Somerset's coal heritage is not obviously displayed. When the steel economy collapsed, so did the major market for much of Pennsylvania's bituminous coal. By the time coal operators reoriented themselves to a new primary market—generating electricity—the fundamentals of the coal industry had changed dramatically. New technologies and mining techniques made coal mining a far less labor-intensive undertaking, and Pennsylvania coal production has steadily risen, even though in the nineteen-nineties the number of miners declined by nearly half. Among Somerset County's population of eighty thousand, only two hundred and eighty-two people worked in underground mines in 1999. Most of Somerset's mines are small operations, and none are unionized. The most plentiful job opportunities in Somerset are in tourism and manufacturing, and the biggest private employer is the Seven Springs golf and ski resort. An actual coal miner has become something of a rarity. "It's a hidden profession," Ron Hileman, a Quecreek miner, said. "Nobody can drive down the road and see what we do every day. Very few people know what we do." In the case of Quecreek, that is literally true. To enter the mine, one must first cross a local truck yard, and then descend a steep gravel grade to a deep pit below. Few people in Somerset, even those who drove past the mine several times a day, knew of its existence.

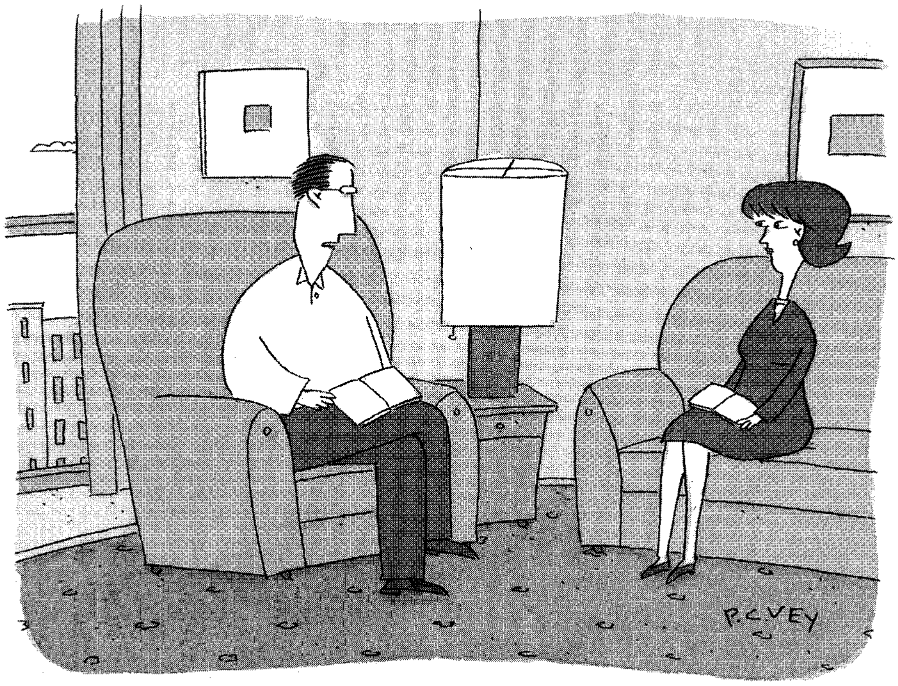
As the miners' place in the local economy and social order has diminished, the bond among miners has strengthened. Most who make up the dwindling number are in middle age, or approaching it, and many have two or more decades in the mines. While Somerset followed the rest of the country into the post-industrial age, with its postmodern sensibilities, coal miners stayed with a calling—crawling into the earth to fetch pieces of flammable rock—that is starkly pre-modern. Theirs is a kind of reverse élite, a bluer-than-blue-collar, hypermasculine subculture. The miners dip snuff, chew tobacco, drink beer, and hunt. They give each other nicknames like Stinky and Flathead. A woman in their workplace is considered bad luck. In conversation, they employ an exaggerated version of the local Appalachian lilt ("John" is pronounced "Jo-un," "fire hall" is rendered "far hole"). The miners routinely joke about their low station (Merle Travis's line in the song "Sixteen Tons" about "a mind that's weak and a back that's strong" is often quoted), but the self-deprecation is of a piece with a fierce pride in their work. Despite remarkable advances in technology and safety, mining remains a dirty, dangerous job, requiring considerable courage and skill. The miners are not necessarily close friends, but they have a camaraderie that comes from undertaking a task that most men, even those in their own community, wouldn't, or couldn't, do.

Prudent miners are not reckless, but the very act of entering a deep mine every day requires a certain suspension of natural caution. Some miners develop a strain of dark humor about the perils underground. A miner named Doug Custer, who was deep inside the Quecreek mine on the night of July 24th, says that when the first warning came of a dangerous inundation his response was to laugh. "All right!" he joked. "We've got an early quit." When his buddy Joe Kostyk heard that water was rushing toward them, he thought, What's the big deal? At least it wasn't a fire. Now Kostyk freely allows that what happened that night affected his nerve, perhaps for good. "There's not another coal mine I could go in right now," he says. "Some days I think I can. Talking to you about it now is bringing up all this stuff again, and I'm starting to shake again. I don't know. I don't know. . . . I never considered myself a weak guy. Never. A lot of people call me Bonehead. But this shook me up. I don't like to admit when I'm scared. But I guess I am."

Eighteen miners—two crews of nine—entered the Quecreek mine for the swing shift on the afternoon of the twenty-fourth. Quecreek had been in operation for just over a year, which meant that it was a relatively small mine. A mine is created by the process of mining, the digging out of the coal buried between layers of other rock. Every dig becomes a new passageway, and, after fourteen months of mining, Quecreek's fifty-nine miners had burrowed out two sections, each extending about a mile and a half into the earth from the entrance. Each section comprised a series of long parallel tunnels, which are called entries, and shorter tunnels that cut across them (crosscuts). This elementary method of mining, called room-and-pillar mining, is an engineering exercise designed to leave enough coal still standing, like a bearing wall in a house, in order to keep the mine from collapsing.

On a map, the mine that had been dug so far at Quecreek looked something like a lowercase "y," with the entrance of the main section—the "mains"—beginning at the bottom of the "y" 's tail and continuing on a more or less straight path to the lowest reaches of the mine, about seven thousand feet from the entrance. At roughly the halfway point, the mains hit a dip, a six-hundred-foot-long bowl in the coal seam, at which point another section diverted away from the main entries and continued, slightly uphill, up the left arm of the "y." This section was called One Left, and culminated about eight thousand feet from the entrance.

The journey into the mine that afternoon was routine and, as always, uncomfortable. Each of the eighteen miners wore a cumbersome tool belt that held, among other items, a "self-rescue" device—essentially, a portable oxygen tank—and a big battery attached to the miner's helmet lamp. The miners positioned themselves in two-seat golf carts and six-passenger carts called mantrips, grimy vehicles with backless seats, because the men had to lean back to avoid scraping the mine's roof. The height of a mine is determined by the thickness of the coal seam, and at Quecreek the seam averaged between forty-eight and fifty-two inches. That meant that, except for places where the roof had collapsed—and there were always several of those—the miners spent their entire shift hunched over or on their hands and



"You're not paying very much attention to the restraining order."

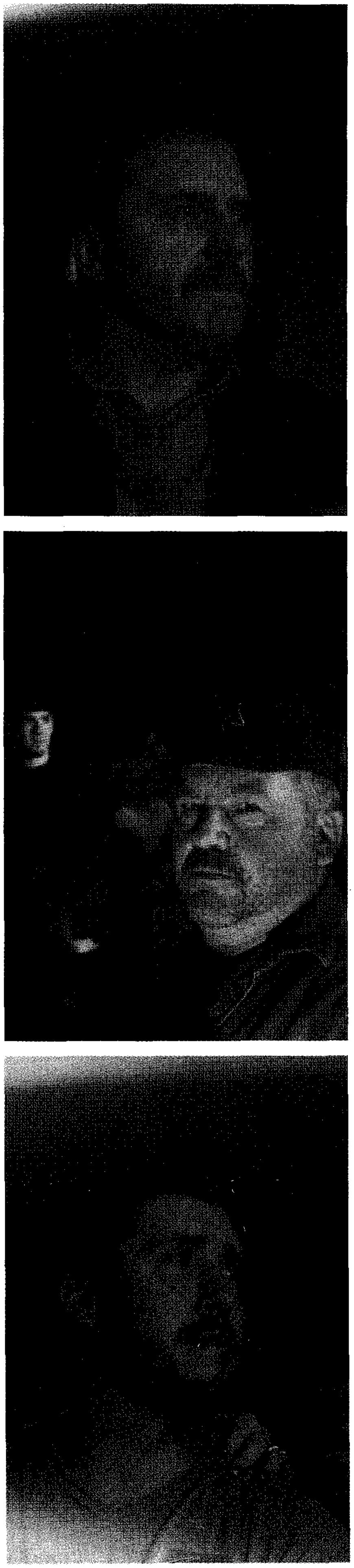
knees. It was dark in the mine, but not black; the walls were an eerie gray, from the powdery rock dust that is thrown onto the coal walls during mining to keep coal dust down and to render it inert, decreasing the chance of explosion. Bugs followed the miners in for the first several hundred feet, dancing in the beams of their lamps, and there was an artificial breeze, stirred by a fan blowing fresh air into the mine. The ride was bumpy, the carts' rubber tires bouncing along the rock floor, slightly cushioned by crushed bits of coal. It was a hot afternoon, but a mine has its own weather—chilly and damp. Several hundred feet in, the miners' breath made steam, and in some of the low places in the mine the men drove through fog bogs. Quecreek, like many mines in the area, was a wet mine. Water from streams and aquifers leaked in through the roof, and gathered in great, goopy puddles. The miners call it "rain." "You'll get into an area where the water'll be coming out like you were sitting out in a rainstorm," Joe Kostyk says.

Overhead, the roof was secured every few feet by four-foot-or-longer steel bolts, which were slammed up into the rock by a hydraulic bolting machine during the mining cycle. In places, there was also timber bracing, to bolster weak spots, and patchwork repairs where the roof had collapsed. Running along the side of the roof was a thick twist of cables carrying seventy-two hundred volts of electricity to power the big machines that do the mining. When the crews reached the dip at the intersection between the mains and the One Left section, Kostyk, Custer, and their crew continued down the mains another two thousand feet to the face of the coal, where they would begin the evening's mining. The other crew of nine turned left, and rode slightly uphill to reach the coal face they were working, more than three thousand feet away.

At the end of One Left, there was probably no more than another day or so's work to be done, because the crews had extended the section almost to the barrier between Quecreek and the abandoned mine that bordered it, an old works called the Saxman mine, which had been closed for almost forty years. Because coal mines often fill with water and poisonous air when they are not being tended, state law required miners working near an abandoned mine to leave at least two hundred feet of coal between them and the old mine, as a barrier. When the crew began working One Left that evening, they were about a hundred feet from where Quecreek's engineers figured the barrier should begin. If the miners had a good night, they could reduce that distance by thirty-five feet.

The section had seven entries, and the miners worked them sequentially according to a routine that, for reasons of safety and efficiency, seldom varied, with each man performing a specific task. Only one man does the actual mining—that is, the cutting away of the coal wall. He uses a machine called a continuous miner, a yellow electric-powered vehicle, thirty-five feet long, that looks something like a Humvee with its top half sliced away. Attached to its front is a vertically movable roller, eleven feet wide, with steel teeth, which goes up and down the face of the coal seam, biting into it and pulling away great hunks of coal. The operator stands behind and to the side of the continuous miner, working a remote-control box hung at belly level by a strap draped over his neck. One set of levers on the box moves the mining machine up and down, another left and right. It's a cumbersome tool, and a certain precision is required; the ideal is to get all the coal in the seam but none of the rock above or below it, which would later have to be separated out. Another control on the miner's remote operates a pair of mechanical arms at the front of the machine, which gather the cut coal and load it onto a steel conveyor that dumps it into a coal car, or shuttle. The continuous miner can take a forty-foot cut of coal, scoop up as much spillage as the operator can grab, then back away from the face.

A two-man bolting crew moves into the freshly cut space, and, using the bolting machine, slams the steel bolts into the roof, holding it in place. Finally, a miner operating a machine called a scooper—like a small front-end



Facing death, Robert Pugh (top) remembered the last turkey he had bagged; Tom Foy was the oldest miner; Blaine Mayhugh was the youngest.

loader—moves into the cut, scooping up the remaining coal. The continuous miner, meanwhile, has moved on to the next entry and has begun another cut. The whole cycle usually takes a little more than an hour, and on an average night a crew will complete five full cycles of mining.

A veteran crew was working One Left. The youngest miner was thirty-one-year-old Harry Blaine Mayhugh, Jr. (Stinky to his co-workers, Blaine to his family), a former high-school football player who had gone into the mines five years earlier, after serving in the Navy. The oldest was Mayhugh's father-in-law, Thomas Foy, a fifty-two-year-old grandfather, who had twenty-nine years in the mines. All of the men could perform any of the tasks, but operating the continuous-mining machine was a bit of an art, and some were better at it than others. When the shift began, the man running the machine was John (Flathead) Phillippi, thirty-six, who was the son of a coal miner. He backed out of the No. 1 entry and moved the mining machine all the way across the section to the No. 7 entry, where he took out twenty feet. After a few more cuts, Phillippi yielded the continuous miner to another crew member, Mark Popernack, for the remainder of the shift.

At forty-one, Popernack had spent twenty-one years in the mines—more than half his life. Squatting now, with the remote-control box strapped around his neck, he worked the big machine into the coal face in the No. 6 entry. His mind captured an image from that moment which he later replayed, in some amazement. Quecreek had wet places all over, but the floor and the wall in the space that Popernack had just cut in the No. 6 entry were dry.

An instant later, the deluge came. The wall of coal in front of Popernack burst open, and water came rushing through. "It was an instant flood—two seconds, one second, an instant flood," Popernack said later.

It was immediately clear that this wasn't the usual mine rain, or anything like it. This was something fierce, a torrent that lifted the huge mining machine and washed it aside. The water was orange, colored by the sulfur and iron that make the inside of old mines look like wet Martian landscapes. Somehow, the crew had cut too close to the Saxman mine, shearing what was supposed to have been a three-hundred-foot-thick wall so thin that the weight of the Saxman water (nearly a hundred million gallons, by some reckonings) simply pushed through it.

Popernack leaped away from the rushing water in the No. 6 entry, and ducked back into the No. 7 entry, which was still relatively dry. He shouted a warning to a miner named Denny Hall, known as Harpo, who was running the shuttle that Popernack had just loaded with coal. "Harpo!" Popernack shouted. "Get the hell out! Get out now! Get out now!" Hall took off in his shuttle car, but the water soon killed the motor. Hall got out and made his way to the mine's intercom, called the Loudmouth, which was connected to stations throughout the mine and at the surface. Hall's thoughts fixed on the other crew of nine, who were in the lowest part of the mine and would soon be hit by the onrush. "We cut into a lot of water!" Hall shouted into the speaker. "Get the fuck out of the mine! Get out of the mine!"

Meanwhile, Popernack was trapped in the No. 7 entry, separated from the rest of the crew by the water rushing down No. 6. Popernack knew that if he tried to get across he'd be swept away. The torrent was so noisy that his shouts couldn't be heard, so he signalled to the others with his helmet lamp. No, he indicated, he couldn't make it across. The other crew members left Popernack behind, and desperately tried to save themselves.

Down in the mains at the far end of the mine, Joe Kostyk was working that crew's continuous miner. He had just taken a cut from the section's No. 6 entry, and was about to "sump in"—start cutting coal—at the face of No. 5. The noise from the big machines was so loud that the crew's mechanic, standing just a crosscut over from the mine phone, didn't hear Denny Hall's call of warning. Still, Hall persisted, staying on the phone until, finally, another miner from the mains crew, Ron Schad, heard Hall's shouts coming over the Loudmouth. Schad climbed into a shuttle car and hurried down the mains to warn the others on his crew.

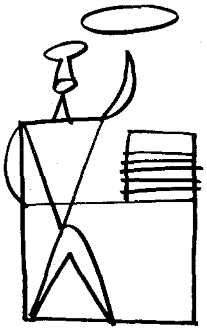
Kostyk heard Schad's urgent cries, and at first he thought somebody had been injured. Then he made out Schad's actual warning, "We've got major water," and he relaxed. Kostyk would admit to a concern about fire or explosion, as any miner would; that was how miners usually died on the job. But water was just a part of mining Quecreek. "I thought, What do you mean, there's water coming? So what? There's water everywhere." Then he heard real fear in the voices of his crewmates. "The way they were screaming—I mean, these guys aren't cowards. They were scared. And I knew something was wrong."

Kostyk and the miners near him ran to their mantrip; six of them eventually scrambled on. Schad and a miner named Larry Summerville were already up ahead, fleeing in a two-man cart. Kostyk realized that he still had the mining machine's remote control in his hand, and that there were only eight men there. The ninth member of their team, that night's crew boss, Frank Stewart, had earlier gone up toward the One Left section to do an equipment check. Now he was somewhere off in the mine, alone.

In fact, Stewart was at that moment inside the One Left section, facing what looked like certain death. He had just checked a pump and had gone over to the No. 7 entry—next to the passageway that had by then become a wild riverbed, just a few hundred feet up the section—to make a note of the inspection. He wrote down the time on an inspection slate—8:50 P.M.—and then he heard a noise. "It was just like a big rumbling sound," he said. "At first, I thought it was a scoop comin' down through. . . . Then all of a sudden it got louder." The parallel entries in a section are separated by the walls of coal that the miners leave standing and, in the crosscuts, by cinder-block walls that the miners build as they're mining. The miners move from one entry to another by crawling through low steel doors—"man-doors"—that are embedded in the cinder block. Just after Stewart heard the loud rumbling coming down the No. 6 entry, the man-door he had crawled through slammed shut. Then there was a weird wind. "All of a sudden, this force of air came back over me, and almost knocked my helmet off my head," he said. "And my first thought was an explosion up in that section. I figured I was done then, because once it come over me it'd take all the oxygen out of the air."

What Stewart felt was the air being pushed ahead of the water as it rolled down the No. 6 entry, a tunnel just over four feet high. Then he looked up and saw the water coming at him. He scurried to the man-door and hurled himself through it just ahead of the water, then slammed the door shut. He heard the water as it rushed along the other side of the cinder-block wall, and he watched a drainage hose that had protruded through the wall get sucked back through by the force of the water. Stewart got into a cart and headed down toward the intersection of the mains and One Left, where he stopped at a mine phone to warn his crew. He failed to reach them, and was chased away by the water, which had now spilled over into the other entries. Stewart knew that if he didn't make it through the dip before the water reached the roof he'd drown, so he got back in his cart and headed toward higher ground, on the way out of the mine. He again stopped to call his men, and again he failed to reach them. After a few moments, he saw Larry Summerville, now on foot and separated from Schad. "It was like he seen a ghost," Stewart recalled.

"The other guys behind me," Summerville told Stewart, "I don't think they made it." Stewart and Summerville headed toward the exit, and to safety.



The six who had scrambled onto the mantrip were just moments behind, but when they reached the big dip in the intersection it was already flooded. They abandoned their vehicle and continued on foot. The water was actually flowing both ways in the mains now, toward the mine's entrance and back down to the bottom of the mains. Up ahead, the crew could see that the water had already reached the roof. "I mean, that water was just roaring," Kostyk says. "You seen the Mississippi River? Well, I seen it in there, and I'm not exaggerating." The miners realized that their only hope was to make it into another entry, where perhaps the water hadn't yet intruded. Crawling furiously across the water, Kostyk and Doug Custer reached the man-door leading to the far entry, the one that brought fresh air into the tunnel. They hesitated a moment before opening the door. "If that water's up to the roof in there, like it was everywhere else, we had no way out," Kostyk says. "There was no way out for us to go. We had nothin'."

Kostyk says that he thought of his family, and decided to push through. "It was, like, Hey, this is it, we've gotta go through it. We're gonna die if we stay here. At least try to get out. And I remember one of my thoughts: I'm not drowning in a coal mine. I mean, I can accept the roof-fall killing you, but not drowning in a coal mine." Kostyk and Custer opened the door and stepped through, and were immediately overcome by rushing water. It was, Custer later remembered, "a torrent of water so swift, it picked me up, Joe up, and a number of guys, off our feet. It took my hat off, my glasses off, and it was cold." But the water in that entry hadn't yet reached the roof, which meant that the miners had a chance. Kostyk and Custer urged the others through, and then, crawling through the water on their hands and knees, they made their way toward the higher ground, in the direction of the exit. They pushed through water for several hundred feet, protected from the fullest force of the flood only by the cinder-block wall, and water was beginning to push through the seams in that. Kostyk likened the experience to walking in front of a dam that was about to burst. "I remember thinking, God, just give me two more steps. If I can get two more steps, I'll make it. Just let them walls hold a little bit longer." Soon they did reach higher ground, and Kostyk pressed his ear to another man-door to listen for the sound of water. "I opened the door up and, buddy, I seen dry ground, and I think I was the happiest guy in the world."

The miners stepped through the door and into the dry beltway, and continued toward entry No. 5, where they met up with Frank Stewart and Larry Summerville, and together they headed out of the mine. (Schad emerged before them, and started calling for help.) When they reached the open air—it was dark out now—they realized that the other crew, the miners from the One Left section, were nowhere around. Kostyk said that the others should have got out by then, and Joe Hoffman, the mine foreman, went into the mine with Summerville in the hope of seeing a lamplight, or any other sign of his men. He had not gone far before he ran into a wall of water, which tumbled him head over heels. Clinging to the coal wall, Hoffman crept slowly back out of the mine. When Kostyk saw the boss come out, soaking wet and without the men, he says, "I knew them guys were in trouble. Big trouble."

With Mark Popernack stranded at the top of the No. 7 entry, the other miners made their way to the No. 4 entry, which contained the conveyor belt. They all knew the contours of the mine, and they all knew that if they didn't beat the water to the big dip at the intersection below them they weren't leaving the mine. Once the water hit that dip and filled it to the roof, it would take a six-hundred-foot underwater swim to reach the other side.

Stooped in the four-foot shaft, they clutched the conveyor as they frantically stumbled and splashed along the passageway. At one point, they swung themselves atop the conveyor, as if they could lift themselves above the danger, but the water quickly rose above the belt. "It was very wild, a very swift river," said Ron Hileman, who had been working one of the big bolting machines when the breach occurred. The water rose to the miners' chests, and then up to their necks, until they had to turn their faces to the roof to get air. Hileman's partner on the bolter, fifty-two-year-old John Unger, felt as if he might be having a heart attack, and another older member of the team, Robert (Boogie) Pugh, was also hurting. Up front, the two youngest members of the crew, Blaine Mayhugh and John Phillippi, assessed the route ahead, and what they saw wasn't good. The water had beaten them, it had reached the roof ahead, and now it was even coming back at them. They had no option but to retreat.

The miners turned and headed back toward high ground, to the top of One Left, where they'd been working that evening. That area was the source of all the water now filling the mine, but, paradoxically, it was also the driest spot in the mine. The water continued to rush out of the old Saxman mine into Quecreek, but up by the source it was channelled through entry No. 6, and more or less contained there, like a faucet filling a tub.

When, through the dark, Popernack saw his crewmates returning, he shouted that he wanted to try to cross over to them. The crew boss, Randy Fogle, knew that Popernack would be swept away, but he had an idea. Somehow, the crew's scooper, the little front-end loader used to gather coal bits from the floor, was still running. Fogle got in and drove it toward the water that was pouring down the No. 6 entry, edging it as near as he dared, and then lowered the scoop to make a kind of bridge reaching to Popernack. The stranded miner leaped, made it to the scoop, and was pulled to safety—or, at least, to the company of his crew.

Now the miners confronted their fate together. When the water filled the dip in the main tunnel, it effectively sealed the mine. Not only could the miners not get out; fresh air could not get in. But there was good news, too. All the air that was already in the mine had been trapped inside with the miners, like a big air bubble. Eventually, it would dissipate, or the miners would breathe the oxygen out of it, or perhaps the bad air from the Saxman mine, if there was any, would poison it. But, for the present, the air bubble was keeping the miners alive.

"I don't see this as a rejection of all things French."

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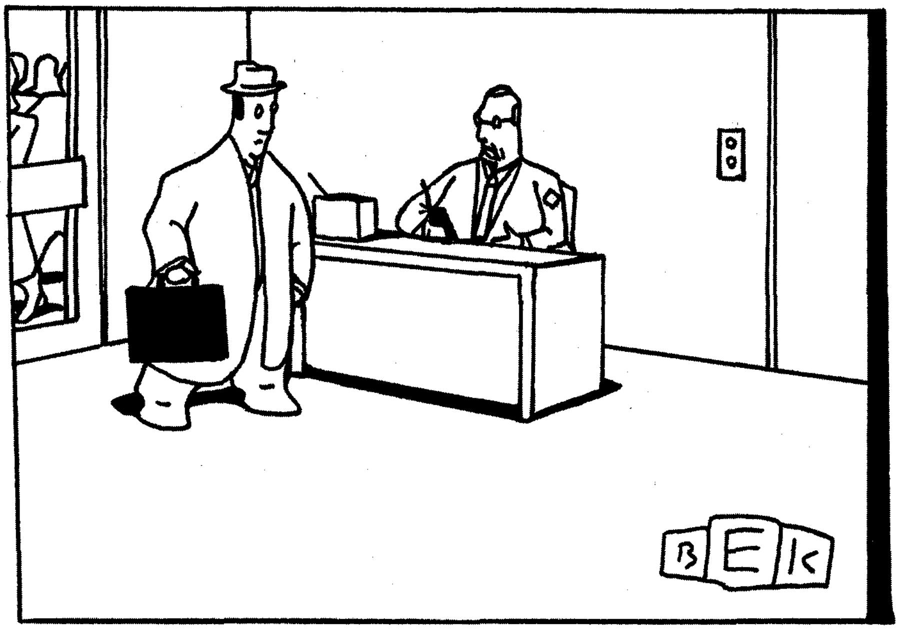
The first person outside the mine to hear Denny Hall's warning call just after the deluge was Greg Walker, a mine employee who was stationed at the surface, as required by safety regulations in case of just such an event. Walker immediately telephoned his boss, Dave Rebuck, the owner of the Black Wolf Coal Company, which operated the mine at Quecreek.

One news report of the incident described Rebuck as the "mine owner," which was true in a way, but neither Rebuck's circumstance nor his aspect is remotely suggestive of a coal baron. He is a taciturn man with the faintly dissolute look of Kris Kristofferson, and has small, intense eyes, a trim, graying beard, and a voice that sounds as if it had been choked by too many smokes, or too many years in the mines. Rebuck represents one strand in a tangle of business relationships that created the Quecreek mine, an arrangement, not peculiar to Quecreek, with multiple effects: it shields liability, keeps operations relatively small (and, accordingly, union-free), and, not least, provides small players a chance at the big score.

Until four years ago, Dave Rebuck was a mine employee. He had attended Penn State during a coal boomlet in the early nineteen-seventies, when scholarships for mining students were plentiful, and worked in the mines during the summers. After he received a degree in mining engineering, he began mining coal in western Pennsylvania. He came to Somerset in 1992, and eventually ran the deep-mine operations of a company called PBS Coals. PBS had begun as a local operation in the early nineteen-sixties, but it was acquired in 1985 by the British mining giant Burnett & Hallamshire, which moved PBS into a subsidiary called Mincorp. In 1998, a group of six Mincorp managers, including Dave Rebuck, went looking for an investment partner in the hope of buying out Mincorp from the British. They wound up owning fifteen per cent of Mincorp's shares—the bulk of the rest is held by a venture-capital arm of Citigroup—and secured a forty-million-dollar loan from the Bank of Scotland.

Quecreek was an attractive reserve for Somerset County—thirty-five hundred acres of relatively good coal, surrounded by the sort of rock that suggested the mine would have a hard, flat floor and a solid roof. When the min-



"I'm sorry, but we're going to have to act as if we have some kind of security system."

eral rights were offered for lease, in 1998, PBS made a bid. The owner had concerns about Mincorp's precarious financial health, and asked that Quecreek be mined by a separate entity, to shield his interest against the prospect of the company's failure. The managers agreed, and created yet another subsidiary—called Quecreek Mining—to develop the mine. PBS would own the coal that was mined, and would pay Rebuck a set price for the tonnage he produced. If Rebuck was able to mine the coal at a lower cost, Black Wolf Coal—so named because "it sounded cool"—kept the difference.

Around the Black Wolf offices—a string of grimy trailers hooked together above the Quecreek pit—it was difficult to distinguish Rebuck from his miners. He was in the mine often, and had been in the One Left section just a few hours before the flood. Now Rebuck suspected that his miners had cut into the old Saxman mine. Nothing else could explain all that water. But how could it have happened? He alerted the federal and state mine inspectors, each of whom had been inside Quecreek in the days and weeks before the accident, and had reported no hint of a nearing disaster. Then Rebuck telephoned the man who had been up in One Left with him that afternoon, Joe Gallo, the engineer in charge of the mine.

The Quecreek mine was, in a real sense, Gallo's creation. He ran the engineering side of PBS's deep-mining operation, and he and his team of engineers and surveyors had probed and mapped the earth to "see" underground before the first piece of coal was taken. Gallo's art was to imagine the mine, and to develop a plan for mining it. The engineers learned much of what they knew about the potential mine by taking "cores"—drilling deep into the earth and extracting an intact sample of the geology they meant to exploit. They could look at a core and see layers of topsoil, sandstone, shale, coal, and limestone, and know how high the mine would be and something about its mining conditions. By punching enough holes in the thirty-five hundred acres of the potential mine, the engineers could begin to visualize the lay of the coal seam below, determine where the coal was close enough to the surface to dig a pit, and begin to plan the mining operation.

Gallo and his team learned that Quecreek would be a wet mine—there would be much rainy weather inside—and that the coal seam would be just over four feet high, and the roof fairly stable. What they didn't know was precisely where the old works in the adjacent Saxman mine ended. It was a vexing challenge, and critical, because it was known that the Saxman mine was flooded. The same underground water flows that would make Quecreek damp had affected Saxman in its time, and since that mine's closing the water had slowly accumulated to a reservoir's volume. Bill and Lori Arnold, the dairy farmers, had long heard stories from the old-timers about Saxman's water ("That's why it closed," Lori says), and some people in the area even had wells that drew from the Saxman mine.

Mine companies are required, both by prudence and by law, to make their best effort to determine the boundaries of an old contiguous mine before beginning operations on a new project. The easiest and most common method of doing this is to obtain maps of the old mines. During the course of a mine's production, these maps are constantly being amended to show the operation's weekly—even daily—progress. The maps are subject to state and federal inspection, and when a mine closes a final version of the map is certified and submitted to the authorities. Accordingly, there are some obvious repositories for old maps—the many state and federal mining bureaus to which the old mine company would have been required to make submissions. But bureaucratic lassitude, mine-company slackness, and even conscious malfeasance—"coal robbing," or taking coal beyond the bounds granted by the mineral rights—often make finding a precise map of an old mine difficult. Gallo and another engineer, Ken Yingling, searched four state and federal mine agencies for a good Saxman map, but the best map they came across was in the files of the company that had owned the mineral rights to the Saxman coal.

Even that map was, on its face, imprecise—a faded and sketchy document. PBS could have tried to determine Saxman's exact boundary by drilling core holes in the area, but that was costly. Such "defensive" drilling is not required by regulators, and it is a maxim of the coal business that what is not specifically required by law usually doesn't get done. The drawing of Saxman's boundary in the Quecreek plan thus became a matter of educated guesswork—an unsettling prospect, given Saxman's flooded condition. (An accurate map of the Saxman mine did exist—it had belonged to a former Pennsylvania mine inspector who died in 1976—but it was discovered only after the accident, in a coal museum in Windber, which had received it as a donation in June of 2002.) Gallo felt sufficiently confident in the map he had to press ahead. The state approved the plan, and granted a permit to begin mining the Quecreek reserve.

Gallo was in bed watching television when, at about nine-forty-five, Rebuck called. Gallo's wife, Kathryn, handed him the phone. She told him afterward that he had turned ashen while talking to Rebuck. After Gallo put the phone down, he half-heard his wife asking what was happening, but his responses were perfunctory. He felt nauseated. Like Rebuck, he knew that the huge amount of water meant a breach into Saxman, and he could see the likely outcome: "I'm thinking to myself, We've got nine corpses we've got to get out of the mine."

Joe Gallo had imagined the Quecreek mine before it existed, and now it fell largely to him to imagine a way to get nine miners, stranded or dead, out of it. Gallo knew that that meant drilling.

He called his surveyors and told them to grab their equipment and meet him at the mine. He stopped by his office at PBS and printed out several copies of the mine map from his computer, then drove to the mine. It was already crowded. Rebuck was there, as were several mine employees, including the drenched and rattled crew from the mains, and the local inspectors from the state and federal mine bureaus. The chain of command in such circumstances can be fuzzy. When a mine disaster occurs, the federal government technically takes control of the mine through the issuance of what is called a 103(k) order. The actual rescue is usually directed by the mine operators, in consultation with the federal and state officials. Before any action can be taken, it has to be submitted as a written plan and approved by the ranking federal official. In practice, that can mean jotting down an idea on the back of a lunch bag, and having the federal guy initial it—which often turned out to be the case in the Quecreek operation.

The first big decision to be made that night was where to drill. That meant guessing where the miners were. By midnight, water was approaching the entrance of the mine, which meant that the mains were already filled—a cataclysmic inundation. If the miners were dead, their bodies could be anywhere in the mine, and would not likely be recovered until the water was pumped out—days, or even weeks, later. If some or all of them were alive, where would they be? Rebuck and Gallo decided there was only one possibility—up in the far reaches of One Left, at or near the very spot where they had broken through into the Saxman mine. At first, Gallo and Rebuck tried to determine which of the seven entries the men had been mining when the accident occurred. Gallo decided to put the hole above the last intersection of One Left that had been surveyed underground, just a few days before. That was the No. 4 entry, right in the middle of the section, about a hundred and fifty feet back from the face of the coal wall.

Finding the precise spot to place the drill was now just a matter of mechanics. By consulting the mine map, which showed surface features as well, Rebuck and Gallo could see that the spot they were looking for was a little more than a mile away, past the Casebeer Lutheran Church, near the edge of Route 985—the lower pasture of the Arnolds' farm. To find the exact location, they would run a survey of the surface, and match it against the underground survey. To be sure, Gallo called in the two outside engineers, Randy Musser and Sean Isgan, to run separate surface surveys, each starting from the same coördinates near the mine pit which had been used for the underground survey. Musser's crew used conventional survey equipment; Isgan's crew used a global-positioning-system device. Musser and Isgan got in their trucks and drove to the target area to wait for their surveyors, which was what they were doing when the Arnolds' dog aroused the household with his bark-

TREE
BALL
STAR
LORENZ

"And I say pull the plug while we still can."

ing. Both surveying teams arrived at the lower pasture within the hour, and at almost exactly the same spot—within a few inches of one another.

The recovery hole—rescue hole, if they got lucky—presented a considerable challenge. It would have to be about thirty inches in diameter for a man to be able to fit through it. There were no drills in Somerset County capable of making a hole that big; such rigs were used to dig gas wells, further south and west. Gallo had once worked with a driller down in Greene County, named Duane Yost, who had a big rig, and he called him. By chance, Yost had a drill rig with a thirty-inch bit that had just finished a gas job in West Virginia. The driller in the field, John Hamilton, said that he could get there early the next afternoon.

Everyone in Rebuck's trailer office—now the command center—agreed that a smaller hole must be drilled into the mine as quickly as possible. If the miners were there, the rescuers could drop a microphone down the hole to determine their situation and needs; if they weren't, a small camera sent down the hole might give rescuers a hint of their whereabouts, and of conditions in the mine. Gallo called a local driller, Lou Bartels, who dispatched one of his rigs, equipped with a six-and-a-half-inch drill bit. The drilling began around 3 A.M. on Thursday, and it punched through into the mine in about two hours.

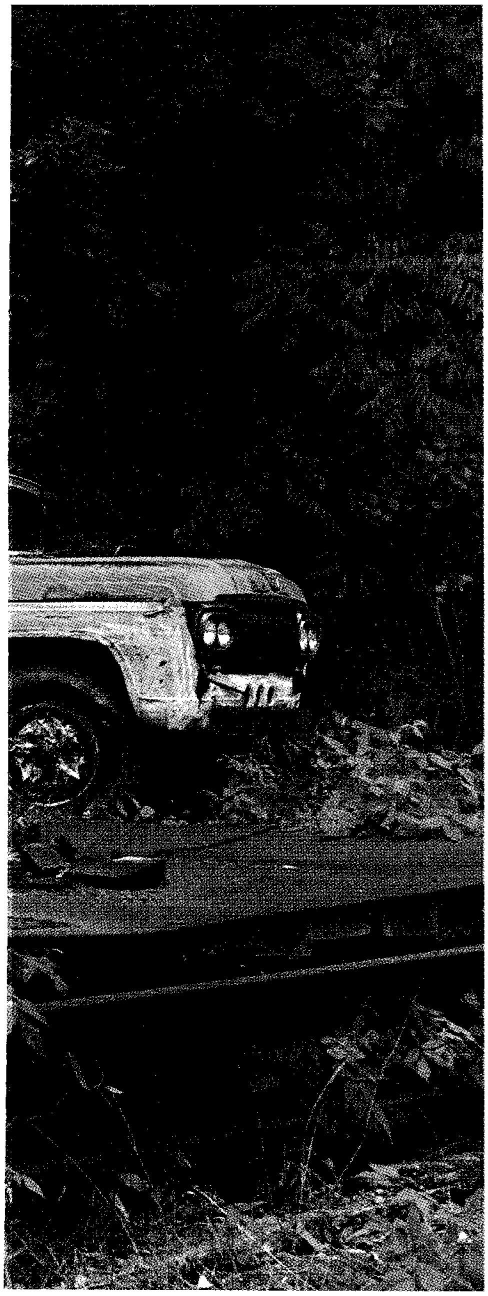
As it happened, the miners had gathered precisely below the drill site. The water was still rushing past them down entry No. 6 and pooling at the dip, but now it was starting a steady, ominous climb back up the section toward them. The miners didn't know how much water there was, when it would reach them, or whether anyone on the surface had any notion of where they were.

The crew boss, Randy Fogle, assured them that a serious rescue operation was probably under way, and he promised

MOORE MINE
IRVIN·W·MOORE
OWNER
WATER PERMIT
NO 466MOR
SUBSIDENCE
PERMIT
NO. 253

Most of Somerset County's mines are small operations, and none are unionized. An actual coal miner has become something of a rarity, them that they would all be rescued, somehow. They heard drilling, and hoped it meant that help was on the way. In the meantime, Fogle told them that they needed to start building barricades, constructing walls with the cinder blocks that were in plentiful supply around them. It seemed unlikely that cinder blocks could hold back a rising flood—the miners who had escaped from the mains already knew that it couldn't—but building the barricades gave the men something to focus on besides their despair.

The exertion, though, hastened their consumption of the oxygen in the air bubble that was keeping them alive. "We was all gaspin' for air," Ron Hileman recounted. "You couldn't breathe through your nose. Some of us was throwin' up. . . . It was very hard to breathe." Fogle was feeling chest pains, and Foy, who'd had heart surgery, had to lie down by the bolting machine up at the face of the No. 4 entry.



t's a hidden profession," a Quecreek miner said.

MAGNUM

Then, just after 5 A.M., the roof of the mine opened above their heads, and the six-inch steel drill burst through, almost hitting John Unger. The drill created a terrific noise, and something more welcome—a fierce whirl of fresh air, forced down the cylindrical steel casing by the drill's air compressor. The miners suddenly felt that they could breathe again, perhaps because of the fresh air, or perhaps because of their monumental relief—they had been found.

There is a protocol for trapped miners trying to communicate with people on the outside—they must bang on the roof three times, and then once for each miner who is alive. The Quecreek miners had been banging on the roof all night, to no avail. Now Foy stood at the drill steel and hit it with his hammer three times—*Ping! Ping! Ping!*—and then nine times to indicate that they were all alive. The miners repeated that routine several times, and heard a response from above.

Then they saw the water. It was still rising. If anything, it seemed to be approaching faster than before.

On the surface, the rescuers weren't sure what they were hearing. Somebody thought he heard five bangs on the drill and then two more. Joe Gallo thought that meant that five were alive, two were missing, and two were dead. Others were certain that they heard nine distinct taps. In any case, they knew that someone was alive, and that would have to do. The plan of dropping a microphone down the hole had to be abandoned, because as soon as the drill broke through into the mine air surged up and out of the hole.

When the upward rush of air didn't stop, the rescuers had an awful awakening: in drilling that six-and-a-half-inch hole—a tactic that everyone at the scene agreed was the best course—they had punctured the natural air bubble that was the miners' only hope of survival.

Joe Sbaffoni, the head of bituminous deep-mine safety for the state, was standing near the hole, and he could see and feel the force of the wind shooting upward. He dialled the command center on his cell phone, and shouted, "It's comin' outta there like a hurricane!"

The mood aboveground again turned dark. At the command center, two officials from the federal Mine Safety and Health Administration, John Urosek and Kevin Stricklin, leaned against the wooden stairs outside the trailer and considered the options. "Kevin, if we don't do something, these guys are gonna drown," Urosek said. "And we're gonna stand here and watch them drown."

Urosek's specialty was fire ventilation, not watery mines, but he proposed an idea: if rescuers left the drill in but plugged the hole so that air couldn't escape, meanwhile pumping air into the mine at a high volume and high pressure, it might create a kind of air dam down below, pushing the water away from the miners. No one in the command center saw any reason not to try this.

Urosek called Sbaffoni at the drill site. "Joe, you gotta plug that up," Urosek said. "I don't care how you plug it up, find somebody, find some way of plugging that."

Sbaffoni called for inflatable air bags from the local volunteer fire department, and workers tried to stop the outrush of air by stuffing the bags around the drill. "It was hard, it was blowing 'em back up," Sbaffoni says. "But we got them air bags down there as best we could and we blew 'em up the best we could." The ploy slowed the volume of air coming out of the mine but didn't stop it.

Meanwhile, the Bartels drill rig pumped air into the mine at a rate of almost a thousand cubic feet per minute and at a pressure of ninety pounds per square inch. Rescuers had no way of knowing what, if any, effect the air was having below, but they hoped that, at the least, the compressed air was warming the miners and allowing them to breathe. The tapping from below continued, and lent hope to the effort above. Rescuers brought in a backup compressor, in case the Bartels rig went down, and a mechanic was put on full-time standby duty. The artificial-air-bubble theory became, as Urosek put it, "the premise of the whole operation."

By now, the plight of the trapped miners had become a huge news event; reporters from around the world were arriving in Somerset, and clamoring for information. The air-bubble theory was a compelling angle, and, the more rescue officials talked about it (and the number of officials at the scene was also swelling by the hour), the more convinced they seemed. "This is the way we've got to go," Joe Sbaffoni said. "We've created an air pocket that is providing them a safe haven." John Urosek told a reporter, "If it wasn't for that air pocket, they would have drowned." It was true that fresh oxygen was being sent down to the miners, but the potentially dangerous fact that the drill had pierced the natural air bubble in the mine didn't get mentioned. David Hess, the secretary of Pennsylvania's Department of Environmental Protection, said that finding the right spot to drill had been "a one-in-a-million shot," and predicted that the air-bubble ploy would "rewrite the textbook on mine rescues." There even arose a dispute between the state and federal agencies over authorship of the idea. Governor Mark Schweiker said the artificial-air-bubble tactic should be called "the Sbaffoni method."

The rescuers desperately wanted to believe in their air bubble, and they had reason to be optimistic. The drill had pushed into the mine at dawn, and at 11 A.M. the rescuers could still hear the miners tapping. Then, at eleven-thirty, the signals from below stopped, and did not resume.

By midday on Thursday, the water had seeped out of the mine and was beginning to fill the huge pit, a hundred feet wide and three hundred feet long, at the mine's entrance. The water inching up the sides of the pit was a direct measure of the trapped miners' mounting peril. The elevation at the mine entrance was 1,836 feet, several feet higher than the spot in One Left, at the intersection beneath the drill hole, where the miners had last been heard from. That morning, the water had risen more than three feet from the floor of the pit. That meant that if the miners were still in their last known location they would already be under water. The water was rising at a rate of more than a foot an hour.

The frazzled, dispirited group at the command center hoped that the miners would somehow get to higher ground, although no one knew whether higher ground existed, or where it might be. "They might have even gone back into the Saxman mine," Rebuck says. "We had no idea."

Just then, a new figure arrived at the scene and, with him, a starkly new perspective. Kelvin Ke-Kang Wu is a compact, bespectacled scientist with a serious bearing, who projects authority in a manner that is understated but clear. He is the chief of the federal mine agency's Mine Waste and Geotechnical Engineering Division, which is to say, water is his specialty. Dr. Wu said nothing, but it was obvious to others that he considered the six-inch hole a mistake. Had he been called to the scene at the start of the crisis, he would not have allowed it.

It was clear to Dr. Wu that the rescuers had pierced the miners' natural air bubble, and that the stranded men were now in dire trouble. The blast of air being sent into the hole might indirectly be doing some good, he thought, but more likely the air would bubble up in the water and dissipate throughout the mine. Dr. Wu was not worrying about hypothermia (which doctors at the scene were mentioning) and bad air—his worry was the water. "That's the only concern," he said. "They're going to be drowned."

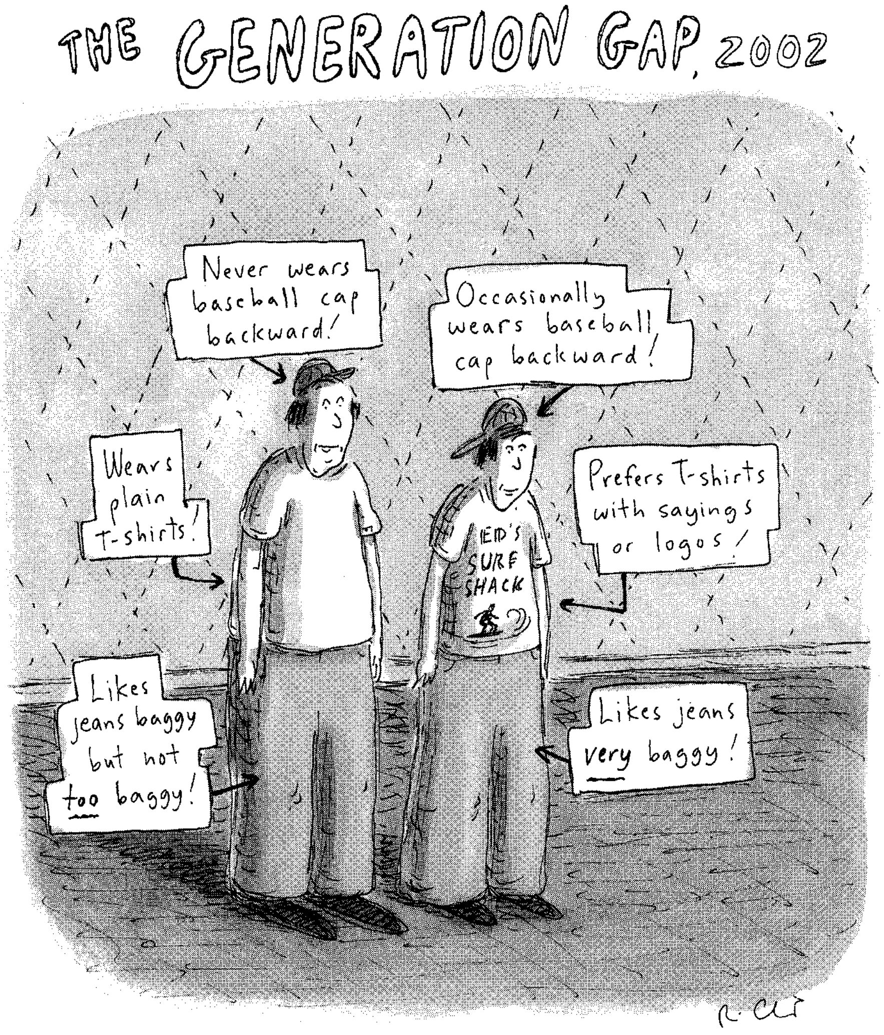
Dr. Wu's engineers had calculated that the water was coming in at a rate as fast as eighty thousand gallons per minute, and that more than a hundred million gallons might pour into the mine before it was completely filled. "Under that condition," he says, "we know that we have to pump, and to pump out as fast as we can."

In fact, the mine-company team had been trying to pump water out of the mine almost from the time the accident happened, but the relatively small pumps intended to drain away the standard "rain" were almost instantly overwhelmed by the inundation, and a call went out for larger pumps. Huge pumping rigs were brought in from all over the region. Diesel pumps were stationed at the mine's entrance, and drillers cut holes in a nearby cornfield so that submersible pumps could be dropped down into the mains. Eventually, the combined pull of all the machines was draining water from the mine and dumping it into runoff streams at a rate of about thirty thousand gallons a minute.

At two-thirty on Thursday afternoon, John Hamilton pulled into Somerset with the big drill that was to cut the rescue hole in the Arnolds' lower pasture. Hamilton's rig, with a thirty-inch-wide diamond-tipped drill bit, was a behemoth next to the drills in Somerset, and had required a four-vehicle caravan for the three-hour drive, accompanied by the Pennsylvania state police. Governor Schweiker called it "the super drill," and during the afternoon the big rig was assembled in the pasture, twenty feet from the six-inch hole, and readied for its task. A steel casing, positioned in order to project a dead-straight path for the drill (being off by a few degrees could mean missing the target completely), had been set in quick-drying cement. By early evening, Hamilton had climbed into the rig and begun drilling.

The startup of the big drill, holding the promise of an imminent conclusion, caused a lot of excitement. The miners would be extracted through Hamilton's hole, one way or another. The federal mine agency retrieved a singular artifact from the National Mine Health and Safety Academy, in Beckley, West Virginia—a yellow steel-mesh rescue capsule, ninety-two inches long and twenty-one and a half inches in diameter—and dispatched it to the scene. (In 1972, a similar capsule had been used to fetch two silver miners from the Sunshine Mine, in Idaho, after a fire that killed ninety-one men.) The plan called for rescuers to be lowered into the mine, where they would assist surviving miners—or, in the worst case, place their corpses—into the capsule for retrieval. Dave Rebuck was among the first of many to volunteer for the job, but federal officials summoned a specially trained mine-rescue team (last year's national champion in a rescue competition) to the site to prepare for the operation.

Officials estimated that the big drill could break through to the mine in eighteen hours, and Governor Schweiker guessed that the rescue operation might begin early on Friday. Dr. Wu, however, would have none of that. He insisted that the drill should not break through into the mine until enough water had been pumped out to establish conditions that he considered safe for a rescue. The atmospheric pressure in the mine was the determining factor, and the level of water was what determined the pressure. As the water pushed up the entries of One Left toward the miners, it squeezed the air pocket into an ever-shrinking corner of the mine and, at the same time, exerted tremendous pressure on it. To the miners, the air pressure was akin to the pressure a diver might feel under twenty feet of water—which was why the air shot up out of the hole with such force when the pocket was pierced by the six-inch drill. Dr. Wu didn't want to take the chance of again puncturing the bubble. He believed that the water level had to be lowered to the elevation of the intersection in the No. 4 entry, the target of the rescue hole. By that point, he believed, the hole into the old Saxman mine would be exposed, allowing air between the two mines to intermingle, effectively decompressing Quecreek. That target elevation was 1,830 feet. Dr. Wu wanted the water lowered a foot below that, to 1,829 feet, so that, even if air and water did come up through the hole, the water would settle after a moment and the miners would be left with a twelve-inch breathing space.


THE GENERATION GAP, 2002
Never wears baseball cap backward!
Occasionally wears baseball cap backward!
Wears plain T-shirts!
Prefers T-shirts with sayings or logos!
ED'S SURF SHACK
Likes jeans baggy but not too baggy!
Likes jeans very baggy!

A meeting convened in the command center—by now, a big blue federal mobile unit was parked next to Rebuck's trailers—and Dr. Wu laid out his proposal. He said that the drilling should stop when the drill bit came to within thirty feet of the mine, and should remain there until the pumps had lowered the water level to 1,829 feet. It was a directive that countered every impulse of the rescue effort. The emergency doctors, worried about hypothermia—the water was fifty-five degrees—argued that every moment was critical. Dr. Wu was adamant, though, insisting that breaking through into the mine too early could be disastrous. His view prevailed, and it was agreed to stop the drill at 1,860 feet until the water had been lowered to the level that came to be called "Dr. Wu's magic number"—1,829 feet. The plan was committed to paper as an amendment to the 103(k) work order.

The matter settled, Dr. Wu excused himself, got into his car, and headed home for a shower, supper, and a few hours' sleep. He had just got into bed when his telephone rang. It was a colleague, asking him to return to the command center. The big drill was making good progress, and people were beginning to agitate for pushing through into the mine as soon as possible. Dr. Wu dressed, and returned to Somerset, where a meeting was convened in the command center just after midnight. The advocates for pressing ahead argued that hypothermia was a growing worry. And, as for decompressing the mine, a special air lock was being designed for the hole which would address that worry. Regarding concerns that the miners might be afflicted by the bends if they were taken out too quickly, the United States Navy was dispatching nine decompression tanks, as well as a special medical team, to the scene. Dr. Wu again made his case that it was too risky to breach the mine with another hole when the water was up that high. Again, he prevailed.

The meeting concluded at about 1:30 A.M. Friday. Moments later, word came from the drill site that the bit on the big drill had broken off underground. The accident shut the big rig down. It wouldn't resume drilling for eighteen and a half hours.

Dr. Wu was apparently right about what had happened when the six-inch drill pushed through into the mine. Down below, the miners saw that the water was still rising quickly, and by noon they had to abandon their barricades near the air pipe they had been tapping on and retreat higher up into entry No. 4. The miners were accustomed to the prospect of death on the job; it is part of the mining ethos. The possibility of a sudden rock fall, an explosion, or a fire had played in the minds of all of them, and haunted

• •

their families every day. But what they faced now, the certain promise of a slow-motion death, was genuine torture.

The threatening water was calm, like an underground lagoon, except for a few gentle ripples that were apparently caused by the air being pumped in farther down the section. For long periods, the men sat silently. John Phillippi thought about the everyday things in his life that he'd taken for granted. Boogie Pugh thought about the last big turkey he'd bagged.

When they spoke, it was often on subjects that none had ever imagined engaging aloud. They talked about the mechanics of drowning. Denny Hall said that, just before their breathing space vanished, he planned to dive into the water and give himself up to death. Sometimes, one or another of the men broke down, crying. Mayhugh said, "I'm too young to die." He was the youngest in the crew, and he had two young children, a boy and a girl. He remembered that he'd been in a hurry as he left for work on Wednesday, and had forgotten to kiss his wife, Leslie, goodbye. "The only day in my life I never kissed my wife before I went to work, it had to be that day," he later said.

Mayhugh asked Fogle if he could borrow his pen, found some thin cardboard near the bolting machine, tore off a piece, and wrote a note to his family, telling his wife and kids how much he loved them. Then he passed the pen to the others, each of whom wrote his own note. The miners placed the notes in a plastic bucket, sealed it with tape, and tied it to the bolting machine, where the recovery workers could find it.

At times, the men prayed. They tried to remember forgotten liturgies from faiths that, they now conceded, they had neglected for too long. They considered the afterlife. Something baffling happened in these hours. Mark Popernack said that, looking out into the darkness, he had seen a light, a distant gleam of a sort that he had never before seen in the mines. Somehow, it seemed like a beneficent force. Three of the others said that they'd seen the light, too. Popernack felt comforted, believing that he had been allowed a glimpse of God.

Tom Foy's mind turned to a more pragmatic matter. When they all were dead, what would happen to their bodies? He imagined them floating freely through the mine, drifting into its distant reaches, and the difficulty that would pose to the recovery team. He fetched a long piece of cable from the bolting machine and suggested that they tie themselves together, so that their corpses would be easier to find. Foy looped the cable through his miner's belt. Five of the others tied in, too. Popernack and Unger wanted to wait until the water drew closer. Denny Hall said that he would die alone.

By Thursday afternoon, the water had nearly reached them. Mark Popernack and Randy Fogle had been urging the others to keep fighting. Now they suggested that the crew abandon the No. 4 entry and move across the section and up into the No. 1 entry. There was a slope, no more than ten feet, leading up to that space, where they'd started their shift. Moving to that higher elevation, however slight, could buy them some time.

They rigged up a canvas tarp across the front of their dwindling space, hoping that it might delay the water by even a few moments. Some in the crew welcomed the curtain as a means of shutting out the sight of the water, which continued its inexorable rise. Every few minutes, Fogle slipped past the curtain and stepped down to the edge of the water to mark its progress. After one such trip, toward Thursday evening, he returned to the group with remarkable news: the water had stopped rising. Soon, it actually began to recede.

At that moment, the perspective from above was perhaps at its bleakest. Several hours had passed since the miners had been heard from, and by late afternoon Thursday the water in the pit had reached its peak elevation: 1,852 feet. That was more than twenty feet higher than the last known location of the trapped men.

John Hamilton, operating the rig, knew that the chances of retrieving the broken bit weren't good—"You get one outta fifty back outta the hole"—and rescuers were bringing in another large drill in order to start a second hole, nearby. But so much of the rescuers' dwindling hope was invested in Hamilton's drill that they were willing to take extraordinary measures to fix it. When several tries at retrieving the bit failed, officials got in touch with the manufacturer. The company faxed a set of design prints to the Star Iron Works, near Punxsutawney, almost a hundred miles north, and the workers there, putting aside their other jobs, devised a special socket that they believed might be able to grab the broken bit. The newly created tool was flown by helicopter to Somerset, and arrived at the Arnolds' farm midafternoon Friday. It picked up the broken bit on the first try, but by the time the rig was up and running again darkness had fallen.

The effort to dewater the mine seemed agonizingly slow. Huge pumps were churning away in the pit and the nearby cornfield, sucking water out of the mine at a rate that brought the water level down by one foot every hour.

By Saturday afternoon, as the ordeal neared the end of its third full day, Hamilton's big drill had been allowed to inch to within twenty feet of the roof of the mine. The anticipation was excruciating, and the urge to push through was difficult to resist. The water level in the mine was down to 1,831 feet. Still Dr. Wu said, "Wait."

"Dr. Wu didn't want to move off of that," Kevin Stricklin, the mine-safety official, says. "He was pretty intense. He stuck with those numbers."

Finally, at 10 P.M. Saturday, Dr. Wu declared that it was safe to bore through into the mine. If his calculations were right, the atmosphere inside the mine would be normal, and there would be no sudden decompression when the drill broke through. Still, elaborate precautions were taken. The special air lock was readied to be placed over the drill steel, and a pressure gauge was rigged alongside the bore hole so that the pressure in the mine could be measured quickly. The rescue team had practiced all afternoon, getting in and out of the yellow capsule. Two mine-rescue medical technicians were to be lowered into the mine if the trapped men were not able to climb into the capsule themselves.

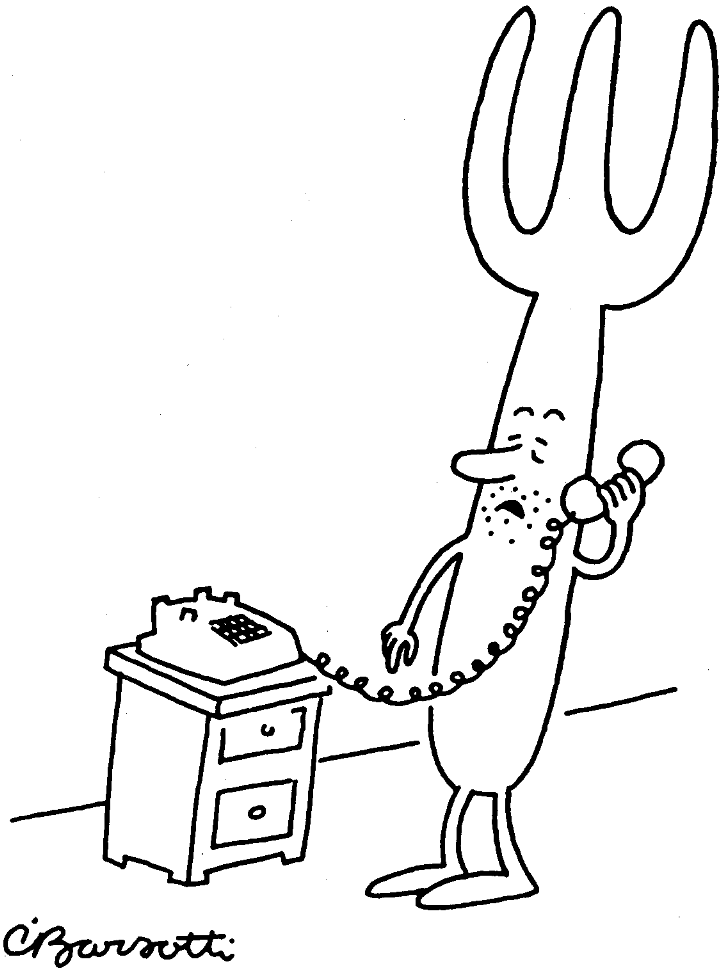
Finally, the go-ahead signal was given, and John Hamilton bored through the last few feet of rock. He was nervous—"There's a lotta shit goes through your mind"—but the final cut was quick and clean. There was a familiar sensation when the drill hit the mine void and then went into a four-foot free fall to the mine floor. Hamilton had been told to keep drilling into the floor, to create a cradle for the capsule.

According to plan, all the drills and compressors at the surface shut down, producing something like quiet in the pasture for the first time in three days. John Urosek, the other safety official, crouched by the pressure gauge to measure the atmosphere inside the mine. "If Dr. Wu was right, it would be zero," he says. "And it was zero."

Down below, the miners had long since forsaken their contemplation of death for more temporal imperatives; they were wet, cold, and hungry. They'd somehow found Denny Hall's lunch pail floating in the water and, opening it, had been surprised to find the corned-beef sandwich his wife had made neatly wrapped and still quite dry. They shared the sandwich and a Pepsi that was in the pail, and, on a scavenger hunt through the mine, they'd found a couple of cans of Mountain Dew. The most severe pangs they endured, perhaps, were those of the nicotine addict suffering withdrawal—they'd gone through all their snuff. As the water receded, they'd been taking turns going back to the six-inch pipe, and they'd heard the big drill coming through (and had wondered, during the eighteen-and-a-half-hour hiatus, whether the rescuers had given up). On one such reconnaissance mission, Foy and Hileman looked at the mine roof and saw the big hole that John Hamilton had just made. "We got a hole!" Hileman shouted to the others. "Everybody get down here!"

Once the rescuers were assured that the mine was decompressed, the six-inch drill steel was withdrawn from its hole, and they prepared to make contact with the miners. Early in the ordeal, a man named Rob Zaremski, who represented a product called Rescue Probe—a stainless-steel device about the size of a bratwurst which houses a tiny transmitter and receiver—had got in touch with rescue officials. Zaremski thought that the device was perfect for the situation, and the officials agreed. Zaremski put on the headset, and the Rescue Probe was lowered into the mine.

Under the circumstances, Zaremski's first words to the miners, the standard phrase employed in search-and-rescue operations, were absurdly comical: "Stay where you are!" He then asked, "Can



"Use your fingers."

you hear me?" He thought he heard a response but wasn't certain. After hushing the crowd at the surface, he asked again, "Can you hear me?"

"We can hear you," came the response from below. It was as clear as a telephone call.

"Are you the trapped miners?"

"Yes, we are." It was John Phillippi speaking.

"Are you O.K.?"

"We're O.K., but our boss is having chest pains."

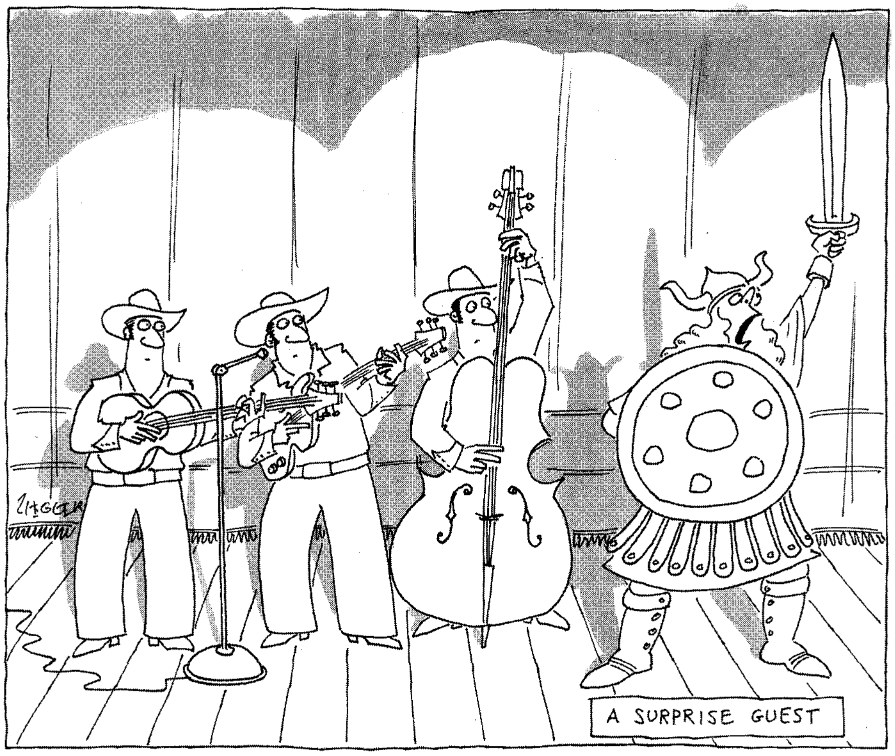
Zaremski faced the crowd of rescuers, smiled, and gave a thumbs-up gesture. "How many are you?"

"We're all nine here," Phillippi said. "What took you guys so long?"

The world underground has its own landscape, and there is no particular reason for a miner to associate his location in the mine with specific features of the surface above. When the rescued miners reached the surface and saw the open sky, for the first time in seventy-seven hours, they had no idea where they were. Even if they had known that they had reached a corner of the Arnolds' farm, just up the state highway from Casebeer Lutheran Church—a place they had all passed a hundred times—they wouldn't have recognized the scene. Besides a cheering crowd of hardhat rescue workers, politicians, and military personnel, the site was crowded with machines—cranes, bulldozers, drill rigs, air compressors, decompression chambers, ambulances, police cars, and two Chinook helicopters. The miners blinked in the glare of the floodlights and nodded numbly in response to questions from medical workers, who stripped them nearly naked and quick-washed them.

That was just the beginning of their disorientation. News coverage did not end with the recovery. The following week, the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette* published a highly regarded special section, describing the miners' plight and rescue. Reporters, lawyers, agents, producers, book authors, and star television anchors all urgently wanted the miners, needed the miners, and all offered compelling inducements—variations on fame, money, and service in the public interest.

Somebody advised the miners that they'd better hire a lawyer. Randy Fogle knew someone who knew a lawyer in Pittsburgh named Thomas Crawford. Remaining a team even in this unfamiliar territory, the miners hired Crawford, who quickly made a deal with Disney for a book and a television movie about the Quecreek rescue. Disney paid the miners $1.35 million in a group deal, meaning that each miner received a hundred and fifty thousand dollars—about the equivalent of four years' pay in the mines—minus a thousand-dollar fee for the attorney. Now the miners were not only alive and famous; they were (relatively speaking) rich. Joe Kostyk, who had been on the other crew, didn't begrudge them their prize. "I wouldn't trade you any money you can think of to go through what those nine guys went through," Kostyk said a few days after the deal was announced. "I hope they get everything that they can get, I really do."



A SURPRISE GUEST

Then a Somerset attorney named James B. Courtney told the miners that they could use more than just a lawyer doing someone a favor. They should have a first-rate legal team, which he would put together for them. He pointed out that the Disney deal wasn't the last word on their earning potential. There were endorsement prospects, speaking engagements—even the possibility of litigation. Seven of the miners were convinced, and in late August they signed with Courtney's team. Now the miners' unity was finally broken. Randy Fogle and Mark Popernack didn't mind sticking with the other miners for speaking engagements, but they wanted no part of a liability investigation.

The most important member of Courtney's team may be a Pittsburgh attorney named Howard Messer. He is a former president of the Pennsylvania Trial Lawyers Association, and one of his roles, he says, "is to investigate what, if any, third-party liability is there." He explains, "In lawyer talk, that's who is responsible for what happened to the miners, and/or how many people are responsible." And that is lawyer talk for figuring out whom to threaten with a lawsuit.

Messer declared that the various investigations into the accident were wrongly focussed on preventing another such accident, rather than on the more urgent matter (to him and to his clients, at least) of finding fault at Quecreek. ("You have to know what the disease is before you can treat it," he says.) In conversations with reporters through the early fall, he suggested that there was evidence that the company should have known that its map of the Saxman mine was inaccurate. For one thing, coal robbing had once been a common practice, and the company should have assumed that it had gone on at Saxman; Messer implied that the company had deliberately put the men at risk to extract a few last loads of coal. Allegations such as these formed the basis of a news story published in the Pittsburgh *Tribune-Review* on Sunday, October 20th.

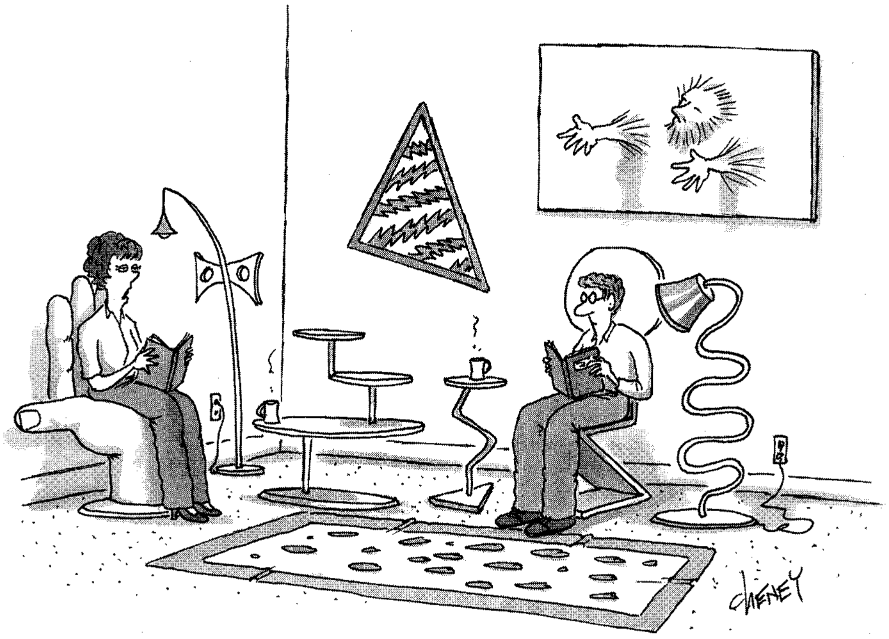
On October 21st, Senator Arlen Specter, of Pennsylvania, convened a United States Senate subcommittee hearing in Johnstown. Before he began questioning the mine's owner, Dave Rebuck, Specter, a former prosecutor, warned, "There is a possibility that whatever you say could be incriminating, both as to civil and potential criminal liability." Rebuck, who had put on a suit in the expectation of testifying about the rescue operation, seemed stunned.

Messer's youngest clients, Blaine Mayhugh and John Phillippi, showed up at the hearing with their wives, and testified that there had been indications of danger in the mine for weeks. Pressed, they said that the mine was wet. Rebuck, and even some of the other miners, tried to explain that Quecreek's "rain" didn't make it unique or in any way indicate that a water-filled old mine was closer than anyone thought. But the most dramatic testimony came from Mayhugh, who said that, in what the miners thought was their final hour, Randy Fogle had made a "deathbed" confession saying that Dave Rebuck had been worried about whether it was still safe to be working the upper reaches of One Left. Rebuck firmly denied that he had any idea of an inundation from the old Saxman mine.

At one point during the Senate hearing, Specter declared, "There are people who will have to answer for what happened here," and he promised to urge the local United States attorney to convene a grand jury. Three days later, the United States attorney announced that the matter was being looked into. Messer, who also testified at the hearing, could not have asked for a better forum for his effort to assign liability, as a prelude to possible litigation.

Earlier in the hearing, Specter had suggested to John Phillippi that, with the Disney deal in his pocket, he wouldn't have to return to the mines. His wife, however, leaned into the microphone and said, "It's not good enough to live on. Now, think about that."

"Isn't it?" Specter asked.



"Maybe we should buy new furniture now that we've detoxed."

• •

"Not if you're raising a twelve-year-old."

"Well, maybe Mr. Messer will get you a new deal," Specter replied.

The water is all out of Quecreek now, and the hole from Quecreek into the Saxman mine has been sealed. (Last week, Governor Schweiker announced that a special fund was being set up to reimburse the rescuers for their time and equipment.) Rebuck and his men are ready to resume operations. Whether that will happen now depends upon state approval, and that may be complicated by the ongoing investigations. The federal and state investigators who were in the mine not long before the accident have testified that there was no hint of the coming inundation. A preliminary report issued on November 7th by the Pennsylvania Department of Environmental Protection—based in part on interviews conducted with the miners before they became involved with Howard Messer—declared that none of them had mentioned hearing concerns about either the Saxman mine or the "common" wet conditions at Quecreek. Several of Quecreek's miners have strongly defended Rebuck and his operation. Among them is Joe Kostyk, who says that he is ready to go back into the mine, and will, if Quecreek is allowed to reopen.

Mark Popernack, meanwhile, has not backed away from the statement soon after the rescue that the area he was mining that night was dry. As for blame, he said then, "I don't think anyone was to blame. It was a safe mine, and we did everything we were supposed to do. The law says we can take coal up to a certain point, and we weren't even there yet. It took us all by surprise."

Popernack was the first to see the crashing flood, and on the night of the rescue he was the last man to be lifted out of the mine. His memory of what it was like down there, alone in the dark in the place that had almost been his tomb, is surprising. "I didn't mind it," he says. "It was calm. It was completely quiet, for the first time. It was like a relaxing moment. I kicked back, and I looked around a little bit. I just reflected on what just went on." He hadn't known then, of course, what awaited him up top: the agents, the lawyers, the politicians, more money than he'd ever imagined, or the bitterness, resentment, and accusations that followed. His father had been a miner all his life. Mark had never wanted anything else for himself, and he'd become good at it. He knew that he was one lucky miner. Trapped inside that mine for three days, he'd seen his buddies at their stoutest. He thought he'd had a glimpse of God. He'd almost died, twice. Now he was coming up, alive. ♦

OUR LOCAL CORRESPONDENTS

THE SILVER SPIRE

How two men's dreams changed the skyline of New York.

BY CLAUDIA ROTH PIERPONT

Above, the Chrysler Building's observatory; opposite, the tower was clad in a revolutionary alloy that made it a beacon to ships at sea.

COURTESY PRINCETON ARCHITECTURAL PRESS

On a mild October day in 1929, the architect William Van Alen stood at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street, shaking with fear as he stared at a spot a few blocks east and very high up. Nearly eighty stories in the air, from out of a dense web of steel, the tip of a needle gleamed and began to climb; Van Alen later wrote that the spire of the Chrysler Building had emerged that day "like a butterfly from its cocoon." But the butterfly stood a hundred and eighty-five feet tall and weighed twenty-seven tons, and nothing like the operation of securing such an object at such an altitude had ever been attempted before. Van Alen reported that he went on shaking whenever he thought about the possible danger to people on the street, who had received no warning of the architectural coup taking place above their heads. The previous week, the *Times* had announced that the Chrysler Building's framework was complete, after less than a year of construction, and that the building had reached its full height of eight hundred and eight feet, or sixty-eight stories, a figure that allowed Walter Chrysler's competitors to sit back on their foundations and gloat: he had, with remarkable docility, ceded his goal to build the tallest building in the world. Although the newspapers had been following the skyward contest almost foot by foot, there were no reporters or photographers on hand to share Van Alen's anxious vigil. The spire, a triumph of nerve as much as of ingenuity and steel, was meant to take the city by surprise. The highest thing on the Manhattan skyline rose into view in ninety minutes flat.

But the exquisite execution of this insane plan was kept so secret that the newspapers failed to report it at all, and historians have never known exactly what day or even what month the renowned event took place. The eminently practical Christopher Gray, in a brief introduction to a new volume of rediscovered photographs, "The Chrysler Building: Creating a New York Icon, Day by Day" (Princeton Architectural Press; $45), scoffs at the notion that the spire's emergence actually came as a surprise—how many workmen had to be in on the plan?—but he allows only that it must have been erected sometime in October or November; that is, after Chrysler's long-standing rival, the Bank of the Manhattan Company, down at 40 Wall Street, had gone as high as it could go. One of the many gripping photographs that follow, however, catches the drama nearly in the act.

According to the book's catalogue, the negative is dated October 23rd. The photograph shows a small celebratory flag—a sure sign that a building has just "topped out"—flying like an exclamation point above the triumphant obelisk-shaped spire, which thrusts up from the skeletal ovoid ridges of the dome. Both structures are in their raw steel state. In fact, the ineffably metaphorical Chrysler dome had only recently taken its final form. The quintessential jazz baby of buildings turns out to have been, in several vital aspects, an improvisation: a riff on height and speed which kept altering shape as dares and provocations forced it higher, the perfect symbol of an age of endless possibilities. How eerily apt that the last risky upward rush seems to have taken place on the eve of Black Thursday—October 24th, when the stock market brought the boundless world that the Chrysler Building represented crashing down.

These photographs are themselves a remarkable souvenir. Large in format, nearly tactile in detail, they have been printed from a cache of negatives, many on flammable silver-nitrate film, found in the crumbling office of an elderly photographer who was going out of busi-

CHRYSLER B'LDG
42ND ST & LEX AVE
6-17-1930

ness. In another week, their rescuer, David Stravitz, writes, they would have been sold off and converted into silver. This magic, mercurial aura suits the subject well. Still, these are utilitarian pictures, most of them taken by a commercial firm for the purpose of getting the contractor paid. The majority are dated in bold white print at the corner of the plate, and some bear inscriptions such as "Boiler Room Vault Wall." No one intended these as works of art. Yet, from the moment that the site is blasted down to bedrock, in November, 1928, to the slow striptease of scaffolding in 1930, from workers straddling the majestic eagle gargoyles to taxicabs the size of pumpkin coaches lined up in front of Schrafft's below, these coolly objective records can inspire intense emotion.

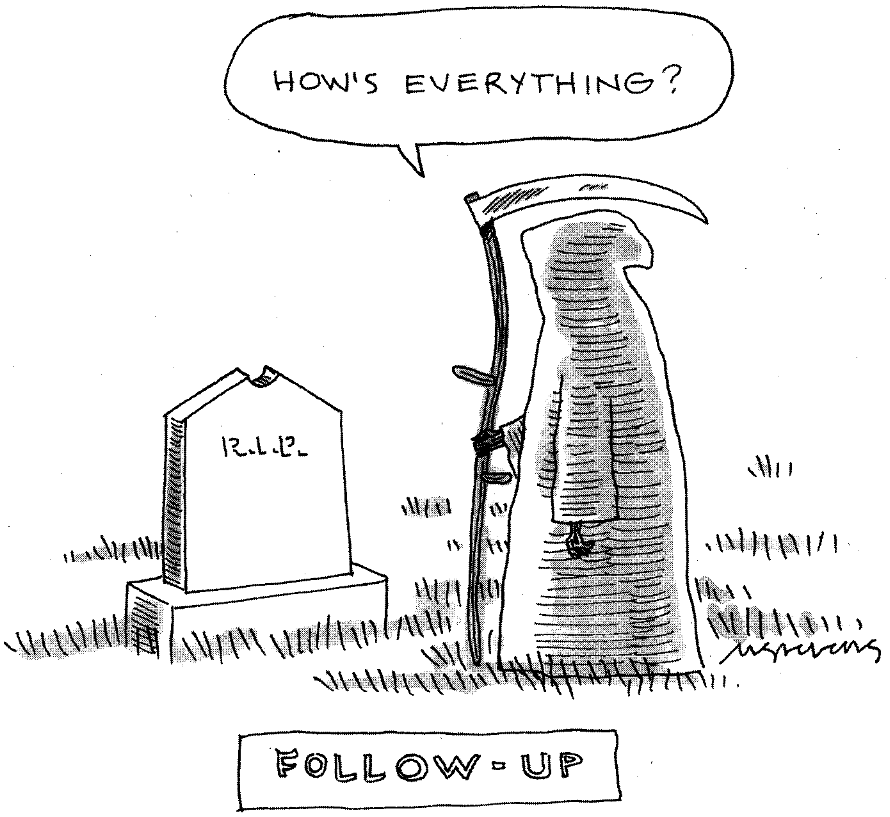
Although the pictures were discovered more than twenty years ago, it seems clear why they are being published now: it is heartening to see images of a great building going up. And if, as seems inevitable with historical photographs, the surrounding cityscape evokes nostalgia for a New York unreservedly optimistic and in bud—a freshly painted ad for five-dollar shoes appears on a wall only briefly exposed by construction; a movie theatre offers Laurel without Hardy—these pictures are most valuable not in evoking what we have lost but in meticulously detailing what we have right before our eyes: the Art Deco wonder of the world, its eagles still fiercely guarding Lexington Avenue against all incursions of reality. For nothing in the old carnival city appears quite as fantastic as William Van Alen's pulsing automobile-age vision, materializing with all the cathedral-age craftsmanship that Walter Chrysler's money could buy. "The fulfillment in metal and masonry of a one-man dream," a critic called the newly completed building, yet historians have had reason to disagree about which man's dream it represents, and whether its mythic symbols derive from German Expressionism or from Coney Island. By the time the elaborately inlaid elevators made their first run up to the splendiferous Cloud Club, in the summer of 1930, a new "tallest building in the world" was under construction down on Thirty-fourth Street, and Chrysler and Van Alen were at each other's throats. But in their own brief flight toward the clouds they had managed to perfect, as much as F. Scott Fitzgerald or Duke Ellington, the uniquely American style of the honky-tonk sublime.

The Chrysler Building would not look as it does if Dreamland had not burned down in 1911. Coney Island's white-towered Freudian fairway had been the brainchild of a real-estate entrepreneur named William H. Reynolds, whose reputation for public mayhem was such that when a short circuit in the "Hell Gate" exhibit set the entire blocks-long place ablaze, some newspapers assumed that it was just another stunt. Financially drained and cured of his taste for artificial fantasy, Reynolds turned his attention to the real-life fantasy of Manhattan, where he proposed to erect the tallest building in the world. Although the Woolworth Building beat him to the punch, in 1913, and the war slowed him down, by the time the late-twenties boom began he had got hold of a choice piece of land at the new city hub around Grand Central Terminal, and had hired William Van Alen to execute the design.

"She's got three moods from a previous marriage."

As the association suggests, Van Alen had a reputation of his own as a showman, albeit one in thrall to the most coolly modern materials and means. Scant record of his early life exists, but his beginnings were apparently modest: a Brooklyn boy, born in 1882, he enrolled in night classes at the Pratt Institute after the sudden death of his father, in 1897—Jacob Van Alen was struck by a locomotive while crossing the Long Island Rail Road tracks—and found work as an office boy in an architectural firm by day. A few drafting and design jobs later, in 1908, he won the Paris Prize for his drawing of a grand opera house; in the three years that he spent getting wisdom at the École des Beaux-Arts and the café Les Deux Magots, he was transformed. One architecture critic wrote that Van Alen was the only student to return from Paris without a boxful of books, and he went on to quote the young architect's credo (whether the indicated oddities of pronunciation were meant to reflect traces of France or Brooklyn or sheer revolutionary intoxication we will never know): "No old stuff for me! No bestial copyings of arches and colyums and cornishes! Me, I'm new! *Avanti!*"

There was no cornice on the first building that Van Alen designed when he got back to New York—in 1915, this was a guerrilla tactic. And he does not seem to have mellowed with age. During the twenties, in partnership with H. Craig Severance, he designed a Madison Avenue shoe shop that dispensed with the usual dully inanimate display of shoes; instead, in an enormous oval window two cobblers plied their trade. The combination of glass and theatre was even more striking in a Childs restaurant on Fifth Avenue, where six stories of window rounded a corner, and the multitiered display of ladies at lunch was rumored to have inspired Ziegfeld. Van


HOW'S EVERYTHING?
R.I.P.
FOLLOW-UP

Alen's most radical design, however, was his original plan for the Reynolds skyscraper, which featured a jewel-like glass dome and a base in which triple-height showroom windows were topped by a full dozen stories with glass-wrapped corners, creating an impression that the massive tower above rested on air. Nothing as artistically or technologically ambitious had been attempted before—and it was not attempted now. Had it been built, both Van Alen's career and the poker game of New York architecture would have played out very differently.

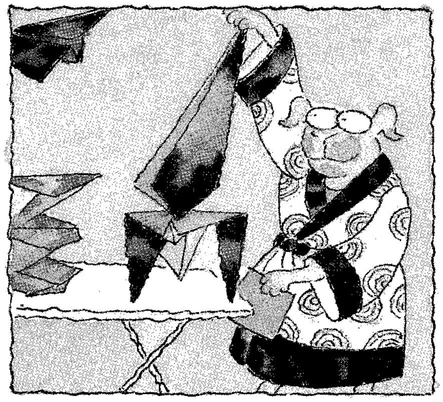
Reynolds evidently disapproved of this advanced and costly scheme. The official "Reynolds Building" design, published in August, 1928, was a far more conservative venture, with an Italianate dome that one critic said looked like Governor Al Smith's derby hat, and with a brickwork pattern on the upper stories which cleverly (and cheaply) mimicked corner windows, and which is a recognizable feature of the Chrysler Building today. In fact, this design displays the central forms of the existing building exactly: tower, flanks, setbacks, window runs. Yet it differs in everything that makes us think of the Chrysler as unique: the glittering fantasy that defied the austere new modernist ethos (Lewis Mumford awarded the building a "Booby Prize" for 1930) by turning decorative detail into architectural essence. The transformation began that October, when Reynolds defaulted on his lease and Walter Chrysler was ready with the money, reportedly two million dollars, which got him the property, the design, and the architect, too.

The money came from a personal account. Although Chrysler had been searching for a site for his business headquarters since he'd set up his corporation, just three years earlier—during which time it had gone from thirty-second place among car manufacturers to third—this was not a corporate acquisition. Chrysler wanted the building as a project for his sons, who had suffered the misfortune of growing up rich, and whom he wished to feel "the wild incentive that burned in me from the time I first watched my father put his hand to the throttle of his engine." Like his father, who had been a locomotive engineer on the Union Pacific, Walter Chrysler was a hands-on mechanic for most of his life. He had little formal education—he used to lie about graduating from high school—but, as his biographer Vincent Curcio shows, his feeling for machines was akin to genius.

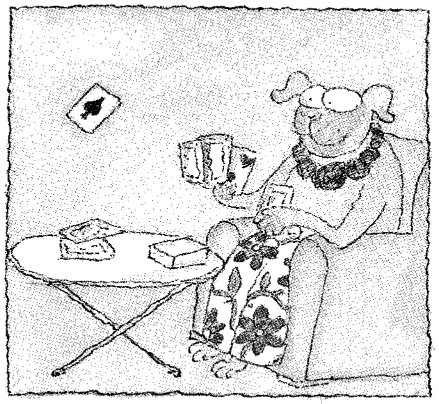
Born in Kansas in 1875, Chrysler started out at sixteen sweeping train sheds for ten cents an hour; at thirty-two, he was master mechanic for the entire Chicago Great Western line. When he moved to the ailing Buick car company, in 1911, he saved General Motors a fortune by replacing old wood-carriage techniques with methods suited to steel. He was earning a million dollars a year when he moved to New York in 1920 to take over the Willys-Overland motor company, and by the time his engineers were test-driving the first Chrysler car, in 1923—"We had dreamed about it as if we had been its lovers," he wrote—he and his family were ensconced on a vast French Renaissance estate in Great Neck (not far from Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald's), complete with a boathouse and pier on Long Island Sound; in good weather, he liked to sail his yacht to work.

A real-life Gatsby, Chrysler had got rich enough fast enough to marry his beautiful Daisy, only to realize that the true love of his life was his car. As a young husband and father, he blew the family savings and went deep into debt to buy a brand-new Locomobile, whose ivory body he recalled for decades as his "siren's song." He didn't long so much to drive it, though—he waited three months for that—as to dissect it, working in his garage over every valve and knob until he could have built the vehicle from scratch. "Had I been Aladdin," he wrote, "I'd have taken that old lamp apart to see if I could make another, better lamp." His own better dream machine made its début in January, 1924, at a show in the lobby of the Commodore Hotel; the first line of Chryslers came in a range of "King Tut" colors aimed at the average middle-range pharaoh: pyramid gray over desert sand was a popular combination. The distinctive winged cap of Mercury atop the hood served as a silvery pun—it was the radiator cap—but it was also a fair promise of speed: these cars were beating uphill-racing records that summer. *Fortune* later noted that Chrysler had produced the perfect car for the twenties, "a period when desires had supplanted needs"—what better definition of being rich?—and it was not long before he determined to produce the per-

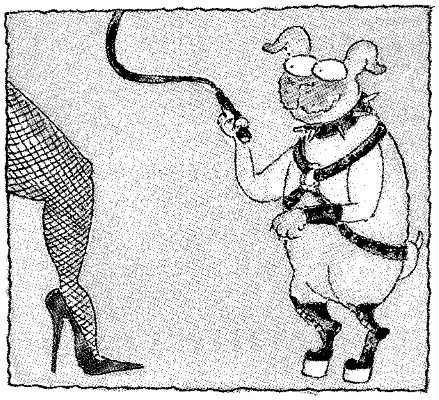
THE SECRET LIFE OF PUGS



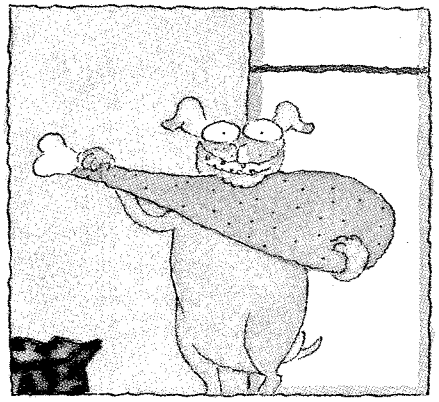
Monday: Origami.



Tuesday: Contract bridge.



Wednesday: Obedience training.



Thursday: Clean out fridge.

VICTORIA ROBERTS

fect building. It might be taken as a sign that in 1928 a new-model Chrysler was called the Silver Dome.

A skyscraper is a psychological phenomenon. Economics have always supplied a justification, but in truth the added costs of building very high—deeper foundations, elevators taking up floor space—were often unrecoupable. In 1929, the American Institute of Steel Construction released a study that reported diminishing returns above the sixty-third floor in midtown Manhattan; nevertheless, it was only the Crash that killed a host of plans for edging up toward where profit was near to nil. The Chrysler dome begins at the building's sixty-sixth floor and officially rises to the seventy-seventh, but all the spaces above seventy-one are so cramped and contorted that these "floors" have not been rentable for anything but radio equipment; from the seventy-fifth level up, the jack-o'-lantern "windows" are open to the winds. Skyscrapers are about power and longing for transcendence and, as everyone will tell you, about sex: the Empire State Building was known for a time as Al Smith's Last Erection. But the great creators themselves were concerned with an even more profoundly American drive: advertising. And with seeing that the other guy didn't get there first—particularly if the other guy was somebody you knew.

Walter Chrysler took over the building process quickly, and it seems that nothing was too fantastic to be considered. In March, 1929, the press offered details of an "artistic dome" in the form of a giant star "with thirty points set up on end," to be surmounted by "a sculptured figure sixteen feet high"—whether of Walter Chrysler or some other deity was not specified. And then, in July, the Bank of the Manhattan Company, designed by Van Alen's former partner H. Craig Severance and under construction at 40 Wall Street, announced that it was building straight up to a tower of eight hundred and forty feet—more than thirty feet beyond the Chrysler Building (which went unmentioned) and therefore the tallest building in the world. Soon after that, on the thirtieth of August, Al Smith announced his first plans since losing the race for President: he was supervising the construction of a new office tower, to be known as the Empire State Building—eighty stories tall, or exactly a thousand feet, and eat our dust. And the man who had hired Smith and put the plan together? John J. Raskob, a former finance chief at General Motors, who had helped Walter Chrysler get his corporation started, and who some believe had expected more than he got in return.

"The Chrysler Building: Creating a New York Icon, Day by Day" is a strictly figurative title. Sadly, the book contains not a single picture from September, 1929, when all hell broke loose as plans for the top of the building were stretched upward, in response to the summer's bulletins, while construction forged steadily on. Van Alen noted mildly that "it was necessary to resort to the unusual" because of the "after-consideration nature" of what he'd had to do. A drawing published at the time shows that he had been planning a more reasonably compact form of the crown we know—six rounded tiers instead of seven, a lesser spire—but the change from stable semicircularity to elongated gothic tension, in one of the most complex geometric structures built before Frank Gehry's museum at Bilbao, supplied a shock that still registers on the eye.

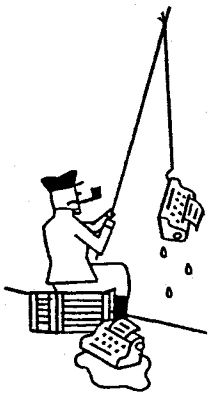
Tension was part of the process. A photograph from August 30th shows open sky beyond the sixty-first floor. Through September, curved beams akin to immense steel barrel staves were manufactured in a New Jersey shipyard and assembled into vaults on-site. By October 7th, when the shutter clicked again, a dozen new floors sprout a crazy maze of steelwork, at the top of which, on October 14th, an enormous platform is mysteriously perched. It is indeed hard to imagine that anyone who could count believed the news that the building had topped off at sixty-eight stories; or failed to realize that something was, literally, up. Still, it would have been difficult to predict the scale of the cloud-piercing "needle"—delivered in five unassuming segments and assembled in the central airshaft—which brought the Chrysler Building to a title-clinching one thousand and forty-six feet four and three-quarter inches. And not a possible quarter inch more—as Raskob and Smith were well aware when, a few weeks later, they announced that plans for the Empire State had been ratcheted up to a nose-thumbing thousand and fifty feet.

But as Louis Sullivan, pioneer of the skyscraper, showed, there is more than one way for a building to appear transcendently tall. And, as Walter Chrysler knew, unlimited amounts of cash and glamour always help. Although he had lost the race for supremacy in height, as an architectural patron Chrysler now managed to do what not even Louis XIV had done before him: he enlisted the sun as a worker in his atelier. As construction on the Empire State Building began nearby—plans soon added another two hundred feet, and an airship-mooring mast was thrown in for dramatic effect—the Chrysler dome and spire, hidden under scaffolding, were clad in a revolutionary metal that looked like an alloy of steel and light. The use of diamond-honed Enduro KA-2 steel, developed by Krupp in Germany after the First World War and exhibited for the first time in 1926, was Chrysler's most significant decision. He had had it tested for months, to be sure that no amount of exposure would tarnish its almost metaphysical silver glow. When the top of the building was revealed, in 1930, critics marvelled at the incandescence that made it a beacon even to ships far out at sea; not a single metal sheet has ever been replaced, and on clear days the Chrysler tower is still outshone only by the sun itself.

But the first extensive architectural use of stainless chromium-nickel steel provided more than a gleaming surface for Van Alen's design; it appears to have provided an inspiration. Conjecture about the source and meaning of the Chrysler's majestically heaped-up arches and triangles has ranged from car wheels (with spokes) to a chorus girl's headdress (with feathers) to Angkor Wat. In Van Alen's mind, the origins seem related to the imaginative leap from glass and brick to the possibilities of steel, as signified by the peculiar March announcement of an "artistic dome" that would have been, in essence, a work of sculpture: a human figure standing on "a star with thirty points set up on end." Luckily, the figure never made it off the drawing board. But the giant star may still be seen, visibly transformed into architecture, in the silver dome's radiating burst of jagged, sharp-cornered windows. People will always make their own associations; that is part of the building's power. But anyone who looks up and counts will find that there are exactly thirty triangular windows—thirty star points set on end—per side.

Also clad in the new metal's glow were the nine-foot-high pineapples and colossal radiator caps and fierce eagle heads that animate the building's corners like grotesques looming out from a medieval cathedral. It seems odd today that such extravagant fantasy was denounced at the time as being too commercial: "advertising architecture," Lewis Mumford sneered. True, the Chrysler decorative scheme offered a newly overt kind of self-display: a brick frieze depicting hubcaps zipped around the thirtieth floor, punctuated by those imperial radiator caps with wingspans of fifteen feet. It was noted, by contrast, that the Woolworth Building had not been covered in big nickels and dimes. Yet so fixed has this notion of advertising become that the building's most magnificent ornaments, the glowering thrust-necked eagles, are often presumed to derive from automobiles, although no eagle ever decorated a Chrysler. In fact, the perfect model eagle glowers just a block away, thrusting its head straight out from behind the wing-capped god Mercury—who looks, under the circumstances, oddly like the radiator-capped god Mercury—on the monumental pediment over the main entrance of Grand Central Terminal.

Like many railroad stations, the original Grand Central, built in the nineteenth century, was studded with sculpted eagles. The pediment of the building that replaced it, in 1913, evokes this aquiline tradition, but the towering Chrysler eagles evoke the power that trains and steam and shrieking speed once had over the imagination—not surprisingly, considering that they were designed by a man whose father was killed by a locomotive for a man whose father was an engineer. There is a boy's sense of scale and wonder in all the building's details and public spaces, whether they look backward to Kansas or forward to a sort of Emerald City, which a population of office workers entered every day through granite portals shaped like Egyptian tombs and flecked with mother-of-pearl. Yet, after passing through the lobby, with its *rouge flamme* marble walls, and riding up in elevators styled like tiny Parisian drawing rooms, most people found themselves set down amid plain white walls and dull square windows—mere real life. Van Alen did what he could to keep this sad phenomenon at bay, with elaborate radiator grilles and patterned doorknobs, but the economic reality of so many floors had to be conceded. This was the ultimate distinction of Manhattan's Dreamland: even dreams came with a bill.



Only at the level of the Cloud Club did fantasy resume. Occupying three linked stories at the base of the dome, this executives' lunch club (which doubled as a speakeasy in its early years) was a stylistic riot of Georgian lobby, Tudor lounge, and Bavarian bar. The main dining room, however, was pure cosmopolitan "Cheek to Cheek": faceted blue marble columns with white-ice sconces that melted into a vaulted ceiling painted with clouds. Not many people got to see these clouds; membership was reserved for the likes of E. F. Hutton and Condé Nast. But for fifty cents anyone could go up to the observatory, on the seventy-first floor, where the steeply tilted walls reflected structural necessity masked as pure design through a close look at Expressionist film sets, principally the angular madhouse of "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari." (Such German movies had made a deep impression on architectural thought, if not very often on practice.) The observatory was open for only a few years, but photographs reveal that its décor of painted sun rays and ringed-Saturn lighting globes gave the ominous space an unlikely, naïve sweetness—an optimism that seems to emanate from the prominent reliquary-like case in which, there at the summit, Walter Chrysler enshrined his first set of machinist's tools. But the room itself enshrined an essential characteristic of the Chrysler and Van Alen enterprise: the determined innocence that turned Krupp steel into a crown of stars, and revamped the geometry of angst into an Art Deco heaven for the workingman.

A different characteristic of the enterprise was revealed in June, 1930, one month before the Cloud Club opened, when Van Alen placed a lien on the building in order to receive the balance of his fee. Although he eventually won his case, word that Walter Chrysler had accused him of taking bribes from subcontractors seems to have lost him his reputation. Little else explains the sudden end of his career. The Depression, limited construction, the war: all may account for even an eminent architect's failure to get many commissions. But, aside from a few experiments with prefabricated housing—there is something heartbreaking about the shape of the great Chrysler portals being refitted for a shower stall—Van Alen, "the Ziegfeld of his profession," seems to have had no further jobs at all. Walter Chrysler, writing his autobiography in 1937, failed to mention Van Alen's name, referring only to "architects" and to his own hand in the work. In 1941, a year after Chrysler's death, a notice in the *Times* mentioned that Van Alen was working on plans for an underground-garage project. And then silence, extending to his death, in 1954. The *Times* ran no obituary. He left his money to establish an architectural scholarship fund, and to care for his wife, Elizabeth Bloodgood, who by the time of her death, in 1970, seems to have thrown away whatever papers or letters or drawings still existed. There were no children. And there are no biographies, no serious studies, no archives. One of the few photographs we have shows Van Alen dressed up as the Chrysler Building at the Beaux-Arts Ball in 1931: encased in silver metal cloth trimmed with eagle epaulets, he peers out from under an immense tiered headdress that is fastened down below his ears, so that he appears to be caught partway through the painful metamorphosis in which he vanished, whole, into his work.

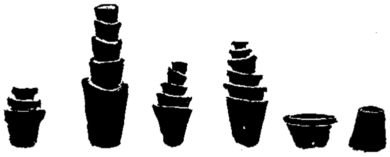
AN OLD BOOK IN FLORENCE

("Ancient Art and Ritual," by Jane Ellen Harrison, London, 1913)

It smells like water from a rusty pump
I drank as a child on my grandmother's farm
in Bellflower, Missouri—this old book
from a British subscription library in Italy.
The water it absorbed from basement air
minute by minute, year after year,
browned the edges of the pages
and fades toward their centers to a faint rust color;
specks of darker rust blot words and letters;
and, on the insides of both covers,
squiggles the shade of dried blood
have made a kind of topographical map
that shows only rivers.
A modern scanning X-ray machine
might have seen a splinter of flame
like a votive candle in the underground stacks,
and the book salvaged with sponges
and tweezers and chemicals.
But no technology can save it now:
the touch of its paper is the skin of hands
dried out by work and crosshatched with veins.

The life it had was in people's hands.
Someone's earnest marginalia
by someone almost erased—
fragments of a dead man's opinion
in a book that's almost dust—
but they must have been alive in him
when he dropped the book at the return desk
and stepped out from the British Institute
onto a gray stone street in Florence
bordered by a wall where you can rest your elbows
and watch the river change with the light
like heavy shot silk. Here's
one passage in the book he marked:
"It's what the tribe feels that is sacred.

The building has gone through its own vicissitudes. By the time the Chrysler family sold it, in 1953, the sleek glass style of Van Alen's initial design had become the standard by which every building was judged; ornament was a crime, and the Chrysler Building was a major culprit. Little loved and subject to a succession of sometimes ruthless owners, it went through years of degradation: the tower sprang leaks; garbage piled up. An exodus of tenants during New York's darkest period brought occupancy down to a deathly seventeen per cent; foreclosure proceedings began in 1975. But tastes were already changing: postmodernism and suburban burnout and maybe even Saul Steinberg's drawings played a part in making urban eccentricity beautiful again. Landmark status came in 1978, and the current fizzy night lighting—said to be Van Alen's original neglected scheme—was switched on in 1981. Today, the building stands proud: Tishman Speyer Properties, which took it over in 1997, has done a spectacular lobby restoration and some vital repairs. The tenant roster boasts a new-era glamour—Senators Moynihan and Clinton have had offices there; the Saudi mission to the United Nations is headquartered in Walter Chrysler's former private office—and a sense of loyalty so strong that even those who never knew the place in its prime are aggrieved by the destruction of the Cloud Club.



Astonishingly, the club kept its doors open until 1979, and after that remained more or less intact through an odd alliance of neglect and hope; tenant Christmas parties were held there through the late nineties. Then, in March of 2000, the Art Deco Society of New York issued a bulletin accusing Tishman Speyer of tearing the place apart. Tishman has refused access to the press—invoking tenant privacy—but Christopher Gray assures us in this

One may make by himself excited movements,
he may leap for joy, for fear;
but unless these movements are made by the tribe
together, they will not become rhythmical;
they will probably lack intensity
and certainly permanence."
To this he shouted "No!" in the margin,
addressing the author, Jane Ellen Harrison:
"Madame, you are an islander as I am."

In our family, my grandmother was famed
for gentle toughness that yielded to no one.
In 1913, a teen-age bride on an Ozark dirt farm—
did her life already somehow contain
the deaths of her husband and son,
my father, who had just been born?
I had heard the phrase "gentle toughness" spoken
by grownups when she left the table after holiday meals,
and spoken by my parents in the dashboard-lit
front seat during the long car rides back to St. Louis,
and I understood what *they* meant by it,
but to me "gentle toughness" was the way her hands felt
when she passed me the dented tin cup
to hold under the spout while she pumped,
saying, "Look for bugs before you drink!"
before she'd rough my cheek and tell me
I was her special one. Often as not,
there would be a fat red beetle
floating in the cup, which she'd pinch out
and hold right up to my nose—
its six tiny thorny legs still trying to swim in air—
and say, "That's never going to hurt you,"
and flick it away like a speck of lint.
Then she'd tell me I could drink, and that's when
I'd tip the cup and smell the water
and see the silver bottom battered into craters
and drinking was being face to face with the moon.

—*Michael Ryan*

new book that the décor "partly survives." Whom to believe? A recent desperado visit by a reporter with a pounding heart reveals, alas: everything is gone, stripped down to the fireproofing on the columns where the white-ice sconces used to be, down to the brick on the inner side of the building's arches. One tenant reports that dumpsters were piled with bits and pieces free for the taking. This destruction was not illegal—only the façade and lobby have been landmarked. And it was not smart. The club's three floors remain unoccupied: Daimler-Chrysler's plan to relocate its New York offices here apparently fell through when the dismal results of the merger quashed the upbeat symbolism of the move. But the greatest shame lies in the fact that for twenty years no one had the wit to find a use for what so abundantly existed. And that the chance for any public space is gone; deprived of the smoke and mirrors and clouds, the fabled rooms appear merely inconvenient and startlingly small.

On May 1, 1931, at the opening ceremony for the Empire State Building, Mayor Jimmy Walker, cheerfully facing impeachment, congratulated the builders for providing "a place higher, further removed than any in the world, where some public official might like to come and hide." Al Smith, in his derby hat, read a telegram from President Hoover, and Edmund Wilson recorded his impression that from these heights the Chrysler dome and spire appeared "now dwindled, a tinny-scaled armadillo-tail ending in a stiff sting-like drill." The following year, F. Scott Fitzgerald, in the midst of a breakdown that seemed to mirror the country's own condition, went up to the Empire State observatory, on the hundred-and-second floor, to get his bearings. And with a shock he felt that he understood it all: the delusions of the past, the present unbearable loss. The realization came to him, he wrote, as it came to everyone who had looked out from this godlike height for the first awful time: New York had limits, the green-and-blue expanse into which it faded on all sides went on forever, but—how could we have known?—New York "was a city after all and not a universe."

The Chrysler observatory, monumentally overshadowed, had lost most of its business by then. Decades later, when the World Trade Center was nearing completion, architects for the Empire State Building considered replacing its famous upper profile with a tower that would rise to a hundred and thirteen stories; two designs were published but shamefacedly withdrawn. The issue of how tall our tall buildings ought to be has always vexed us. Louis Sullivan thought that illusion was as important as actual size—"the glory and pride of exaltation must be in it"—while his student Frank Lloyd Wright, sworn enemy of the urban landscape, liked a strong cornice, to show that a building was, "emphatically, *finished!*" Le Corbusier argued that New York's skyscrapers were "much too small." But William Van Alen, sworn enemy of the cornice, created a skyscraper that never visibly finishes at all. Anyone who looks up from the street will see. The Chrysler spire rises to an impossible slenderness that disappears gradually, like a bird flying out of sight: it becomes increasingly difficult to follow, but that doesn't mean it isn't there; our senses merely fall behind. This street-level vision may provide some consolation against Fitzgerald's sense of loss: somewhere in the empyrean, infinitely tall, the Chrysler Building is still going up. ♦

FICTION

LAST NIGHT

BY JAMES SALTER

Walter Such was a translator. He liked to write with a green fountain pen that he had a habit of raising in the air slightly after each sentence, almost as if his hand were a mechanical device. He could recite lines of Blok in Russian and then give Rilke's translation of them in German, pointing out their beauty. He was a sociable but also sometimes prickly man, who stuttered a little at first and who lived with his wife in a manner they liked. But Marit, his wife, was ill.

He was sitting with Susanna, a family friend. Finally, they heard Marit on the stairs, and she came into the room. She was wearing a red silk dress in which she had always been seductive, with her loose breasts and sleek, dark hair. In the white wire baskets in her closet were stacks of folded clothes, underwear, sport things, nightgowns, the shoes jumbled beneath on the floor. Things she would never again need. Also jewelry, bracelets and necklaces, and a lacquer box with all her rings. She had looked through the lacquer box at length and picked several. She didn't want her fingers, bony now, to be naked.

—You look re-really nice, her husband said.

—I feel as if it's my first date or something. Are you having a drink?

—Yes.

—I think I'll have one. Lots of ice, she said.

She sat down.

—I have no energy, she said, that's the most terrible part. It's gone. It doesn't come back. I don't even like to get up and walk around.

—It must be very difficult, Susanna said.

—You have no idea.

Walter came back with the drink and handed it to his wife.

—Well, happy days, she said. Then, as if suddenly remembering, she smiled at them. A frightening smile. It seemed to mean just the opposite.

It was the night they had decided would be the one. On a saucer in the refrigerator, the syringe lay. Her doctor had supplied the contents. But a farewell dinner first, if she were able. It should not be just the two of them, Marit had said. Her instinct. They had asked Susanna rather than someone closer and grief-filled, Marit's sister, for example, with whom she was not on good terms, anyway, or older friends. Susanna was younger. She had a wide face and high, pure forehead. She looked like the daughter of a professor or banker, slightly errant. Dirty girl, one of their friends had commented about her, with a degree of admiration.

Susanna, sitting in a short skirt, was already a little nervous. It was hard to pretend it would be just an ordinary dinner. It would be hard to be offhanded and herself. She had come as dusk was falling. The house with its lighted windows—every room seemed to be lit—had stood out from all the others like a place in which something festive was happening.

Marit gazed at things in the room, the photographs with their silver frames, the lamps, the large books on Surrealism, landscape design, or country houses that she had always meant to sit down with and read, the chairs, even the rug with its beautiful faded color. She looked at it all as if she were somehow noting it, when in fact it all meant nothing. Susanna's long hair and freshness meant something, though she was not sure what.

Certain memories are what you long to take with you, she thought, memories before Walter, from when she was a girl. Home, not this one but the original one with her childhood bed, the window on the landing out of which she had watched the swirling storms of long-ago winters, her father bending over her to say good night, the lamplight in which her mother was holding out a wrist, trying to fasten a bracelet.

That home. The rest was less dense. The rest was a long novel so like your life; you were going through it without thinking and then one morning it ended: there were bloodstains.

—I've had a lot of these, Marit reflected.

—The drink? Susanna asked.

—Yes.

—Over the years, you mean.

—Yes, over the years. What time is it getting to be?

—Quarter to eight, her husband said.

—Shall we go?

—Whenever you like, he said. No need to hurry.

—I don't want to hurry.

She had, in fact, little desire to go. It was one step closer.

—What time is the reservation? she asked.

—Any time we like.

—Let's go, then.

It was in the uterus and had travelled from there to the lungs. In the end, she had accepted it. Above the square neckline of her dress the skin, pallid, seemed to emanate a darkness. She no longer resembled herself. What she had been was gone; it had been taken from her. The change was fearful, especially in her face. She had a face now that was for the afterlife and those she would meet there. It was hard for Walter to remember how she had once been. She was almost a different woman from the one to whom he had made a solemn promise to help when the time came.

Susanna sat in the back as they drove. The roads were empty. They passed houses showing a shifting, bluish light downstairs. Marit sat silent. She felt sadness but also a kind of confusion. She was trying to imagine all of it tomorrow, without her being here to see it. She could not imagine it. It was difficult to think the world would still be there.

At the hotel, they waited near the bar, which was noisy. Men without jackets,

LESLEY DILL, "FALLING GIRL #1" (1997)/GEORGE ADAMS GALLERY

girls talking or laughing loudly, girls who knew nothing. On the walls were large French posters, old lithographs, in darkened frames.

—I don't recognize anyone, Marit commented. Luckily, she added.

Walter had seen a talkative couple they knew, the Apthalls.

—Don't look, he said. They haven't seen us. I'll get a table in the other room.

—Did they see us? Marit asked as they were seated. I don't feel like talking to anyone.

—We're all right, he said.

The waiter was wearing a white apron and black bow tie. He handed them the menu and a wine list.

—Can I get you something to drink?

—Yes, definitely, Walter said. He was looking at the list, on which the prices were in roughly ascending order. There was a Cheval-Blanc for five hundred and seventy-five dollars. This Cheval-Blanc, do you have this?

—The 1989? the waiter asked.

—Bring us a bottle of that.

—What is Cheval-Blanc? Is it a white? Susanna asked when the waiter had gone.

—No, it's a red, Walter said.

—You know, it was very nice of you to join us tonight, Marit said to Susanna. It's quite a special evening.

—Yes.

—We don't usually order wine this good, she explained.

The two of them had often eaten here, usually near the bar, with its gleaming rows of bottles. They had never ordered wine that cost more than thirty-five dollars.

How was she feeling, Walter asked while they waited. Was she feeling O.K.?

—I don't know how to express how I'm feeling. I'm taking morphine, Marit told Susanna. It's doing the job, but . . . she stopped. There are a lot of things that shouldn't happen to you, she said.

Dinner was quiet. It was difficult to talk casually. They had two bottles of the wine, however. He would never drink this well again, Walter could not help thinking. He poured the last of the second bottle into Susanna's glass.

—No, you should drink it, she said. It's really for you.

—He's had enough, Marit said. It was good, though, wasn't it?

—Fabulously good.

—Makes you realize there are things . . . oh, I don't know, various things. It would be nice to have always drunk it. She said it in a way that was enormously touching.

They were all feeling better. They sat for a while and finally made their way out. The bar was still noisy.

Marit stared out the window as they drove. She was tired. They were going home now. The wind was moving in the tops of the shadowy trees. In the night sky there were brilliant blue clouds, shining as if in daylight.

—It's very beautiful tonight, isn't it? Marit said. I'm struck by that. Am I mistaken?

—No. Walter cleared his throat. It is beautiful.

—Have you noticed it? she asked Susanna. I'm sure you have. How old are you? I forget.

—Twenty-nine.

—Twenty-nine, Marit said. She was silent for a few moments. We never had children, she said. Do you wish you had children?

—Oh, sometimes, I suppose. I haven't thought about it too much. It's one of those things you have to be married to really think about.

—You'll be married.

—Yes, perhaps.

—You could be married in a minute, Marit said.

She was tired when they reached the house. They sat together in the living room as if they had come from a big party but were not quite ready for bed. Walter was thinking of what lay ahead, the light that would come on in the refrigerator when the door was opened. The needle of the syringe was sharp, the stainless-steel point cut at an angle and like a razor. He was going to have to insert it into her vein. He tried not to dwell on it. He would manage somehow. He was becoming more and more nervous.

—I remember my mother, Marit said. She wanted to tell me things at the end, things that had happened when I was young. Rae Mahin had gone to bed with Teddy Hudner. Anne Herring had, too. They were married women. Teddy Hudner wasn't married. He worked in advertising and was always playing golf. My mother went on like that, who slept with whom. That's what she wanted to tell me, finally. Of course, at the time, Rae Mahin was really something.

Then Marit said, I think I'll go upstairs.

She stood up. I'm all right, she told her husband. Don't come up just yet. Good night, Susanna.

When there were just the two of them, Susanna said, I have to go.

—No, don't. Please don't go. Stay here.

She shook her head. I can't, she said.

—Please, you have to. I'm going to go upstairs in a little while, but when I come down I can't be alone. Please.

There was silence.

—Susanna.

They sat without speaking.

—I know you've thought all this out, she said.

—Yes, absolutely.

After a few minutes, Walter looked at his watch; he began to say something but then did not. A little later, he looked at it again, then left the room.

The kitchen was in the shape of an L, old-fashioned and unplanned, with a white enamel sink and wooden cabinets painted many times. In the summers they had made preserves here when boxes of strawberries were sold at the stairway going down to the train platform in the city, unforgettable strawberries, their fragrance like perfume. There were still some jars. He went to the refrigerator and opened the door.

There it was, the small etched lines on the side. There were ten ccs. He tried to think of a way not to go on. If he dropped the syringe, broke it somehow, and said his hand had been shaking...

He took the saucer and covered it with a dish towel. It was worse that way. He put it down and picked up the syringe, holding it in various ways—finally, almost concealed against his leg. He felt light as a sheet of paper, devoid of strength.

Marit had prepared herself. She had made up her eyes and put on an ivory satin nightgown, low in back. It was the gown she would be wearing in the next world. She had made an effort to believe in an afterworld. The crossing was by boat, something the ancients knew with certainty. Over her collarbones lay strands of a silver necklace. She was weary. The wine had had an effect, but she was not calm.

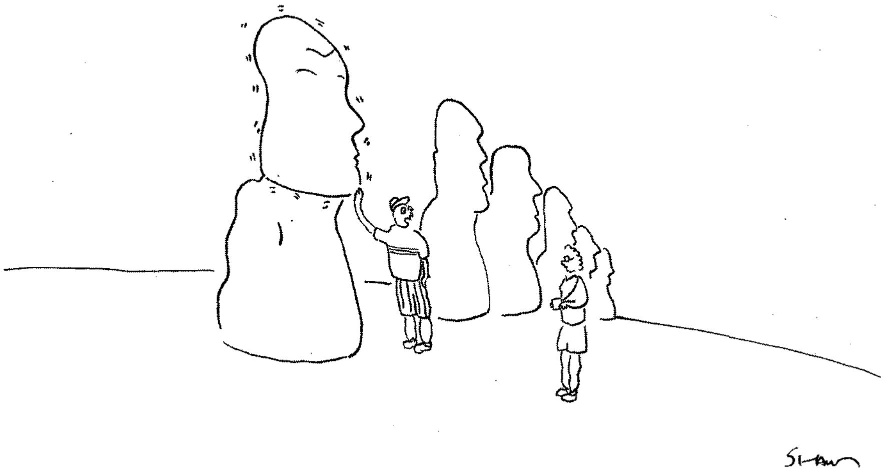
In the doorway, Walter stood, as if waiting for permission. She looked at him without speaking. He had it in his hand, she saw. Her heart skidded nervously, but she was determined not to show it.

—Well, darling, she said.

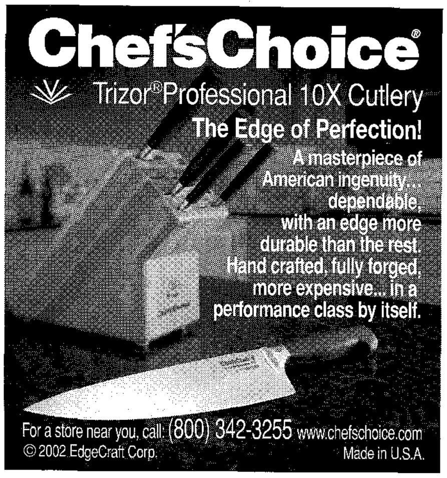
He tried to reply. She had on fresh lipstick, he saw; her mouth looked dark. There were some photographs she had arranged around her on the bed.

—Come in.

—No, I'll be back, he managed to say.



"They're bobbleheads."



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He hurried downstairs. He was going to fail; he had to have a drink. The living room was empty. Susanna had gone. He had never felt more completely alone. He went into the kitchen and poured some vodka, odorless and clear, into a glass and quickly drank it. He went slowly upstairs again and sat on the bed near his wife. The vodka was making him drunk. He felt unlike himself.

—Walter, she said.

—Yes?

—This is the right thing.

She reached to take his hand. Somehow it frightened him, as if it might mean an appeal to come with her.

—You know, she said evenly, I've loved you as much as I've ever loved anyone in the world—I'm sounding maudlin, I know.

—Ah, Marit! he cried.

—Did you love me?

His stomach was churning in despair.

—Yes, he said. Yes!

—Take care of yourself.

—Yes.

He was in good health, as it happened, a little heavier than he might have been, but nevertheless . . . His roundish, scholarly stomach was covered with a layer of soft, dark hair, his hands and nails well cared for.

She leaned forward and embraced him. She kissed him. For a moment, she was not afraid. She would live again, be young again as she once had been. She held out her arm. On the inside, two veins the color of verdigris were visible. He began to press to make them rise. Her head was turned away.

—Do you remember, she said to him, when I was working at Bates and we met that first time? I knew right away.

The needle was wavering as he tried to position it.

—I was lucky, she said. I was very lucky.

He was barely breathing. He waited, but she did not say anything more. Hardly believing what he was doing, he pushed the needle in—it was effortless—and slowly injected the contents. He heard her sigh. Her eyes were closed as she lay back. Her face was peaceful. She had embarked. My God, he thought, my God. He had known her when she was in her twenties, long-legged and innocent. Now he had slipped her, as in a burial at sea, beneath the flow of time. Her hand was still warm. He took it and held it to his lips. He pulled the bedspread up to cover her legs. The house was incredibly quiet. It had fallen into silence, the silence of a fatal act. He could not hear the wind.

He went slowly downstairs. A sense of relief came over him, enormous relief and sadness. Outside, the monumental blue clouds filled the night. He stood for a few minutes and then saw, sitting in her car, motionless, Susanna. She rolled down the window as he approached.

—You didn't go, he said.

—I couldn't stay in there.

—It's over, he said. Come in. I'm going to get a drink.

She stood in the kitchen with him, her arms folded, a hand on each elbow.

—It wasn't terrible, he said. It's just that I feel . . . I don't know.

They drank standing there.

—Did she really want me to come? Susanna said.

—Darling, *she* suggested it. She didn't know a thing.

—I wonder.

—Believe me. Nothing.

She put down her drink.

—No, drink it, he said. It'll help.

—I feel funny.

—Funny? You're not feeling sick?

—I don't know.

—Don't be sick. Here, come with me. Wait, I'll get you some water.

She was concentrating on breathing evenly.

—You'd better lie down for a bit, he said.

—No, I'm all right.

—Come.

He led her, in her short skirt and blouse, to a room to one side of the front door and made her sit on the bed. She was taking slow breaths.

—Susanna.

—Yes.

—I need you.

She more or less heard him. Her head was thrown back like that of a woman longing for God.

—I shouldn't have drunk so much, she murmured.

He began to unbutton her blouse.

—No, she said, trying to rebutton it.

He was unfastening her brassiere. Her gorgeous breasts emerged. He could not take his eyes from them. He kissed them passionately. She felt herself moved to the side as he pulled down the

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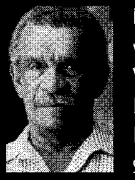

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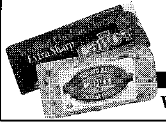

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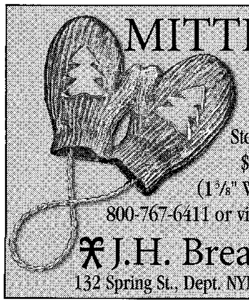

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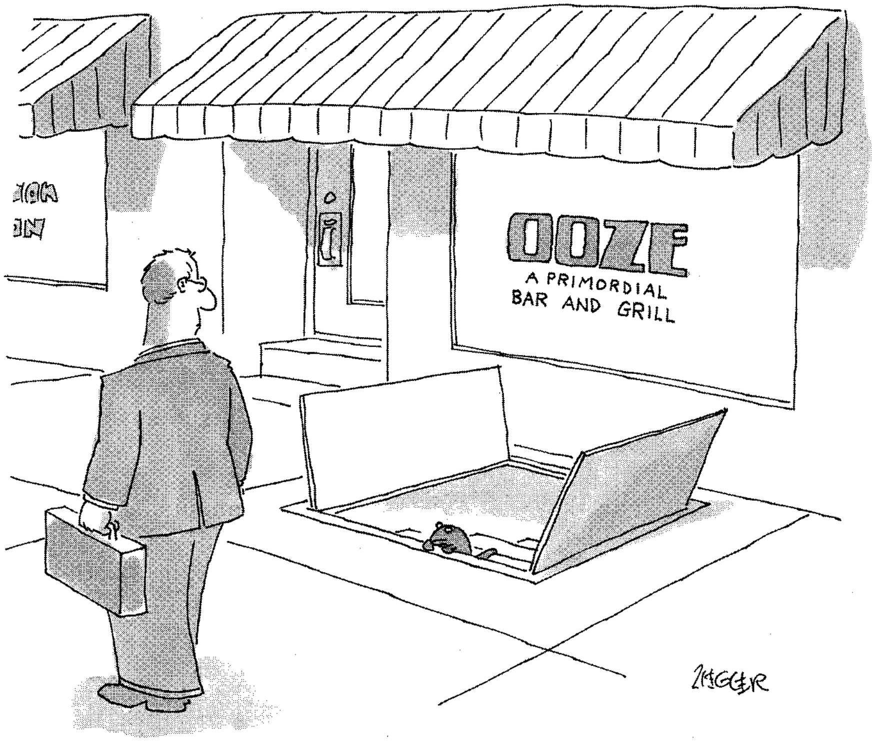
OOZE
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• •

cover of the white sheets. She tried to speak again, but he put his hand over her mouth and pushed her down. He devoured her, shuddering as if in fright at the end and holding her to him tightly. They fell into a profound sleep.

In earliest morning, the light was clear and intensely bright. The house, standing in its path, became even whiter. It stood out from its neighbors, more pure and serene. The shadow of a tall elm beside it was traced on it as finely as if drawn by a pencil. The pale curtains hung unmoving. Nothing stirred within. In back was the wide lawn across which Susanna had been idly strolling as part of a garden tour on the day he had first seen her, shapely and tall. It was a vision he had not been able to erase, though the rest had started later, when she came to redo the garden with Marit.

They sat at the table drinking coffee. They were complicit, not long risen, and not regarding one another too closely. Walter was admiring her, however. Without makeup she was even more appealing. Her long hair was not combed. She seemed very approachable. There were calls that would have to be made, but he was not thinking of them. It was still too early. He was thinking past this day. Mornings to come. At first he hardly heard the sound behind him. It was a footstep and then, slowly, another—Susanna turned white—as Marit came unsteadily down the stairs. The makeup on her face was stale, and her dark lipstick showed fissures. He stared in disbelief.

—Something went wrong, she said.

—Are you all right? he asked foolishly.

—No, you must have done it wrong.

—Oh, God, Walter murmured.

She sat weakly on the bottom step. She did not seem to notice Susanna.

—I thought you were going to help me, she said, and began to cry.

—I can't understand it, he said.

—It's all wrong, Marit was repeating. Then, to Susanna, You're still here?

—I was just leaving, Susanna said.

—I don't understand, Walter said again.

—I have to do it all over, Marit sobbed.

—I'm sorry, he said. I'm so sorry.

He could think of nothing more to say. Susanna had gone to get her clothes. She left by the front door.

That was how she and Walter came to part, upon being discovered by his wife. They met two or three times afterward, at his insistence, but to no avail. Whatever holds people together was gone. She told him she could not help it. That was just the way it was. ♦

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THE CRITICS

BOOKS

HAPPY DAYS

The life and good times of Samuel Pepys.

BY THOMAS MALLON

Late in December, 1867, Charles Dickens lost his pocket diary. In a letter to his sister-in-law, he described its disappearance as something " 'which,' as Mr Pepys would add, 'do trouble me mightily.' " Dickens preferred to destroy his diaries himself rather than leave them to accident and prying eyes. The disposable books were never meant to preserve the past for future savoring, only to keep track of Dickens's busy present and immediate future, especially his endless railway travel between his mistress, Ellen Ternan, and the far-flung platforms on which he gave dramatic public readings from his work. The pocket diaries provided no secret relief, as diaries sometimes do, from the mask of rectitude; they were a hedge against slipups and contradiction.

This story of Dickens's lost diary comes from "The Invisible Woman," Claire Tomalin's 1991 study of the novelist's affair with Ternan. Now, after two subsequent biographies, one of the eighteenth-century actress Dorothy Jordan and the other of Jane Austen, Tomalin has turned to Samuel Pepys, who sprang to Dickens's mind, as he still springs to ours, whenever diaries come up. Pepys reinvented the genre, and has never ceased to be its most famous practitioner, at least in the English language. The million or so words he wrote between 1660 and 1669 revel, sometimes consciously and more often not, in the kinds of contradiction that Dickens sought to suppress. We experience Pepys as an alternating electric current: cuddling his wife before groping the housemaid; serving the king after serving the regicide; thanking God for the end of a plague year that has brought him more merriment and riches than any year before it.

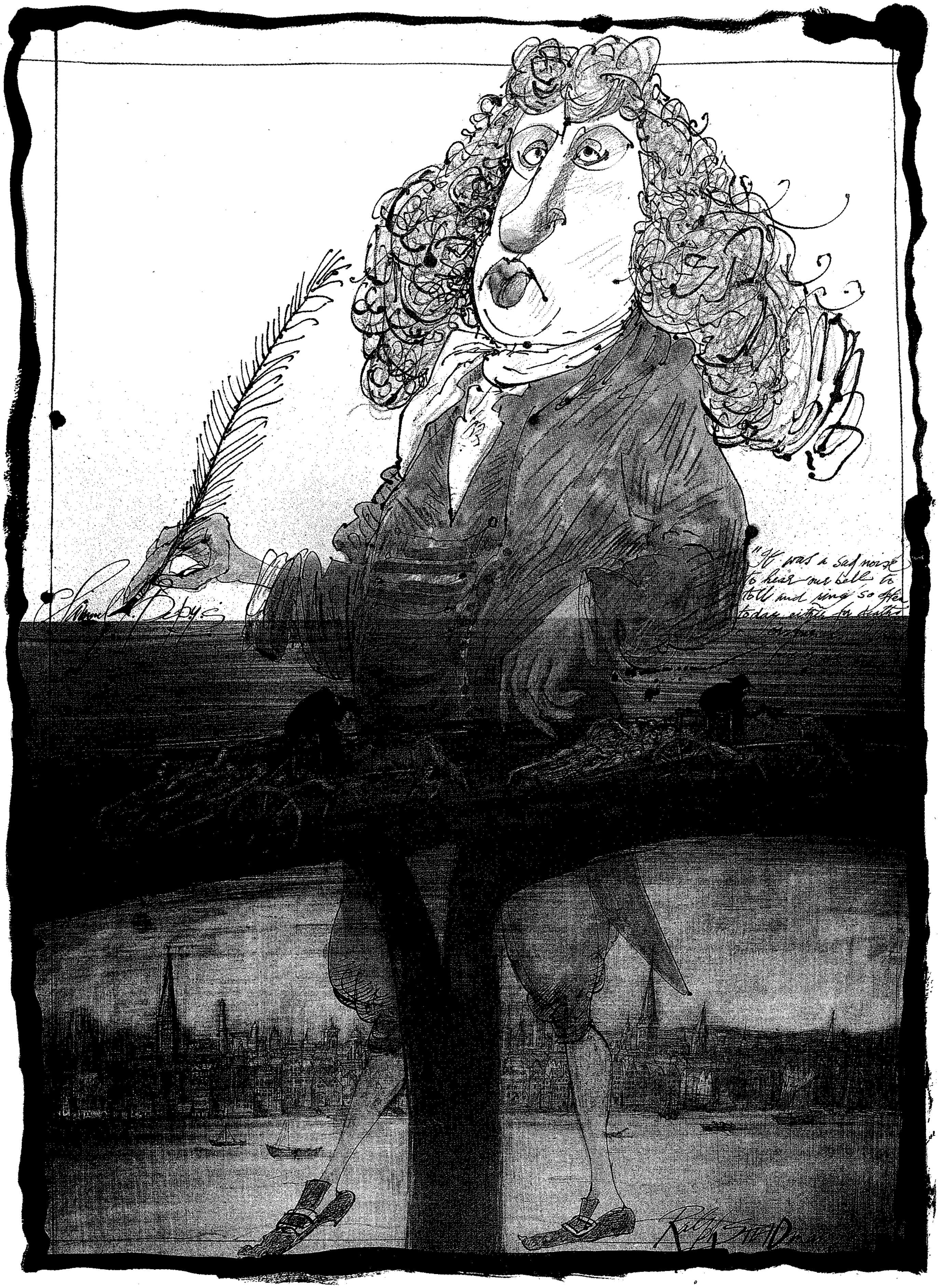
Three centuries after his death, we sometimes kid ourselves with the weary, Zen-like vogue phrase "It's all good." To Pepys, it actually was, and all he wanted to do with his diary—a form previously used mostly in the pursuit of self-correction and spiritual growth—was hoard it, save up his life the way he buried his wine and his Parmesan cheese during the Great Fire of London, or had a special case constructed for the preservation and display of his surgically removed kidney stone. We've always thought of him as lucky, escaping venereal disease and the political gibbet, surviving his wife's wrath along with his operation, the plague, and the fire. We forget that his luck sometimes failed him. His own house burned down; he served a stint in the Tower; he became suddenly, and young, a widower. But all those things happened in the three decades after he gave up the diary. The Pepys we know lived for only nine years and five months. In "Samuel Pepys: The Unequalled Self" (Knopf; $30), Tomalin gives us the rest of the man, and also a startling new way to read him.

Born in 1633 in London above his father's tailor shop, Pepys grew up in a smoky, still medieval city of about a hundred and thirty thousand souls. As a schoolboy at St. Paul's, he became accustomed to Puritan street preachers and political melees. In 1649, he was part of the approving crowd that saw Charles I lose his head. Always adept at finding patrons, he went off to Magdalene College, in republican Cambridge, with the help of "some powerful Cromwellians," as Tomalin tells us. She does an exceptionally good job with the era's manic politics and general funkiness, reminding us, for instance, how John Evelyn, another, if much tamer, diarist of the period, toyed with the idea of an "annual hair wash" in 1653.

During Cromwell's rule, Pepys went out "clubbing"—a word he used with the same meaning it has now—in the company of his fellow government clerks, a surprisingly high-spirited bunch of low churchmen. He kept his brand-new wagon hitched to the star of Edward Montagu, later the Earl of Sandwich, who raised a regiment for Cromwell and was amply rewarded for it, but who, at the end of the sixteen-fifties, with the Lord Protector dead and a royalist tide running, switched sides with the alacrity of an Afghan warlord. As England went about resurrecting its Maypoles and Cromwell's corpse (in order to put the head on a pike), Sandwich delivered the country's fleet to Charles II. Pepys was in turn named to the restored Crown's Navy Board. A house went along with the job. As Tomalin puts it, "The world had turned over, and he had come out on top."

Late in 1659, while waiting for the political situation to settle down, he walked into John Cade's Cornhill stationery shop and bought a two-hundred-and-eighty-two-page notebook. Before New Year's, according to Tomalin, "he ruled neat margins in red ink down the left-hand side and across the top of each plain white page: seven inches down, five inches across." These were the only boundaries he would set himself. He wrote his diary—always referred to by Tomalin with a capital "D"—in a shorthand he had learned at Cambridge, and he kept the enterprise a secret, especially from his wife, Elizabeth. The project was clearly important to him, but it betrays no deliberate seeking of literary achievement. When he wrote, four years into it, about "how the world makes nothing

RALPH STEADMAN


Samuel Pepys
"It was a sad noise to hear our bell to toll and ring so often today either for deaths

The million or so words in Samuel Pepys's diary display a pure, unself-conscious delight in everything he did.

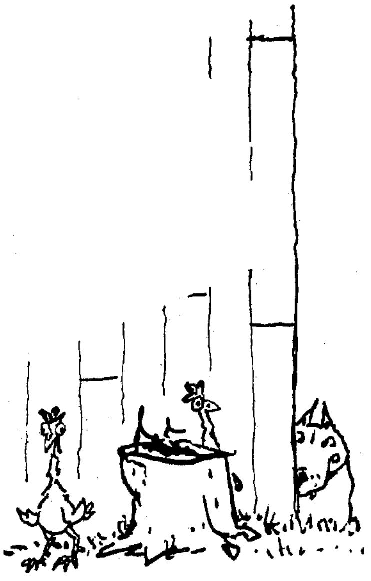
of the memory of a man, an houre after he is dead!," he had no idea how thoroughly he was solving that problem for himself.

Tomalin is nicely aware that Pepys's unconscious genius, as a writer and personality, is his egoism. If it's all good, it's also, always, all about him. He decides that some successful matchmaking he has done is really just one of those things "ordered by God Almighty to make me contented." Tomalin finds his energy "more godlike than human," but it's more accurate to see him as humanity supersized. We are always aware of Pepys as being different in degree, not in kind. He believed that his body temperature was higher than other people's, and we have no trouble believing it, too.

He rises early for work ("Up betimes and to my office"), where he is an excellent administrator, trying to get the lazy King's attention when he needs it. (While the Dutch are burning the British fleet at Medway, Charles II and his mistress Lady Castlemaine are "all mad in hunting of a poor moth" that's disturbing their supper party.) He takes no more in kickbacks from naval contractors than anyone of his time would expect, though he does do some double-bookkeeping during the Second Dutch War, starting a second journal to record his share of the plunder. His excitement during a tour of one captured ship's hold makes it into the main diary: "The greatest wealth lie in confusion that a man can see in the world. Pepper scattered through every chink, you trod upon it; and in cloves and nutmegs I walked above the knees, whole rooms full. And silks in bales, and boxes of copper-plate . . ." In this instance, he's able to continue with his visual inventory; a year earlier, while he was looking at all the paintings inside the King's closet at Whitehall, his receptors locked from sensory overload: "I was properly confounded and enjoyed no pleasure in the sight of them; which is the only time in my life that ever I was so at a loss for pleasure, in the greatest plenty of objects to give it to me." (Actually, five months earlier, when Sir William Warren presented Elizabeth with a pair of gloves and forty pieces of gold, Pepys "could eat no victuals almost for dinner for joy to think how God do bless us every day more and more.")

With so many avidities and interests—optics, book collecting, interior decoration—his failure to father a child seems not to have bothered him overmuch. The craving also may have been lessened by the way he stood in a sort of father-son relationship to himself. "But, Lord!" he writes, the day after he has had his watch repaired, "to see how much of my old folly and childishnesse hangs upon me still that I cannot forbear carrying my watch in my hand in the coach all this afternoon, and seeing what o'clock it is one hundred times."

The diarist, according to his biographer, "responded to everything that was picturesque." Indeed, a favorite word of approbation, for anything that composes itself into a visual study, is "pretty." As the Great Fire of September, 1666, recedes, it's even "pretty to see how hard the women did work in the cannells, sweeping of water." The fire is the diary's central public event, and Pepys remains an important, much anthologized source for historians of it. Yet his account is surprisingly thin; the psychology and techniques that make renderings of his own experience so juicy and vivid are not well suited to the big calamitous picture. Pepys maps the fire's early destruction by using some of the women in his life as coördinates: the flames have reached the place where "poor little Michell" resides by the bridge, and wrecked "the poor steeple by which pretty Mrs. — lives." His single, handheld camera doesn't do justice to the magnitude of the catastrophe, and his disinclination toward the gruesome (he famously fled his brother's deathbed to take a walk) causes him to hurry through what is a kind of nuclear winter. A few months after it's over, he finds London "less and less likely to be built again" but notes that he himself has "come to abound in good plate," having two and a half dozen silver dishes for the entertainments he likes to give.



For a staggering wide-angle inventory of the blaze's destruction, readers can turn to Neil Hanson's "The Great Fire of London in That Apocalyptic Year, 1666" (Wiley; $27.95). By its second night, residents no longer needed the three-quarter moon in order to see; two days later, at noon, they could stare, for as long as they wished, straight into the smoke-covered sun. When the flames found St. Paul's, they were "as high as the cathedral itself. Some [people inside] found gaps in the wall of fire and fled through them, their clothes igniting from the heat as they ran." As one reads of scorched paper travelling for miles, and of the dead "cremated where they fell," and of the conspiracy theories, government investigations, and reformed building codes that followed the fire, Pepys's contemporaries may, for a moment, feel like one's own.

When Tomalin argues that Pepys "allowed himself not a shred of dignity" in the diary, she is talking mostly about the presentation of his marriage and the near-daily pursuit of other erotic opportunities, under his own roof and throughout the city. When the diary begins, he is twenty-six and Elizabeth only nineteen. He admires her looks and cleverness, and takes pleasure in her attempts at self-improvement. If they quarrel and brawl—"I did strike her over her left eye such a blow as the poor wretch did cry out and was in great pain, but yet her spirit was such as to endeavour to bite and scratch me"—they usually make up before retiring, ready to chat in bed the next morning. Elizabeth, says Tomalin, "had a lot to put up with in being married to Pepys, but on balance more to enjoy than not."

Their one true crisis comes in 1668, when Elizabeth catches Pepys with the servant girl Deb Willet and seems to intuit the much stronger than usual hold that this girl has over her husband. Only after some terrible scenes and his wife's descent into depression (Elizabeth gives up washing herself) does Pepys make a serious effort to forsake Deb and restore domestic contentment.

His less serious flirtations were often celebrated in a lunatic fractured French that served more to broadcast than hide the exploit: his wigmaker's servant, Jane Welsh, "would not laisser me faire l'autre thing, though I did what I pouvais to have got her à me laisser." Tomalin tries to be a good sport about this, noting the peculiar immortality that Pepys conferred upon young women like Betty Michell and Mrs. Bagwell (a regular), who still walk around as third-person characters in this vast first-person novel that happens to be true. Even so, one senses Tomalin's strain in dealing with her subject's "sexual rampages." She argues, mostly to herself, that Pepys's "energy burns off blame," and she experiences relief from his "low success rate" during bouts of tomcatting. But Tomalin can never get herself completely clear, or her subject quite under control, on this score. Pepys is forever rushing up and grabbing his biographer from behind, pulling at her blue stockings, and, for a sentence or two at a time, turning her into Margaret Dumont. Tomalin finds "no comedy" whatsoever in the Deb debacle. Not even in Pepys's chagrined agreement to go out of the house only when chaperoned by his clerk, Will Hewer? Not even in what she describes as the "greatly increased sexual activity and pleasure with his wife" during the worst of the crisis? Amid all the fire and plague and fanaticism of this world she reconstructs so handsomely, one wishes that Tomalin would, in this matter, simply relax. She displays in many spots a fine sense of humor, but she underestimates the component of sheer silliness in the diary, and might, from a feminist perspective, award Pepys a few points for constructing a literary genre in which women's success would soon far surpass men's.

Why, every reader of the diary comes to ask, did Pepys record all the embarrassing amatory episodes he did? Tomalin's answer is multifaceted but still, I think, incomplete:

> No doubt it was partly to prolong the enjoyment, where there was enjoyment, and to give himself the chance to revisit it, with an extra gloss added by the exotic language. But also, and perhaps chiefly, for the reason that he was more interested in observing and recording his own actions than in presenting an immaculate or even favourable image of himself. . . . He was not confessing his sins here but setting down the facts of his experience as a man living in a complex environment.

He was also just playing with his toes, wiggling them in the pure, unselfconscious delight of the crib. Some of his best male successors in the genre, from Boswell to W. N. P. Barbellion, have had the same winning infantilism.

Tomalin has organized her book mostly by chronology, with occasional breaks for the consideration of a theme or a set of characters. She has a nice way with foreshadowing, something a diary can never employ except inadvertently, but whenever she forsakes chronology for more than a dozen or so pages one realizes how lucky Pepys is to be constrained by it, to be hustled along by a form that makes life a narrative experience—or, as it would be memorably defined, one damned thing after another.

Pepys gave up the diary in the middle of 1669, when he was thirty-six. He made failing eyesight his excuse, but Tomalin feels let down and baffled by this the way readers always have. (The sole exception remains J. R. Tanner, an early-twentieth-century historian of Pepys's naval career, who saw the diary as a gigantic youthful folly.) Pepys's eyes, while troublesome, never worsened to the point where he couldn't read or write, and he admitted in the diary itself that quitting the book was "almost as much as to see myself go into my grave." In her previous biography, Tomalin attributed Jane Austen's decade-long writing silence, between 1800 and 1809, to a deep depression, something pretty much unthinkable in Pepys's case. The mystery remains.

Once Tomalin is without the diary, a conditional haze begins to descend upon her biography. Where before she was certain of Pepys's actions, she must now reckon that he "would have" or

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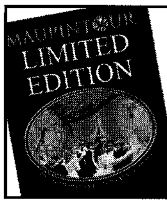

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"may have" or "could have" done something. But through zealous research she dispels this mist to a remarkable extent; when she reasons that Pepys "no doubt" did something, a reader has no doubt that he did. Early in the book's final section, she turns her own new burden into both a tribute to her subject and a brilliant historiographical insight: "No one else took up the chronicle of public events, and the 1670s seem a less lively time than the 1660s as a consequence."

From such records as do exist, Tomalin teases out Pepys's remaining career at the Admiralty and in Parliament, where the youthful Cromwellian was now a committed Jacobite, even charged with papist leanings by enemies such as Lord Shaftesbury. In his last thirty years, he had near-constant trouble with his sinuses, joints, and bowels, but throughout the same period he had the companionship of Mary Skinner, a merchant's daughter. Elizabeth died abruptly, just five months after the diary did. How strange it is having to rely on John Evelyn's journal, not Pepys's, for a description of her funeral; indeed, it feels odd to hear about Pepys's own burial, in 1703, from anybody but himself.

Literary biography generally presents itself in subservience to the written work of its subjects. It comes not so much to bury, or even resurrect, as to gloss. In fact, it seems doubtful that many readers of lives of the Brownings or Truman Capote or Edna St. Vincent Millay ever make it far back into the subjects' own texts. Yet readers of Tomalin's book must not deny themselves the experience of going back to Pepys's diary almost immediately, before their experience of reading the biography has cooled down. The effects of the new book upon the old are transformative. One has always been required, for any full sense of the diary, to interrupt the reading of nearly every entry for clarification from the footnotes. But Tomalin makes the whole dramatis personae and political carnival so clear that one can now reread the diary, or at least its one-volume distillations, almost straight through. The jerkiness of silent film gives way to something like a sixty-frame-a-second stream, and the journal's narrative energy, always prodigious, becomes almost indecent. In this functional respect, "Samuel Pepys" must be judged one of the most successful literary biographies of all time.

It is inconceivable, for all his lack of literary preening, that Pepys did not intend readers to have the eventual pleasure of his company and life. He made too careful provision for the survival of all his books, including the diary, for it to be otherwise. Discovered inside the Magdalene College library in 1728 by a student of shorthand, the six volumes of the diary waited another century for their laborious deciphering by a young man named John Smith. (Tomalin notes that he "carried out the entire task without knowing that the key to the shorthand was in the library.") Published at last in 1825, they astonished and annoyed the Georgian literary world. Sir Walter Scott declared a preference for Evelyn (he would), and bowdlerized editions kept the work under a cold shower for another hundred and fifty years. Even so, English literature and history came to a gradual appreciation of what they had on their hands. Robert Louis Stevenson, whose essay on Pepys still serves as the introduction to the Modern Library's edition, understood not only the diarist's "liberal genius" and casual artistry but his essential childishness as well: "He must always be doing something agreeable, and, by preference, two agreeable things at once." It was carpe diem, carpe Deb, and carpe the Dutch fleet's booty.

God blessed him for so long that He must have seemed just another patron, a higher Earl of Sandwich who might be persuaded to keep on giving forever. One morning in 1665, after dreaming that he had the King's mistress in his arms, Pepys was struck by the thought of "what a happy thing it would be if when we are in our graves (as Shakespeere resembles it) we could dream, and dream but such dreams as this." Later in the day, walking through an alley near the ferry landing, he came upon the body of a plague victim. Not disturbing its dreams, he stepped around the corpse, headed home, and so to bed. ♦

From the magazine Nature.

Plans to combat climate change by raising a 'flatulence tax' on cows and sheep were dropped last week by the New Zealand government.

Steve Forbes may try to bring it back in 2004.

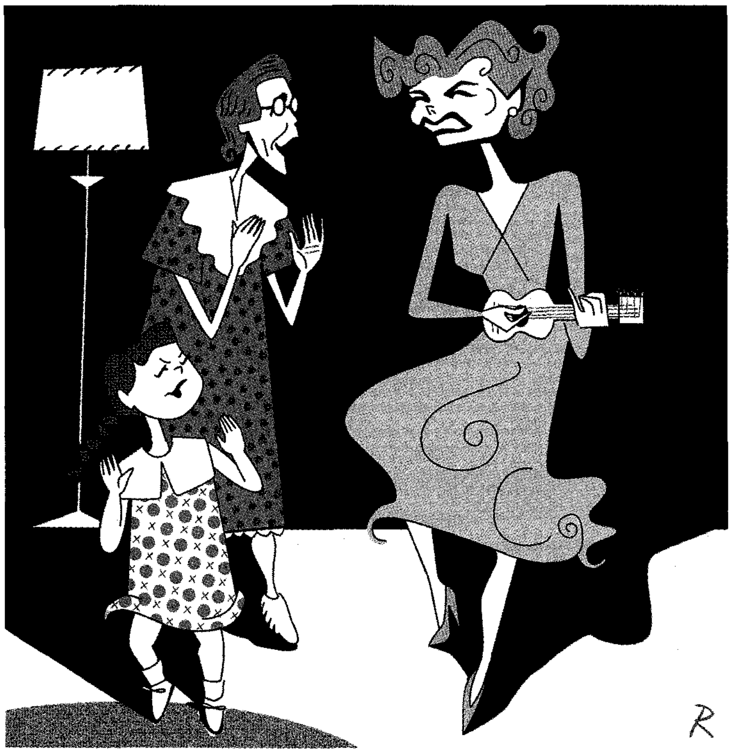
THE THEATRE

SHADOW PLAYS

Doom with a view, in "Hollywood Arms" and "Book of Days."

BY JOHN LAHR

"Hollywood Arms" (directed by Harold Prince, at the Cort Theatre) is also the name of the cheap and cheerful residential hotel in Los Angeles where Carol Burnett, who wrote the autobiographical play with her late daughter, Carrie Hamilton, grew up in the early nineteen-forties. Even before the lights go down, the curtain calls our attention to the geography of the place—a silk screen shows the iconic hillside whose fifty-foot letters used to spell out the word "Hollywoodland." The original sign represented an almost insolent dream of hope for this beleaguered nation at the fag end of the Depression; nowadays, however, it is a cliché that carries with it an irony that is almost Presidential in its obviousness. But, since the ambition of "Hollywood Arms" is to re-create the hothouse of acrimony and regret that produced the hilarious Burnett, you come to the play expecting more than just a hoary tale of pluck and luck. And, although the playwriting struck me as plodding and unfocussed, the show does bring fascinating news of the landscape of the comic interior.



Carol Burnett takes on three generations of dysfunction.

The young Burnett, who is called Helen in this somewhat fictionalized version of her memoir, was abandoned by her mother, Louise, who wanted to pursue a career as an entertainment journalist, and spent her early childhood with her welfare-dependent maternal grandmother, in San Antonio, Texas. When Burnett was eight, she moved, with her grandmother, to a Los Angeles apartment adjacent to Louise's. As dramatized, the cramped, stale, Murphy-bed world she grew up in is a particularly oppressive one. Faced with the living death of her family's lamentation and resignation, Helen assumes the role of life-giver. To her grandmother, a Christian Scientist with an addiction to "spells" and sarcasm, she is a sidekick and a helpmate—"my little miracle." To her feckless alcoholic mother, she is a nurse and a solace. To her pretty, wayward younger sister, she is a caretaker. And when the projector breaks down at the local cinema, where she works as an usher—in one of the play's best scenes—it is Helen's improvised antics that literally animate dead time. Laughter becomes the public expression of her private impulse for rescue—a form of artificial respiration that revives her and those around her.

As a child, Burnett found her escape in playacting and movies (she went eight times a week). "Hollywood Arms" tries to show this, but scenically and dramatically its flourishes fall flat. As played by Sara Niemietz, the pudgy, rather mature eight-year-old Helen conveys a pliable sweetness, but not much of the rowdy, tomboy mischievousness of the comedienne-to-be. The same can be said of Donna Lynne Champlin, who makes the teen-age Helen into a sort of proper, head-girl version of Burnett. The dialogue is studded with jarring anachronisms—"Don't even go there" and "Have a nice day"—and the play becomes truly compelling only in its characterization of Burnett's steely, eccentric grandmother, Nanny (Linda Lavin), and her blinkered struggle to survive a mess that was partly of her own making. (She was married six times.)

Lavin is what sportswriters might call a "go-to girl." She is swift and smart; she has great moves; and she always scores. If you're a playwright, you want as much of your play as possible to come off her sharp tongue. Here, in a loose-fitting patterned dress, sensible black shoes, and wire-rimmed glasses, she embodies what Tennessee Williams calls "the stiff-necked pride of the defeated." She is so vivid that you can almost smell the cloying aroma of her powder. Her face is a stoic mask that hides both collapse and cunning. "With a scowl and a frown / We'll keep our peckers down," Noël Coward wrote of the kind of habitual negativity that is Nanny's stock-in-trade. ("You'll be dead in a week," she tells Helen as she sets off to make her name in New York.) Lavin paces her threadbare domain with straight-backed deliberateness. To fend off stomach pain, she sleeps with the *Christian Science Monitor* strapped to her midriff; for protection against all other destructive forces, her own anger included, she wraps herself in wisecracks. (Burnett once told me that her grandmother had encouraged her not to dwell on the past by

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saying, "Leave it where Jesus flung it!") The best of many droll ripostes is Nanny's bedtime anatomy lesson. "Boys have Rogers. Girls have Suzies," she tells Helen. "Now enough of this filthy talk." Whooping as she rushes to the bathroom, screeching caveats about wastefulness, even singing along to Louise's ukulele, Lavin turns Nanny's despair into comedy, and in this way Burnett repays her grandmother's loyalty with forgiveness.

To her granddaughter, Nanny is the hearth; to her daughter, she is a bed of hot coals—a sometimes scorching reminder, as if Louise (Michele Pawk) needed it, of her own hapless failure. Of the many sins with which the script saddles Louise—sins of the flesh, of the will, of honor—the first and foremost sin is the lack of talent. At the beginning of Act I, as proof of her journalistic gifts, Louise recites the lead of her vaunted interview with Cesar Romero: "I come to *praise* Cesar, not to bury him!" This gets an easy laugh, but it also discounts her credibility. Motherhood, we see instantly, has been sacrificed for mediocrity. It's a testament to Pawk, who is full of sexy, restless charm, that she is able to make Louise seem more than just a fool. Caught between her mother's annihilating glare and her daughter's needy eyes, over time she withdraws in shame.

Pawk manages these degrees of decline skillfully, but although the play gives her a trajectory of retreat, it doesn't explore it. There are no genuine moments of insight or outrage—those frequently terrifying outbursts that later made Burnett, as she has said, behave toward her own daughters like Loretta Young. It's as if, having spent a lifetime detaching herself from the suffocation of her past, Burnett can't reënter the dark world from which she manufactured her light. "Hollywood Arms" leaves the audience feeling as Burnett did when she finally left home: eager to get away from the disappointing collection of lost souls she was expected to love.

If "Hollywood Arms" can't see the story for the facts, Lanford Wilson's adroit and compelling "Book of Days" (at the Signature Theatre Company) knows exactly where it's going and how to take the audience there. A sort of Thelonious Monk of make-believe, Wilson takes twelve expert actors and some bleacher seats, and (with a scenic ace in the hole by the set designer John Lee Beatty as his finale) conjures up a bright and barbarous Middle America. The play is a yarn that turns into a moral horror story—"Our Town" meets "The Fall of the House of Usher"—and much of the pleasure comes from Wilson's command of storytelling. The characters talk to one another and to us; they move backward and forward in time; they jump from scene to scene with a mere shift of their bodies; their language bounces with both a rhythm and a pulse. Wilson can make a landscape from a list. He can reverse any expectation. He establishes the confident, loosey-goosey independence of the play's heroine, Ruth (played with terrific appeal by Miriam Shor), by having her confide to us about her cooking—"I don't cook. I can, you just don't want to be there"—and then lets the same forthrightness play itself out when she auditions for the starring role in Shaw's "Saint Joan," which she thinks is a musical. Alert, unflappable, pragmatic, and funny, Ruth takes the part of Joan of Arc onstage, only to become her in life. During the course of the evening, she sniffs out evil—the murder of the owner of the cheese plant where she and her husband work—and pursues it recklessly while the rest of the corrupt community turns a blind eye. Although Wilson and the company succeed in shivering our timbers—"Safe home" are the play's chilling last words—"Book of Days," well directed by Marshall W. Mason, has a more pertinent immanence under its elegant surface. It dramatizes a phenomenon that we need to think about these days, what psychiatrists call "negative hallucination"—a disorder in which people can't see what's happening under their noses. To materialize the unknown, to turn the inside out, is the magic trick of theatre; here Wilson pulls more than one rabbit out of his hat. ♦

CONSTABULARY NOTES FROM ALL OVER
From the Gorham (Maine) Times.

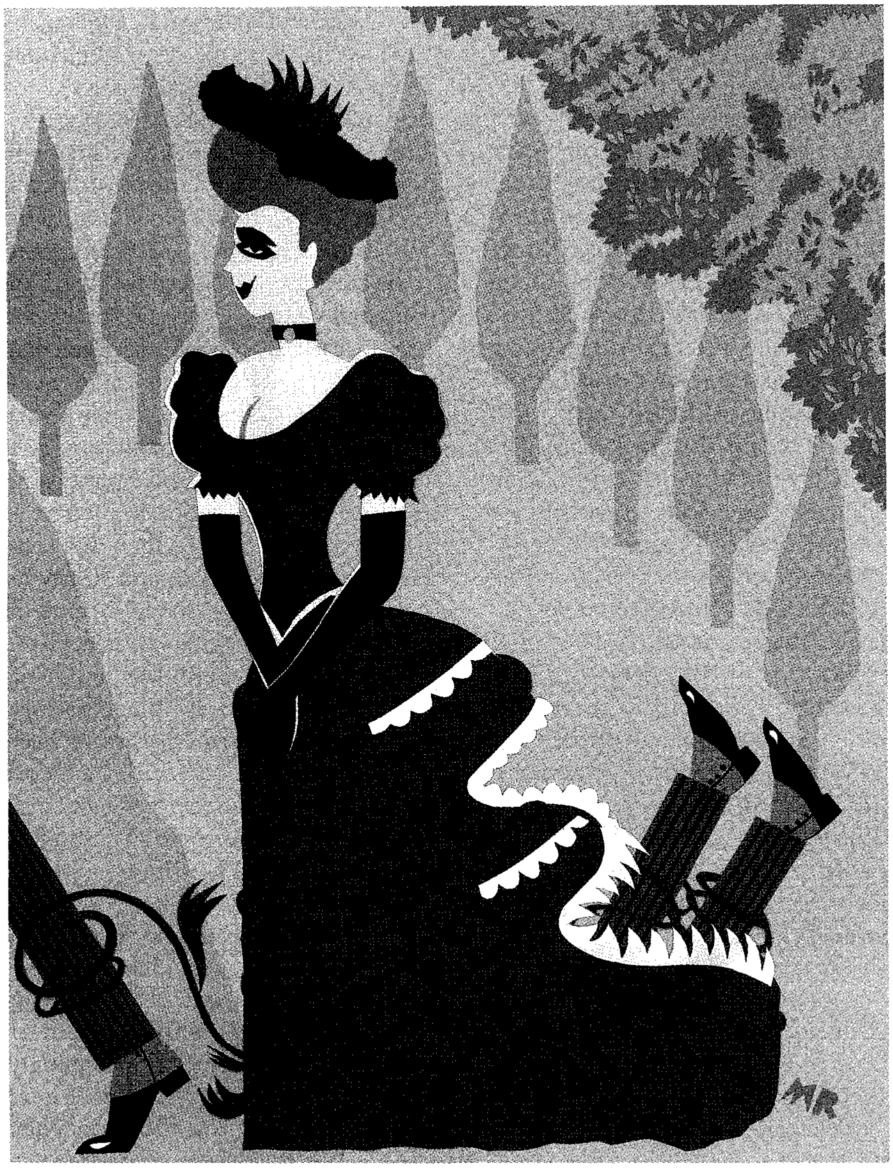
Rite Aid reported someone trying to pass a fake prescription for Vicodan. Man was described as wearing a blue, short sleeved shirt and it was unknown whether he was wearing pants.

IN FASHION

DÉSHABILLÉ CHIC

Fin-de-siècle frocks at F.I.T.

BY JUDITH THURMAN



MICHAEL ROBERTS

Patrons of couture generally fall into two categories: wives (or ex-wives) and their husbands’ other women. There is a show for each at the Museum of the Fashion Institute of Technology and, rather like marriage and adultery, they offer a choice between the prix fixe and the tasting menu. The basement galleries are devoted to a retrospective of Arnold Scaasi’s five decades in fashion. Scaasi is a sort of American Hartnell. Some of his clients ride in motorcades wearing matching coat-and-dress ensembles in floral brocade. Since they do a lot of waving and smiling on behalf of their spouses, they require clothes that are splashy yet irreproachable. Scaasi also specializes in gala party dresses that awaken one’s childish gourmandise like the dessert buffet at a big Jewish wedding. Several such dresses in the show are of tulle, in riotous Easter-egg pastels, with frothy appliqués that look like a swarm of butterflies or the air bubbles in a milkshake. There is no hauteur in Scaasi’s rather Southern (Houstonian or Washingtonian) notion of glamour, which in a way is endearing. And not all the work is fussy: his lines are often boldly graphic. But something in the tone, perhaps a slightly forced, therapeutic cheerfulness, reminds me of Dr. Ruth Westheimer’s superannuated giggle, and her insistence that old married couples can still—indeed, should feel obliged to—have wholesome fun in bed.

The French believe that one should seek unwholesome fun in any bed but one’s own, and seduction is the theme of “Femme Fatale: Fashion and Visual Culture in Fin-de-Siècle Paris,” a small, dreamy installation on F.I.T.’s main floor. It is curated by Valerie Steele, whose literate notes on the wall and at the base of each ensemble and accessory deserve praise for eschewing the artspeak that afflicts so many costume exhibitions. Steele concentrates on informative social history. As I squinted at the clothes (the low wattage of the lighting is, I assume, necessary to protect antique fabric), I recalled a line from the ballad “Sir Patrick Spens”: “I saw the new moon late yestreen / Wi’ the auld moon in her arm.” At the penultimate fin de siècle, svelte, quicksilver modern woman was the new moon, but she was still burdened with her heavy-bodied, old goddess myths.

The thirty ensembles on display include a severely tailored yet sumptuous black riding costume by Denova, circa 1895—a skirt over invisible trousers with a closely buttoned, pigeon-breasted jacket. One understands why the French called huntresses thus attired *Amazones:* their sex appeal was intimidating whether or not they wore high-heeled boots and wielded a leather crop. At the other erotic extreme, a suite of tea gowns exudes the sensual languor of a courtesan waiting for her protector. One can imagine Odette receiving Swann in a confection by Mme. Denoix that is the color of watered absinthe, trimmed with fur, and open down the front to reveal a pink silk lining shimmering with glass beads that suggests, scandalously, the nudity beneath it. As a note points out, the tea gown (*robe d’intérieur*) was a form of glorified *déshabillé* that was worn only at home to receive one’s intimates, “usually without

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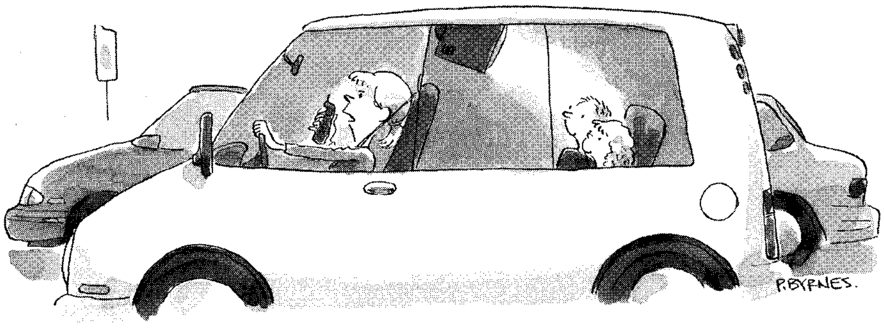
a corset, thus combining comfort with a somewhat risqué charm."

Every age has different standards of the risqué, and at the end of the nineteenth century the costume a woman might respectably wear to a ball would constitute an actionable "outrage to public morality" on the street. A thrilling example of such a style in the show is an off-the-shoulder gown of labial red velvet from the House of Worth. It is something that a Wharton heroine with a yearning to be corrupted—say, Countess Olenska—might have bought on her Paris honeymoon, before she was relieved of her romantic illusions about corruption, along with her dowry, by a titled scoundrel. One also has to wonder about the sexual history of the lady whose hat is displayed in a vitrine of accessories, among them several pairs of satin slippers and boots as poignant in their fragility as bliss. Nestled in the brim of the hat are the actual dead bodies of what appear to be two lovebirds, although Steele's note describes them as parakeets.

Colette's first husband nicely summed up the fin de siècle by reminding a reluctant mistress in one of his novels that "adultery is the foundation of society, because in making marriage tolerable, it assures the perpetuation of the family." Steele evokes the contradictions of this age obsessed by both purity and debauchery without overstating them, and her potpourri of sources has a suitably musky pungence. A Belle Époque fashion writer named Octave Uzanne, who was intoxicated by froufrou, observes that "lace permits the indecision that simultaneously provokes and restrains desire." A nineteenth-century reviewer contemplating Manet's portrait of Zola's Nana remarks that "the aristocracy of vice is recognizable by its lingerie." Charles Bernheimer, a modern scholar, asserts that the appeal of the courtesan was "to dissolve the beastly immediacy of the female animal in a play of intriguing signs and changing masks."

The exorbitance of fin-de-siècle couture was proportional to the exorbitance of the labor that produced it, and Steele has the decency to include a snippet from the anonymous author of "The Revolutionary March of the Dressmakers": "What does the delivery girl demand / Of the House of Worth / Or of Paquin? / More money! / Less work!" One should note that in an era famous for the sybaritic consumption so richly represented here, a seamstress doing piecework might earn as little as a franc a day: the cost of a gown by Worth or Paquin could be twenty-five times her yearly salary. One should also recall that for every courtesan who salted away enough of her allowance to buy a villa in the South of France, and to keep a great chef, a prize cat, and a pretty boy, there were thousands of wretched creatures selling themselves for a few sous on an outer boulevard, and nearly as many girls, some as young as nine or ten, ostensibly selling flowers in the late-night brasseries. Countless milliners, maids, laundresses, and shopgirls supplemented their meagre wages with free-lance sex work. Fin-de-siècle Paris had a population of nearly three million, and, by a contemporary estimate, about a hundred thousand prostitutes.

One of Steele's favorite pieces in the show, she told me, is an afternoon or dinner dress by Émile Pingat of black cut velvet with a pattern of apples that she considers intriguingly "diabolical." Despite the gown's long sleeves and high neck, the Decadents, she feels, would have read deviance



"Will you turn that TV down? Can't you see I'm on the phone?"

and artifice into the allusion to "forbidden fruit." Yet nothing on display, not even the corsets and peignoirs, suggests that the women who wore these sublime creations did depraved things when they took them off, and that discretion, which gives the clothes their coquetry, also makes the premise of the show seem a little quaint. While the Parisian chic of the kept woman certainly made willing suckers of men, it was probably more "fatal" to other women. Genteel wives and maidens, even some "daughters of Puritan ancestors," were seduced by the splendors of the courtesans, and yearned to acquire their mystique. By the fin de siècle, tarts and duchesses shopped at the same couturiers for similar outfits. (Many of their bills, of course, went to the same guarantor.) Proust, a human seismograph, was one of the first to register the significance of this social temblor, and Steele spotlights it astutely. By blurring the moral boundaries between castes of women, and between social celebrity and sexual notoriety, high fashion diluted the prestige of virtue. It also mirrored a much deeper instability in the culture, and contributed to the emergence of a new strain of glamour that was more resistant to class prejudice. The end product of this democratization process may, unfortunately, be Anna Nicole Smith.

Parisian chic was, as it still is, one of France's most profitable luxury exports, and the great couture houses drew, as they still do, high-rolling foreign tourists. Between April and November of 1900, the city hosted the first world's fair of a new century, and the fifty million visitors who passed through the main gate were greeted by a statuesque young woman known as La Parisienne. This kitsch Venus of painted stucco was twenty feet tall and posed atop a pillar on a suggestive golden ball, her eyes turned rapturously toward the heavens and her voluptuous, nearly naked bosom spilling from the bodice of a gown designed by Mme. Paquin, president of the Universal Exposition's fashion section. La Parisienne embodied the popular taste for docile ripeness in feminine beauty and the general anxiety about indocile female desire. Was woman an angel or a temptress? "The uncertainty makes her into a sphinx," Simone de Beauvoir reflected with irritation fifty years later, also noting that the Sphinx was a famous Paris brothel.

The fin de siècle was the heyday of the femme fatale in art, theatre, and society in part because every male insecure in his virility (apparently the entire population) had his own fantasy about woman's power to consume him. The Decadents imagined a vampiric seductress wreathed in snakes: Wilde's Salomé. The religious right, which fiercely opposed the reforms of the Third Republic that had given women limited entitlement to an education, a divorce, a passport, and a bank account, conjured up an invading army of lesbian headmistresses spreading their vice among the innocents entrusted to their care in the new public girls' schools. The bluestocking with a hypertrophied brain and atrophied sex organs was a popular object of nervous male ridicule. So was the New Woman, who was never to be confused with a "real woman." She smoked and worked (or wanted to), bobbed her hair and wore a mannish *tailleur* with a shirt and tie (though it had to have a skirt, because wearing trousers in public was considered transvestism and prohibited by law unless one had a dispensation from the chief of police). But in her private moments she could just as well have adopted Paul Poiret's luxuriously daring "Harem" ensemble: a crushed silver gauze tunic, red chiffon Zouave pantaloons, and a matching turban, suitable for sharing a hookah with one's woman lover in a prettily decorated little *chambre turque* while reading Dr. Mardrus's translation of the Arabian Nights. Poiret, Steele notes, succeeded where the prudish dress reformers of the nineties had failed, by making an unfettered body and a comfortable cladding for it stylish and alluring. He helped to do away with the corset, replacing it with the brassiere, and to transform the florid femme fatale into the Jazz Age sylph.

The New Woman, however, wasn't necessarily an androgyne, a lesbian, an anarchist, a feminist, or any other kind of committed radical. She was often just an ambitious student or an unhappy wife who had asked herself a radically impertinent question: How can one refuse to be owned without renouncing the desire to be possessed? An answer is still to come. ♦

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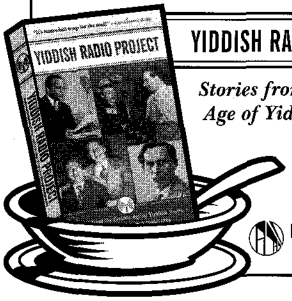

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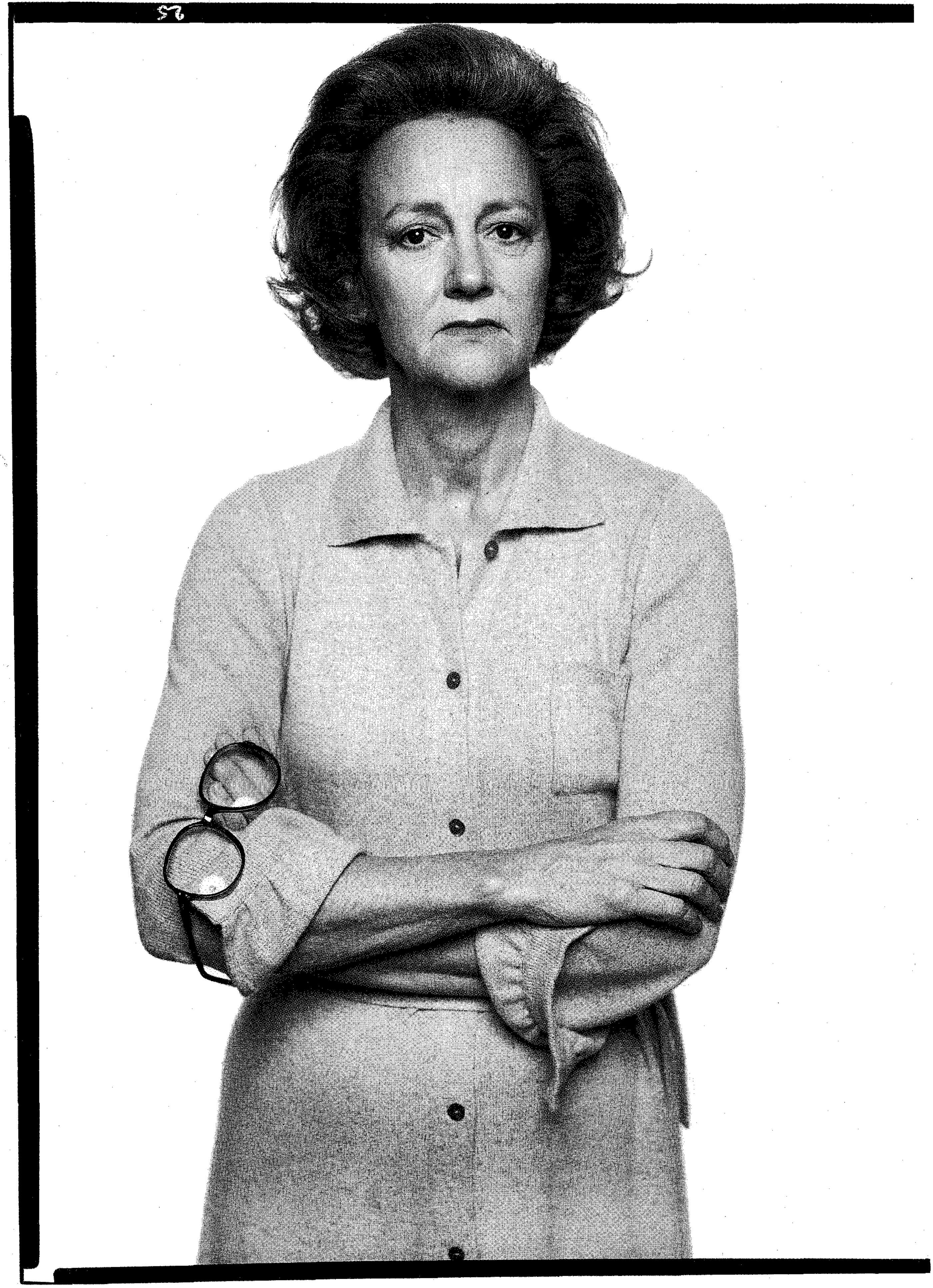


BOOKS

WASHINGTON MYSTERY

Why is it so hard to write about our nation's capital?

BY JEFFREY FRANK

In 1997, Katharine Graham published her autobiography, "Personal History," a book that succeeded on several levels. Mrs. Graham, who was the publisher of the Washington *Post* and then chairman of the company, knew a lot of interesting people and wrote about them well; and she was herself an enormously sympathetic person. Readers of her memoir, which won a Pulitzer Prize, rooted for her as they would for any modern heroine, even if her story was by then familiar: despite a sheltered life, she took charge of the family-owned newspaper after the death of her husband, hired Ben Bradlee as its editor, and saw it through its most important stories, the Pentagon Papers case and the Watergate scandal. The *Post*, once a provincial daily, became a great newspaper with national ambitions, and Mrs. Graham became a great publisher.

Much of what has been said about Katharine Graham is true enough: she was tough, vulnerable, smart, funny, shy, loyal, self-doubting, and brave. She was also, it turns out, pulling together material for an anthology about her home town, entitled "Katharine Graham's Washington" (Knopf; $30), which carries with it the enthusiastic subtitle "A huge, rich gathering of articles, memoirs, humor, and history, chosen by Mrs. Graham, that brings to life her beloved city." The description is only partly accurate. The anthology is indeed huge—more than eight hundred pages—and it includes charming, instructive essays by some of my former *Post* colleagues, and some happy surprises, such as selections from the journals of Ellen Maury Slayden, the wife of a long-forgotten congressman. But readers will find themselves going through this compilation with growing dread, and perhaps a kind of wonderment at what has been written, admired, and now republished about the nation's capital.

Katharine Graham died in the summer of 2001, at the age of eighty-four, and an editor's note reveals that the project was left unfinished. Mrs. Graham had written introductions to quite a few of the contributions and had left notes on "most of the others." The one constraint she set herself was that the pieces should have been published more or less during her lifetime. But of course there was no chance for her to rethink any of this, and so there was no chance for another of her talents—saving people from their worst selves—to assert itself. Perhaps as a result, "Katharine Graham's Washington" has an unwieldy, uncertain quality. There are ninety-some contributors, and twelve sections with generic names like "Period Pieces" and "Washington Events" and "Visitors to Washington," which suggests the absence of any organizing principle. There is a considerable amount of material that has vague historic interest (pieces by the columnist Marquis Childs in wartime Washington) or anthropological value (the 1960 memoir by Perle Mesta, the once celebrated hostess, recalling one of her parties). And there is a lot that shows off some of the most terrifyingly awful prose in the American language—for instance, Henry Kissinger's observation that "triumph seemed to fill Nixon with a premonition of ephemerality," and Jack Valenti's recollection of flying to Washington after the Kennedy assassination, when he "skimmed low across a flickering chasm of illuminated homes and darting headlights ribboning their ways in dismantled design across Washington."

Assembling an anthology about a place is invariably thankless; almost no one will be satisfied by what was put in or left out. But Washington is an especially hard place to get a grasp on, because it is not like any other city. Perhaps it isn't a city at all, for it is made up of separate pieces and layers that don't quite connect. (In a 1933 *Vanity Fair* piece included here, the writer Jay Franklin calls it "a political village which has become a world capital, without becoming a metropolis.") Until fairly recently, the inhabitants of the District of Columbia, which is officially a federal enclave, couldn't vote for President, and they have no voting representative in Congress. The city elects a mayor, but if the mayor misbehaves (as Marion Barry did in the days when he used crack cocaine) Congress asserts its very real federal control over the place. Residents are proud of the District's history and its wonderful sights—the National Gallery, with its Vermeers and Rembrandts; the Lincoln and Vietnam Veterans Memorials; the Air and Space Museum; the White House and Capitol, just for starters—but there is, curiously, little of the self-love that one finds in so many other American cities, probably because so many people there not only are from someplace else but hope someday to go back to that someplace else. (George W. Bush speaks for this group.) The city is about sixty per cent black, but its segregation is so complete and hard-edged that a demographic map would show a series of white neighborhoods (Chevy Chase, Spring Valley, Cleveland Park, Georgetown, and so on) mostly to the northwest and separated from the rest of it by a large park. The commercial center of gravity slips ever farther from the city's downtown—to places like Rockville and Tysons Corner and beyond to Bowie and Gaithersburg. Washington is the only city in America to have lost its baseball team twice: the original Senators moved to Minnesota (to become the Twins) in the nineteen-sixties, and the expansion Senators moved to Texas (to become the Rangers) in the seventies. Its crime rate is high, its culture is iffy, and its weather is so oppressive that, in the years before air-conditioning, some diplomats got hardship pay.

When one tries to get the place down on paper, it becomes mysteriously elusive. There are no good songs about Washington (unless you count Leadbelly's "Bourgeois Blues"), or memorable poems; nobody has written about a

PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD AVEDON

Katharine Graham, March 11, 1976. The Post *proprietor knew and understood Washington as well as anyone.*

COURTESY FRAENKEL GALLERY, SAN FRANCISCO

neighborhood like Georgetown the way Dawn Powell, say, wrote about Greenwich Village. The "Washington novel" is a genre that often begins with lines like "It was no surprise to President Mortenson that his secure telephone was ringing, but he did not recognize the twisted hand that lifted the receiver from its hook." The memoirs of diplomats, politicians, general factotums, journalists, and politicians' wives, some of them excerpted here, are rarely distinguished. Irwin Hood (Ike) Hoover, a White House usher in the pre-F.D.R. days, gets three selections, with observations like this: "Mrs. Lindbergh appeared to me a very agreeable person. . . . She had a very pleasing personality and showed every evidence of a proper sense of proportion."

Yet there are Washingtonians who love their city, and Mrs. Graham was certainly one of them. She loved the politics and the gossip and the parties; she loved being present when important people came to town. Among the engaging essays in the compilation is Mrs. Graham's foreword, in which she writes about a place where "I've always found people to see, places to go, things to do"—a Washington that people who grew up in an earlier time remember. She recalls:

> I skated to and from school through the cool shade created by arching branches of overhanging trees; the streets on which the too-full trolley cars and buses took me back and forth to work; the houses, great and small, in which dramas played themselves out publicly and privately.

There are other pleasures, some unexpected: Russell Baker, of the *Times*, and Philip Hamburger, of *The New Yorker*, are represented, but so is John Dos Passos, recording the mood of a Washington evening during the Second World War, and a journalist named Scott Hart, who writes an elegant, spare account of what it was like when F.D.R. died. It's fun to read what James Thurber and Will Rogers wrote, although not nearly as much fun as it must once have been. The journals of Mrs. Slayden, which Mrs. Graham singled out as a favorite of hers, have terrific, modern-sounding observations. From an entry of 1917:

> Flag waving becomes more frantic every day. Two years ago people were "just crazy about" the tango and the turkey trot, and now the same class has taken up patriotism. Much of the talk is the merest cant, more still the seething of small minds, with the unaccustomed excitement of an idea.

The book reprints an "anatomy" of the riots that followed the assassination of Martin Luther King, Jr., in April of 1968. Mrs. Graham's husband, Philip, once called journalism the first rough draft of history, and this selection shows what he meant by that. The *Post* staff did a first-rate job, and to read it today is as startling and disturbing as it was then.

But these are the exceptions in a collection that includes a great many descriptions of smaller events. "Our entrance into Washington was almost regal," Sondra Gotlieb, the wife of the former Canadian ambassador, wrote in 1990. "We were greeted at the door of the elegant official residence on Rock Creek Drive by Pat Thomas, the social secretary at the embassy; the enigmatic Spanish butler Rito, a sombre El Grecoesque figure in black," and on and on. There are observations that amount to no more than sightings of celebrities, like the ex-lobbyist Bobby Baker's recollection of being a Senate page: "One of my big thrills was hearing the great figures of World War II—Winston Churchill, Madam Chiang Kai-shek—when they came to address the United States Senate. . . . So great was my enthrallment that I even forgot for a few moments that I wore those hated little-boy knickers." And there is much meditation on etiquette. Some is from the expected sources, such as Perle Mesta: "I placed Democratic Speaker Sam Rayburn next to Alice Longworth, knowing she was firmly opposed to most of Sam's policies. . . . At one point, Alice started in on the Democrats' proposed twenty-dollar across-the-board tax reduction plan." Olive Ewing Clapper, a reporter's wife, writes about what happened at an "informal" picnic: "The first headache I encountered was that the extra servant I had expected failed to show up. Lelia Pinchot rescued me by bringing in her chauffeur, who helped with the serving." Even Eleanor Roosevelt (in an excerpt from the second volume of her memoirs) participates in this sort of rumination:

> Then came another serious question: Should the president sit with the king on his right and the queen on his left and me on the right of the king? Or should we follow our usual custom? This was a little more difficult, but Franklin finally decided we would follow the usual custom of the United States—the king would sit on my right and the queen at Franklin's right.

What is very peculiar is how good writers, faced with the subject of Washington, suffer bouts of badness. A few of them sound like the passengers one might hear after a long day on a tourist bus. "I am always moved by the Mall; by the Monument, our greatest work of abstract sculpture," David McCullough writes. Simone de Beauvoir disagrees, declaring that "the green esplanade that extends to the obelisk, erected in memory of George Washington, is more disheartening than the Champs-de-Mars." If this were a dinner party, you would regret the seats you were assigned.

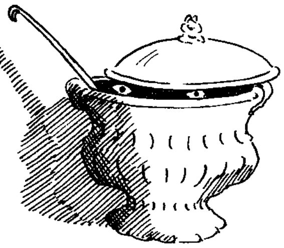
In fact, most of the anthology is so bland and so tedious that one wonders what the alternatives might have been. It could have used selections from Gore Vidal's "Palimpsest" (which recounts his friendship with the columnist Joseph Alsop), and from Frank Rich's coming-of-age memoir, "Ghost Light," as well as something from historic black Washington, such as Jean Toomer's novel "Cane." It made sense to shy away from policy, but it is still curious to leave out Walter Lippmann, who occupied the upper left spot on the *Post's* op-ed page for three decades, especially when Marquis Childs and the Alsop brothers, Stewart and Joe, are well represented.

Yet, in the end, the real problem of "Katharine Graham's Washington" is the tiny world of Washington itself. It would require supernatural powers to transform Francis Biddle or Dean Acheson into charmers, or to make Alben Barkley a witty sage. Mrs. Graham, who knew and understood Washington as well as anyone, remains the same appealing person who wrote "Personal History," but it is hard to think of her as someone who was ever tied down to her city or to the past. She dashed around the world all her life, and she loved the adventure of being with people who could change it. After she retired, she tells us, it wasn't in her nature to stop working, and no doubt she enjoyed putting the pieces of this book together—sifting through magazines and books and newspaper stories that marked passages in her remarkable life. But having to read through this omnibus would probably have wearied her, and finally bored her to tears. ♦

BRIEFLY NOTED

The Good Women of China, *by Xinran, translated from the Mandarin by Esther Tyldesley (Pantheon; $24).* In 1989, Xinran, a Beijing journalist, began broadcasting a nightly program on state radio that was devoted entirely to personal affairs—a radical concept in Communist China. In response, she received thousands of letters from women, many with questions about sexuality; one woman wondered "why her heart beat faster when she accidentally bumped into a man on the bus." Eventually, Xinran persuaded her superiors to let her share some of these letters on the air, and in this groundbreaking book, written after she moved to London, in 1997, she has also included stories that didn't make it past government censors. A teen-ager commits suicide after learning that a neighbor has seen her boyfriend kiss her forehead; a university student speaks casually of becoming a "personal secretary," or mistress, to a rich man; a Kuomintang general's daughter goes mad after witnessing the torture of the family that sheltered her. This intimate record reads like an act of defiance, and the unvarnished prose allows each story to stand as testimony.

Mrs. Astor's New York, *by Eric Homberger (Yale; $29.95).* Although nineteenth-century New York was home to an established upper class, the absence of a hereditary gentry and the relative ease with which new fortunes were being made kept erstwhile aristocrats busy patrolling the boundaries of "society." This lively, if disjointed, history shows just how much energy was devoted to resisting the invasions of the nouveaux riches, and examines the complicated relationship between the upper class and the city it imagined it ruled. The book's real strength lies in its analysis of the post-Civil War era, when a flood of new money forced New York's more established families to look to the public arena as a place to assert their distinctiveness. Beginning in the eighteen-eighties, the members of the upper class chose to court the press, becoming stars of the "society page." Ironically, their increased fame served to weaken their independence, as they, like all celebrities, became subject to the vagaries of public interest.



My Own Medicine, *by Geoffrey Kurland (Times; $25).* While training as a pediatric pulmonologist, Kurland told a patient, "I know how you feel"; years later, when he was diagnosed with a rare form of leukemia, he discovered just how untrue this was. A self-reliant type addicted to running ultra-marathons, he was unprepared for the feeling of powerlessness that beset him. Taking a bone-marrow sample, for instance, is unpleasant enough, but his terror of being on the receiving end makes him plead for extra painkillers. The way in which serious illness alters one's sense of self and of life is compellingly expressed in this energetic, nervy narrative, as Kurland's illness and eventual recovery collide with a host of profound shifts—a big career move, the death of a colleague, an unravelling relationship with his girlfriend, and a deepening one with his parents.

Tourmaline, *by Joanna Scott (Little, Brown; $23.95).* When the four Murdoch boys were little, their parents, Murray and Claire, fled Connecticut after a series of financial setbacks and took them off to a villa on Elba, the island of exile. The Elban rocks are studded with minerals and semi-precious stones; Murray would make a fortune—prospecting, maybe, or investing in real estate. But the Murdochs are a family beset by romantic ineptitude and muddy thinking, and all comes to naught. Battalions of moths, then spiders, invade the villa. A lovely local girl goes missing, and Murray is blamed. More than forty years later, one of the sons tries to reconstruct what happened: to the girl, to his father, now dead, and to his mother, who is growing vague. In this Gravesian, introspective novel, the light of hindsight illuminates, as usual, not quite everything.

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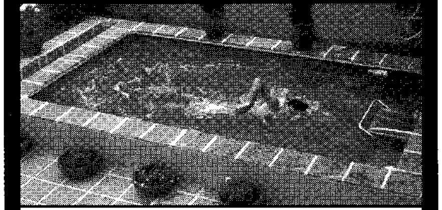

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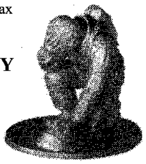

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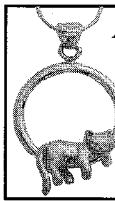

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THE ART WORLD

THE SPANISH LESSON

Manet's gift from Velázquez.

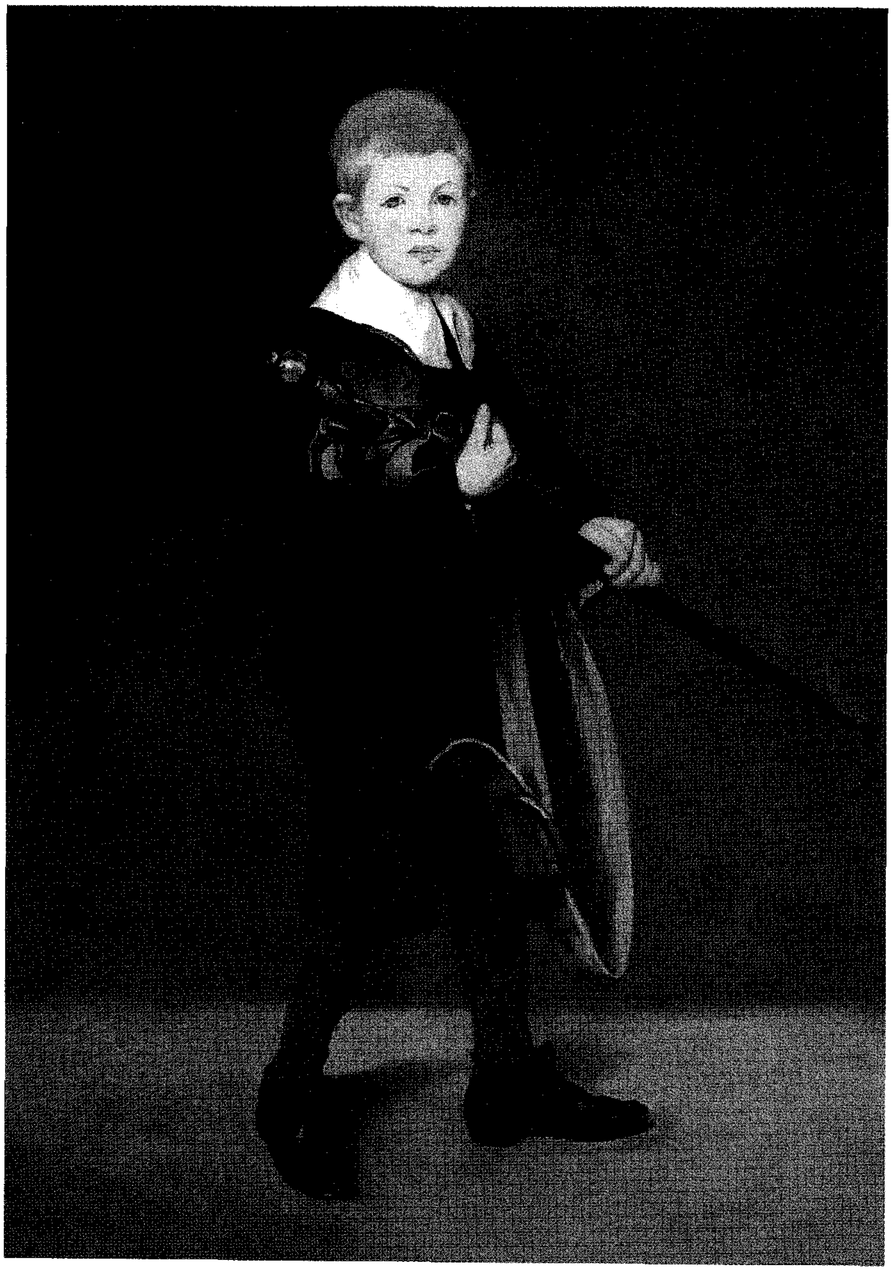
BY PETER SCHJELDAHL

Édouard Manet invented modern—and, while he was at it, postmodern—art. He did it in 1858, when he was twenty-six years old, by modelling his style on seventeenth-century Spanish painting, which was alien to the Italianate tradition in which French artists were then trained. He knew little of Spain—he didn't actually go there until 1865—and his emulation of Velázquez and other Spanish artists was not merely a matter of influence. It was pretty much a straight steal—or, to use a weary buzzword of postmodernism, an appropriation. This precocious act, which set painting on the track of formal innovation that is commonly taken to define modernism, is the centerpiece of a wonderful historical exhibition, "Manet/Velázquez: The Spanish Manner in the Nineteenth Century," at the Musée d'Orsay, in Paris. (The show closes on January 5th, and will arrive at the Metropolitan Museum in March, in a more expansive selection that will include twice as many Spanish paintings and a section devoted to their impact on American artists.)

The exhibition, which is curated by Geneviève Lacambre, of the d'Orsay, and Gary Tinterow, of the Met, furnishes a rich setting for Manet's breakthrough. The masters of Spain's "golden century"—Velázquez, Zurbarán, Murillo, and Ribera, each represented by great paintings—remained obscure in France until the early eighteen-hundreds, when their influence began to be felt in scattered works by Delacroix, Prud'hon, Millet, and other artists. The title of Tinterow's catalogue essay, "Raphael Replaced," summarizes a shift in taste away from the High Renaissance and toward various strains of the Spanish Baroque. One subplot of the show illuminates the gritty realism that Courbet and others derived from Spanish artists, notably Ribera. Another touches on Goya's savage political vision, which informs Manet's harrowing "The Execution of Emperor Maximilian" (1867). On display at the d'Orsay is the large version from Boston, in which hazy figures standing amid gun smoke evoke generic news reports of distant disasters.

For nineteenth-century French eyes, of which Manet's were among the keenest, the chief appeal of the Spanish masters was their immediacy. The *manière espagnole* was stark and sudden, even in the rosy mode of a Murillo. Radically painterly, the Spanish style was as remote as possible from the linear bias of so much French painting after Poussin; it spoke through color and through forms that were softly fleshy rather than coldly sculptural. "The eye can't follow any line in his pictures, any more than it can in nature," a French visitor to Madrid in 1831 wrote of Murillo. The remark is apt even for Zurbarán's sharply contoured images of praying monks, because the contour in such works isn't an outline. It is a frontier in which figure and ground abut and trade intensities, forming a taut membrane across the canvas. This approach became the signature of nearly all significant modern painters, from the Impressionists to Gerhard Richter. What Manet took from the Spanish masters established the model. But what he didn't take may be just as decisive for modern sensibilities.

Manet paid no attention to what the Spanish masters conveyed—socially, politically, or psychologically—with their brilliant pictorial rhetoric. He plucked them clean of their ideologies: royalist, in the case of Velázquez, and Counter-Reformational Catholic in the rest. (Only Velázquez, among the leading painters in seventeenth-century Spain, was exempt from the obligation to satisfy Church patrons. His job, as commissioned by Philip IV, was to produce ornament and propaganda for the ruling dynasty. All those portraits of adorable royal children, dispatched to foreign courts, were advertisements of future breeding stock.) Manet's appetite for caprice celebrated



Manet's "Boy with a Sword" (1861) uses Spanish rhetoric for an aesthetic caprice.

COURTESY METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

the spiritual freedom—or the decadence, as it seemed to obersided observers at the time—of bourgeois, cosmopolitan Paris. In "Mlle V. . . en Costume d'Espada" (1862), he dressed the model Victorine Meurent as a matador, purely for fun. Rendering the charade à la Velázquez—only more so, with heightened contrasts of light and dark and stabbing local colors—produced a surplus of visual delight that practically overwhelmed the frivolous subject. But what was the subject? It wasn't Victorine or bullfighting but painting itself—an invitation to join the artist in savoring aesthetic pleasure for its own, exciting sake.

Manet's enthusiasm for classical Spanish painting proved to be a fleeting fashion in nineteenth-century Paris, where its novelty was soon mooted by Impressionism's wholesale rejection of academic subjects and techniques. (At the Musée d'Orsay, it's amusing to see Degas briefly trying to subordinate his crackling line to Spanish materiality and color in the 1863 portrait "Thérèse De Gas.") Toward the end of the century, Velázquez's aristocratic elegance did enjoy a kind of revival as freelance swank in the society portraiture of John Singer Sargent and others. Sargent's copy of Velázquez's portrait of a model posing as Aesop displays a facile but terrific mimicry of the master's way with a brush.

The show's main attraction is the opportunity it provides to look at pictures by Velázquez and Manet side by side. (Another happy tandem is the pairing of Goya's "Majas on a Balcony" and Manet's "The Balcony.") The title alone, "Manet/Velázquez," stirs a lover of painting as, say, "Washington / Lincoln" would stir a devotee of American democracy. It brings together the creator and the savior of an ideal.

Why is Velázquez almost certainly the greatest of painters? Posing the question is unfair to anyone who has not visited the Prado. Only when Velázquez's work is seen in quantity does its exceptional quality—light but substantial, speedy but inexhaustible—really sink in. No other artist has taken both the representational and the decorative functions of painting to such dizzying heights. Velázquez's fusion of truth and beauty can be felt up close, in art's most caressing and efficient brushstroke. And it registers with equal force from a certain distance—the viewpoint at which the strokes snap into a stunning likeness of the subject, and innumerable colors (most of them blacks and grays) clear their throats and sing. A Velázquez says, "This is so." And we know it's true.

Manet realized that he wasn't as good as Velázquez. After his first tour of the Prado, in 1865, he wrote that Velázquez "didn't astonish me but ravished me." But it is precisely a sense of having arrived too late for the glory of his vocation that made a prophet of Manet. Since then, artists have been breaking new ground by looking to the styles of other times or other places. They include Picasso, a Spaniard with Velázquez in his bones, who turned to African motifs in 1907, as much as Marcel Duchamp, who, when he despaired of painting everyday reality, wittily imported pieces of it into art.

By focussing on the first period of Manet's too brief career (he died in 1883, at the age of fifty-one), the show fixes his originality within, rather than outside, the great tradition of Baroque painting. Manet lost much of his lacerating edge when he went over to Impressionism's sunny new look, and his later paintings now seem old-fashioned in ways that his faux-Spanish pictures do not. Manet's pastiches of Velázquez speak entirely in the present tense, in which the past runs headlong into the unknown. ♦

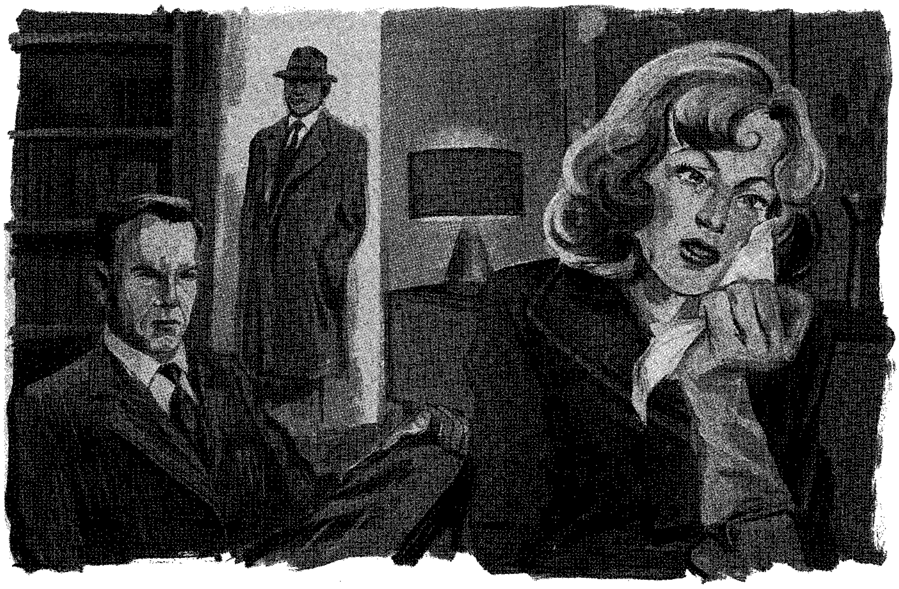
THE CURRENT CINEMA

WORLDS APART

"Far from Heaven" and "Ararat."

BY ANTHONY LANE

The new Todd Haynes film, "Far from Heaven," is set in Hartford, Connecticut, in 1957. Boy, is it set in 1957. The music is right, the décor is right, the pitcher of Daiquiris is right, and even the title of the movie looks right in the opening credits, curving up and across the screen in unabashed swimming-pool blue. Every leaf on every tree has been personally schooled to redden and drop in the approved late-fifties manner. Frankly, after two hours of this stuff I felt embarrassed to be the owner of a cell phone and an occasional user of sushi. I wanted nothing more than a buzz cut, a bourbon, a fridge the size of a car, and a car the size of a killer whale.



Dennis Quaid and Julianne Moore: a fifties couple with secrets.

Our heroine is Cathy Whitaker (Julianne Moore), who lives with her husband, Frank (Dennis Quaid), and their two pre-teen children; of a nation crouched in dread of nuclear war there is little sign, although we can be fairly certain that, if the end of the world happened to be nigh, Cathy would politely ask it to wait while she checked that her shoes matched her skirt. Amid a collection of valuable performances, Julianne Moore stands out precisely because she refuses to let her character do the same; no period detail, however fondly researched, can match an actor's willingness to fit in. Cathy is not an insurgent soul, and Moore respects that; compare her with the Annette Bening character in "American Beauty," and you realize how sternly Bening was nudged, by the sardonic comedy of that movie, toward the brink of a cartoon. We were more or less instructed to mock her, and the society that spawned her, whereas Moore gives herself room to explore the idea—less condescending, more historically accurate, and in an odd sense more liberating—that the kempt and orderly mores of the age were indeed enough to make millions of people happy, and that it is not the predestined duty of all façades to crack.

Nevertheless, crack they do, and in the case of "Far from Heaven" the fissure runs two ways. Cathy falls for the gardener, Raymond (Dennis Haysbert), who is black, but not before she has stumbled upon her husband kissing another man. Both these issues are handled with care, but I can't help feeling that one would have been more than enough. As it is, I think Haynes favors the wrong cause; we get long, supersensitive scenes between Cathy and Raymond, during which the husband's dilemma almost falls from view. Such glimpses as we get, though, into the netherworld of pre-sixties homosexuality are fascinating, and a gift to the film's production designer, Mark Friedberg. The pickup arena at the local cinema, whose plush and gloom come straight out of Edward Hopper, leads to a semi-silent bar, where Frank drinks nervously, yet somehow at peace, beside a line of fellow-sufferers. And sufferers is what they are, according to Dr. Bowman (James Rebhorn), to whom the Whitakers apply for treatment. "I'm going to beat this thing," Frank announces, as if the body's choice of pleasure were a cancer.

In the end, this thing beats him; there is something wrenching in the sight of Quaid's face—which, as we know from "The Right Stuff" and "The Big Easy," was made for a mile-wide grin—seizing up in a rictus of embattled shame. When Frank weeps in front of the kids, their expressions could be those of sky watchers from a fifties sci-fi flick, struck dumb by an alien power. In the end, he leaves home. Cathy's best friend, Eleanor—a delicious turn from Patricia Clarkson, prowling the borders of liberality—can just about handle the news of his secret life, whereas she refuses to countenance, much less condone, Cathy's dabblings with a man of another race. Love between the colors, Haynes suggests, was the worst that the epoch could imagine: less open to camouflage than gay desire, and closer to home than the Red menace. The problem is that he loads the dice; Raymond is not just black but widowed, tall, and handsome, too, with a cute daughter *and* a business degree *and* a working knowledge of American flora *and* an instinctive grasp of abstract art. Short of having him nip into a phone booth and come out wearing a cape, a mask, and a pair of Speedos over his tights, there's not much more that Haynes could do to signal Raymond as a catch. This is tough on Dennis Haysbert, who filmed his role in "Far from Heaven" during his appearances as the Presidential paragon in the second season of "24." Poor guy, he must be dying to play a murderer or, failing that, a man with a parking ticket.

ZOHAR LAZAR

Haynes, who lost tonal control in his previous picture, a glam-rock blitz called "Velvet Goldmine," makes barely a slip in the new work. Everything from the crane shots to the genteel fades, as slow as twilight, shows a director hitting a new high in pastiche, and, if you are a film buff, "Far from Heaven" will be an all-body massage; notable moans of delight will come from fans of Douglas Sirk, who made "Imitation of Life" and "Written on the Wind," and of Max Ophuls's "The Reckless Moment," from which Haynes borrowed the character of the supportive black maid. (In both films, she is called Sybil.) Of course, a surfeit of visual erudition can easily cramp a movie's style as well as inform it; the question is, what lies behind the immaculate conceit? I confess to feeling the hot breath of an agenda on my neck; the film is not morally superior, but there is a strange primness in its sorrow, and I pitied Cathy and Raymond having to stand on the sidewalk, under the gaze of white shoppers, and discuss whether one can ever truly "see beneath the surface of things." In short, Haynes is so smart, tolerant, and thoughtful that he has to be saved by his actors. Julianne Moore takes this picture further, perhaps, than anyone can have dreamed. Look at her on a Miami vacation, strapped into a one-piece swimsuit of ice-cream pink, under sunlight so benign that it could be fake, and you see the delicate, unshrieking drama—far from Sirkian melodrama—of a woman who knows what she loves, and who wonders, in her idle hours, how much more on earth there is to know.

The Canadian director Atom Egoyan is of Armenian descent, which should make him the ideal person to take charge of "Ararat." The film is about the Armenian massacre, which remains the defining tragedy of a people. In 1915, the Armenian population of Ottoman Turkey was the target of systematic atrocity; estimates suggest that a million died. Few Americans know of this horror; that it threatens to slide into the swamp of history would gratify the perpetrators and confirm the hideous question, reportedly posed by Adolf Hitler, that is quoted in the film: "Who now remembers the extermination of the Armenians?"

Egoyan's picture is a multilayered affair. We get a historical epic (hardly his forte), reconstructing the siege of the city of Van, which is based on the journals of an American medic (Bruce Greenwood) who boldly ran a hospital within its walls. We then take a step back and watch that movie being made; we meet its director (Charles Aznavour), and follow the fraught private lives of its performers. There is also the story of Raffi (David Alpay), who goes to Turkey in search of footage for the movie, and who is stopped on the way back to Canada and interviewed, at implausible length, by a customs officer named David (Christopher Plummer). The naturalistic setting jars nastily with the musing rhetoric of the dialogue; David has to declare that he took the job "to better understand how the mind works." This does not bode well for airline security.

There are further complications; Raffi's angry girlfriend has much to shout about, and his mother lectures on the paintings of Arshile Gorky, who fled from Armenia to the United States. As usual, Egoyan is testing the intolerable pressures of memory, and of the countervailing will to move on, but, for once, his deadpan love of the oblique seems misplaced, and even tasteless. David, for instance, is perturbed that his son lives with another man, and we are asked to believe that the encounter with Raffi, who provides a brief guide to Armenia, cures the older man of his homophobia. This was new to me: the emotionally useful genocide. Surely the one thing that is required of "Ararat" is that viewers come away without confusion, versed in the facts of the case; instead, they may feel baffled and upset. Egoyan could, and should, have made an exemplary documentary on the subject of the slaughter, and asked Aznavour—an Armenian born in Paris—to talk us through it. If I were a Turkish official, I would not be too worried by this picture. Nothing so slippery can stir up indignation. ♦

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THE BACK PAGE BY BRUCE McCALL

S.E.C. CHAIRPERSON APPLICATION FORM

Securities and Exchange Commission, Washington, D.C.

Complete in full and return together with at least six personal references from the heads of firms under investigation by the S.E.C. and copies of two audits you have conducted that violate any ten accepted accounting practices.

SECTION ONE: ETHICS

1. My professional duties would not be influenced by free vacations in Rio, cash-stuffed envelopes, or cushy job offers from firms or industries under S.E.C. scrutiny unless:

(a) The donor was personally known to me ____
(b) Nobody ever asked about it point-blank ____
(c) I didn't have a more lucrative arrangement ____

2. I can deliver approximately $ ____,000,000,000 in political donations from untraceable sources who are currently under or facing investigation by the S.E.C., and whose names and cases I cannot recall.

3. Who wrote, "The law is a ass"?

(a) The President ____
(b) Charles Dickens ____
(c) Former chairman Harvey Pitt ____

SECTION TWO: PROFESSIONAL SKILLS

1. As S.E.C. chairperson, you cast the deciding vote in a hearing to determine the penalties to be assessed to MegaBux Industries, a firm whose claim of one hundred billion dollars in profits for the past fiscal year is based on bringing forward income predicated on the assumption that the People's Republic of China or maybe some other country will give the firm a gift of its gross national product for the next twenty years. You immediately:

(a) Recuse yourself because you had Chinese takeout last week ____
(b) Submit a low-ball bid on the lease of MegaBux's headquarters building ____
(c) Slip out a side exit and join the guys from the back office for lunch at Hooters ____

2. The President of the United States demands a personal briefing on a case the media is calling "a suppurating boil on the S.E.C.'s already diseased reputation for honesty and competence." Your briefing consists of:

(a) A wink ____
(b) A nudge ____
(c) A wink-wink, nudge-nudge____

SECTION THREE: S.E.C. TERMINOLOGY

1. "Whistle-blower" is a code word for:

Troublemaker ____ Snitch ____ Turncoat ____
Spoilsport ____ Industrial spy ____ Democrat ____

2. Circle the word or phrase below that does not belong:
Blur the line / Bend the rules / Fiddle the books / Stonewall / Dissemble / Bend over backward / Stretch the truth / Mask / Hide / Rule fairly

SECTION FOUR: PROFESSIONAL JUDGMENT

1. A concerned company employee calls your office to report that his firm is forging documents, burning evidence, and arranging "accidents" for people who know too much, in order to hide the fact that the C.E.O.'s lap-dancer girlfriend gets free use of the corporate limo. You:

(a) Check to see if the C.E.O. is a friend of any member of the Republican National Committee ____
(b) Say "This is Domino's Pizza" and hang up ____
(c) Find out the girlfriend's phone number ____

2. An old business associate comes to your home for dinner to discuss his company's problems with the S.E.C. As soon as he leaves, you:

(a) Count the silverware ____
(b) Write a new S.E.C. regulation covering his problems ____
(c) Report his generous contribution to the R.N.C. ____

SECTION FIVE: PROFESSIONAL LOYALTY

1. Departing chairman Harvey Pitt is:

(a) The greatest S.E.C. chairman in modern history ____
(b) The victim of a witch-hunt by ethics fanatics ____
(c) A sure candidate for the next Supreme Court opening ____

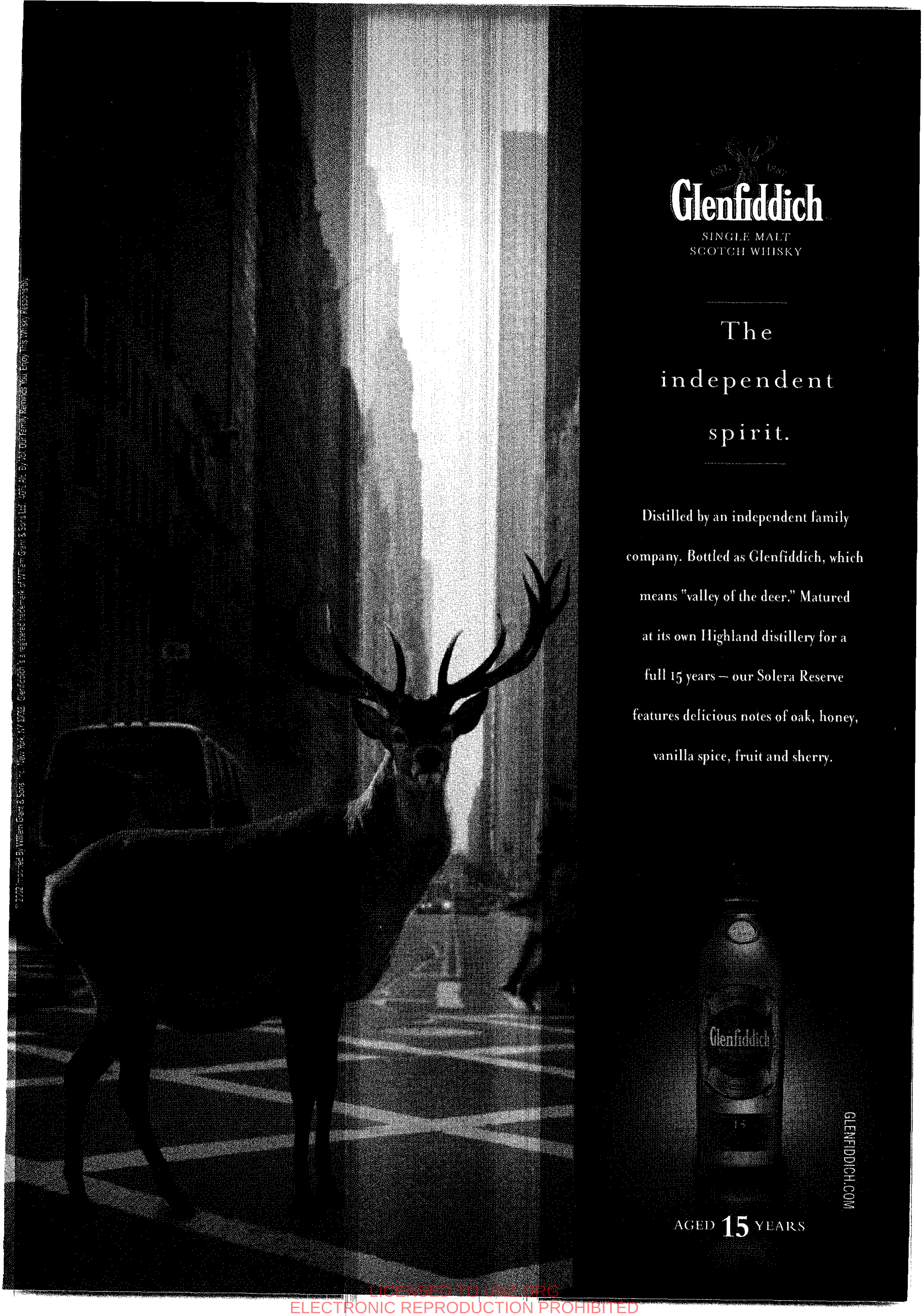
(If you checked all three answers, you may continue. If not, your application has been forwarded to Common Cause, People for the American Way, or the Sierra Club.)

2. The S.E.C. is sometimes criticized by the media. Match the criticism with the correct response:

CRITICISM	RESPONSE
Lax enforcement	"Shut up"
Cronyism	"Get lost"
Conflicts of interest	"Who cares?"
Non-responsiveness	"No comment"

This concludes the Application Form for chairperson of the S.E.C. You will be notified within ten days of our decision. If you have worked for a firm now under investigation by the S.E.C., you will be notified by 3 P.M. today.

For Office Use Only:
Kook ____ Smart-ass ____
Do-gooder ____ Not a team player ____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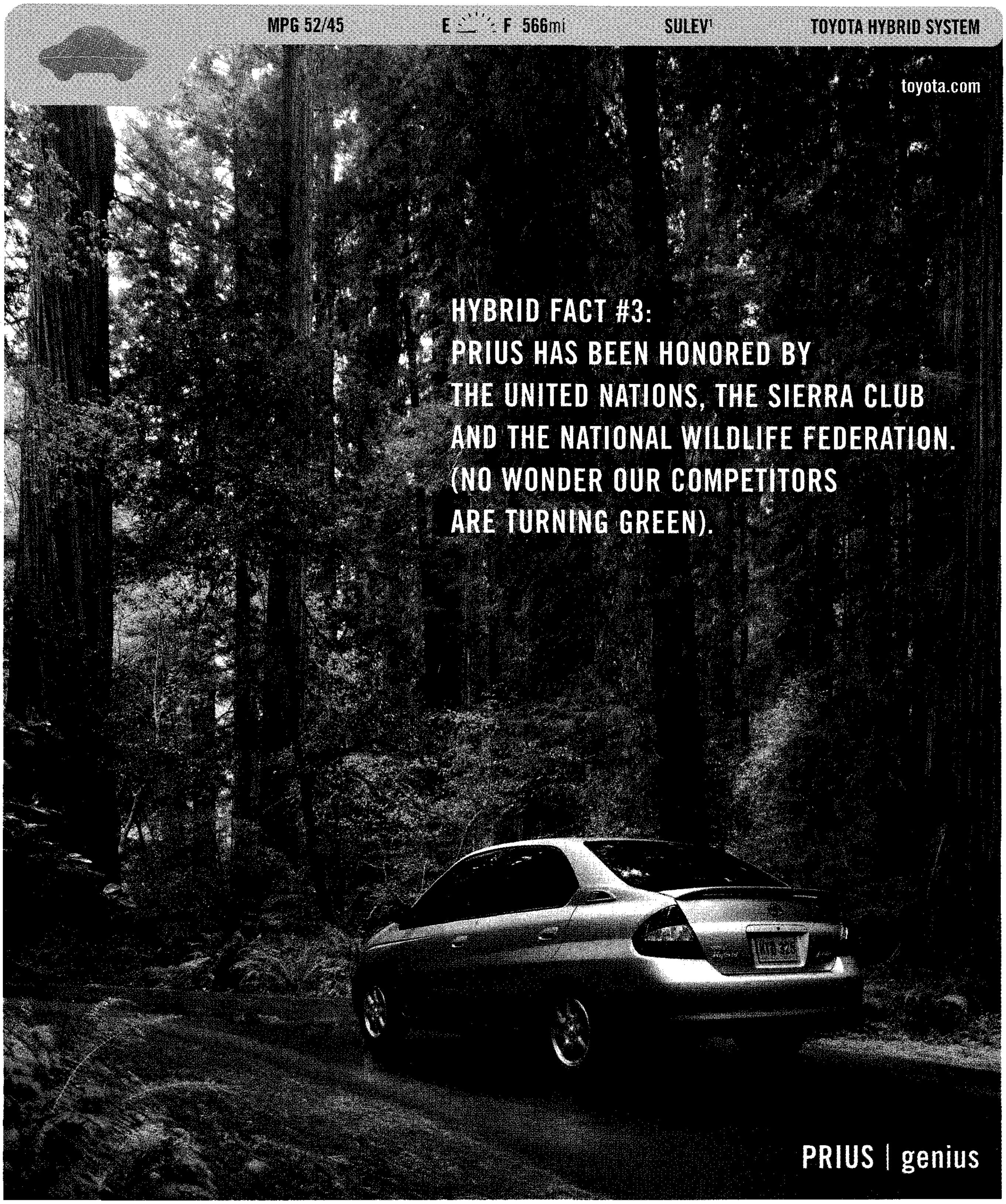
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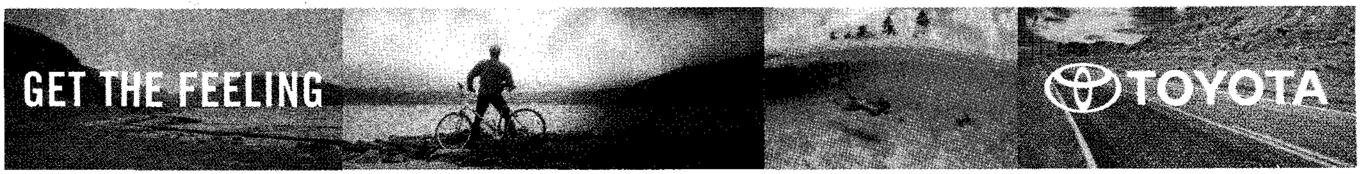
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